

SPIDER-MAN'S TANGLED WEB™



MARVEL



SPIDER-MAN'S TANGLED WEB

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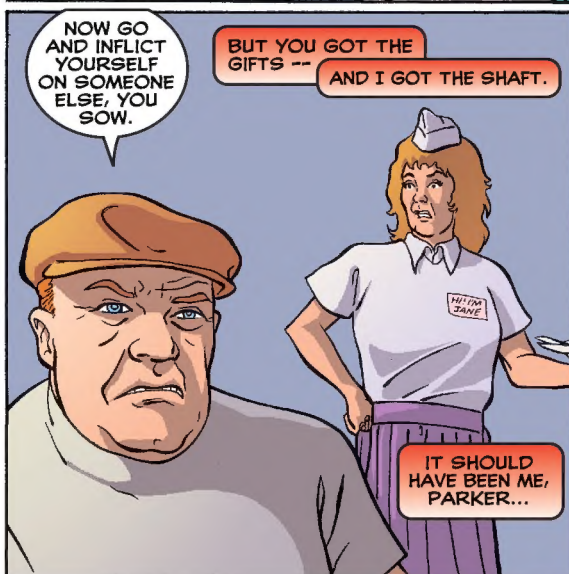
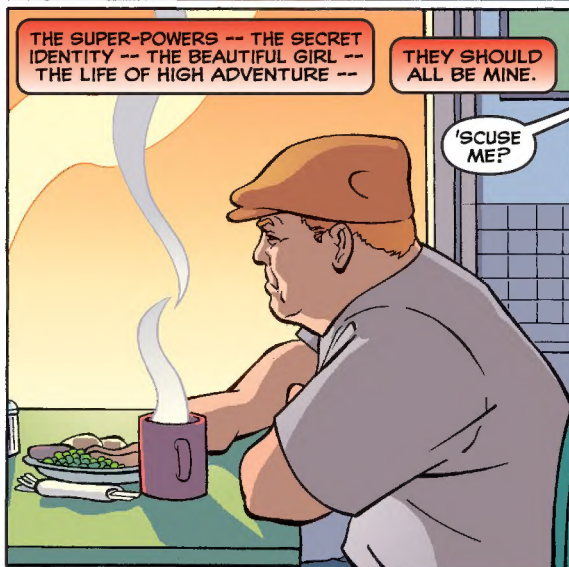
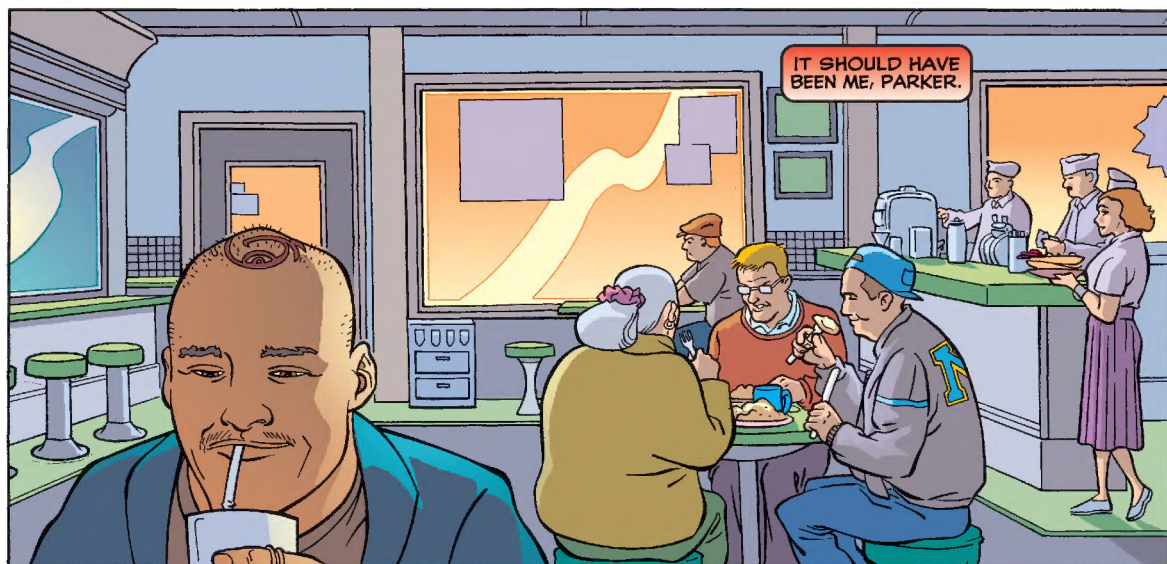
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PART 1



GLENN
FABRY
01



STAN LEE
PRESENTS:

The COMING of

The THOUSAND

GARTH ENNIS WRITER
JOHN MCCREA PENCILS
JAMES HODGKINS INKS
STEVE BUCELLATO
COLORS
RS/COMICRAFT'S
WES ABBOTT
LETTERS

AXEL
ALONSO
EDITOR
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CHIEF
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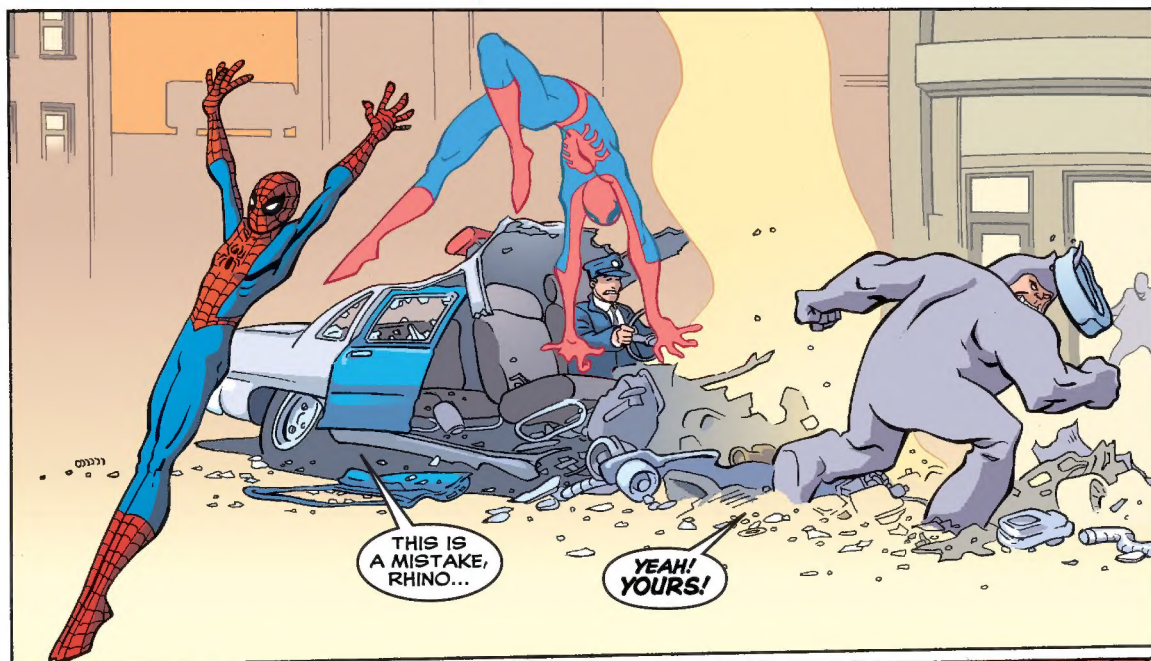
RRRAAAARRRRR!

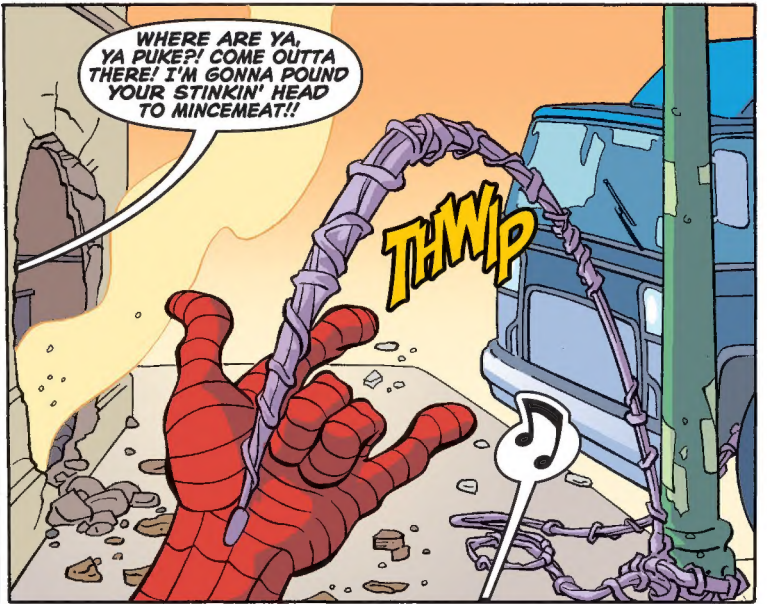
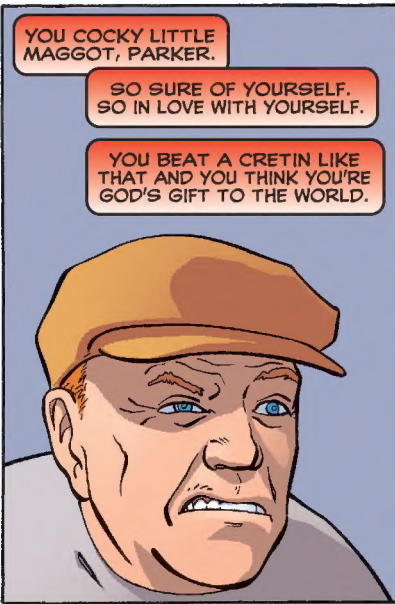
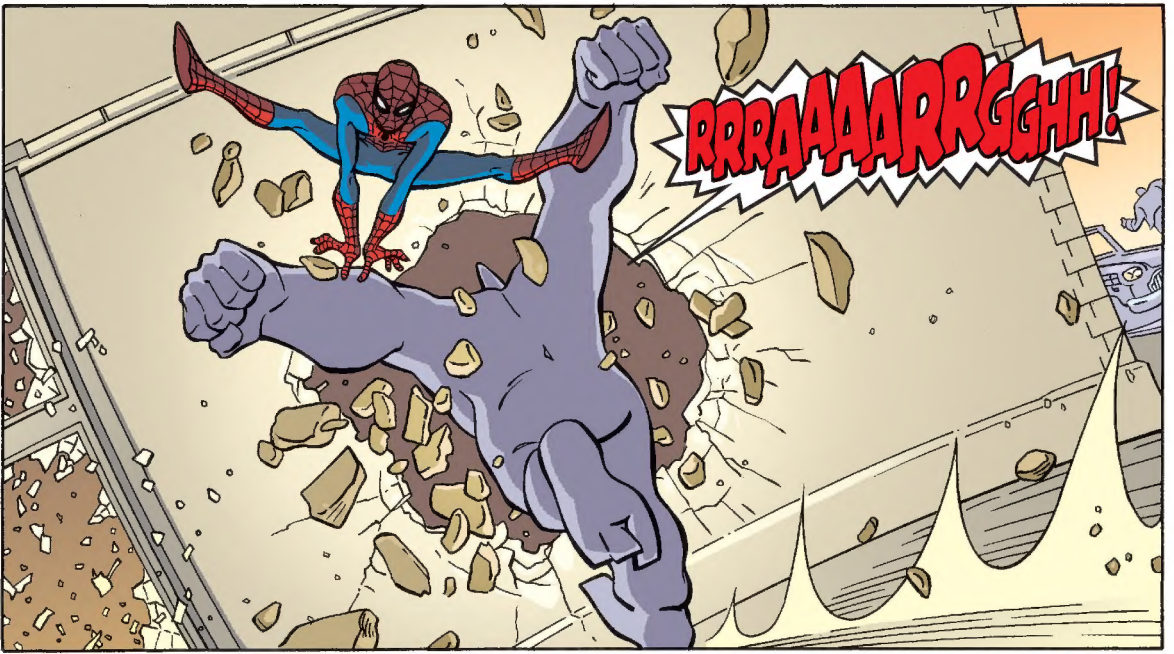
WAS IT
SOMETHING
I SAID?

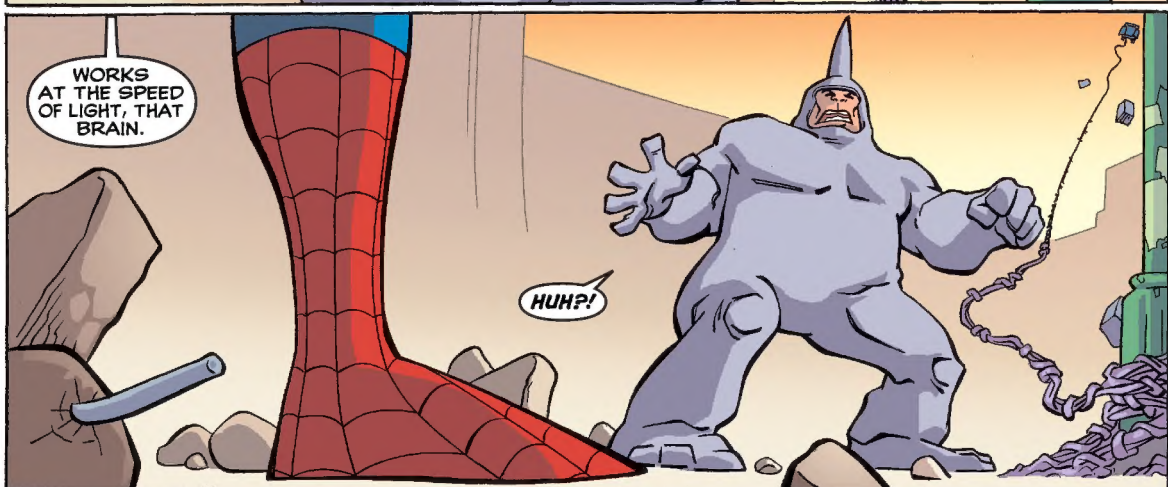
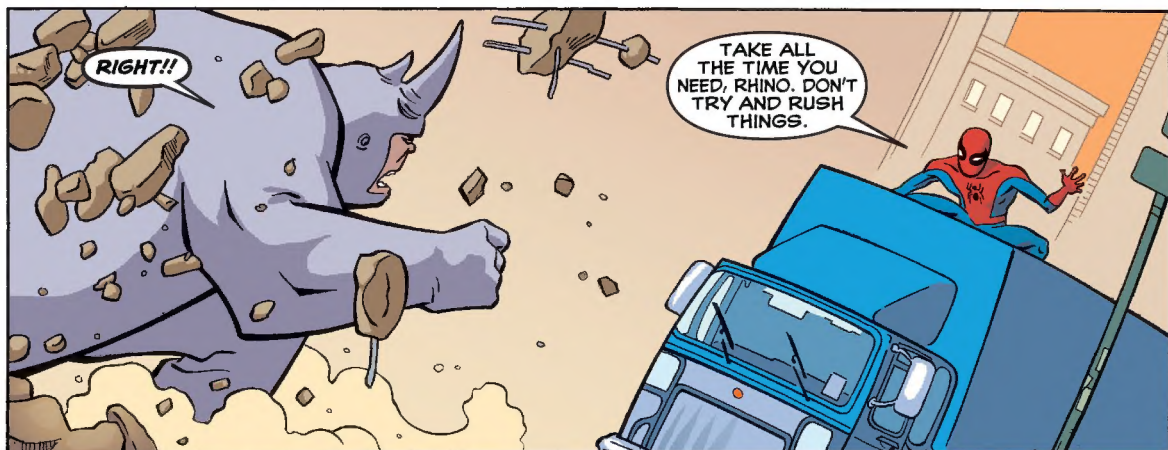
Deli-istic

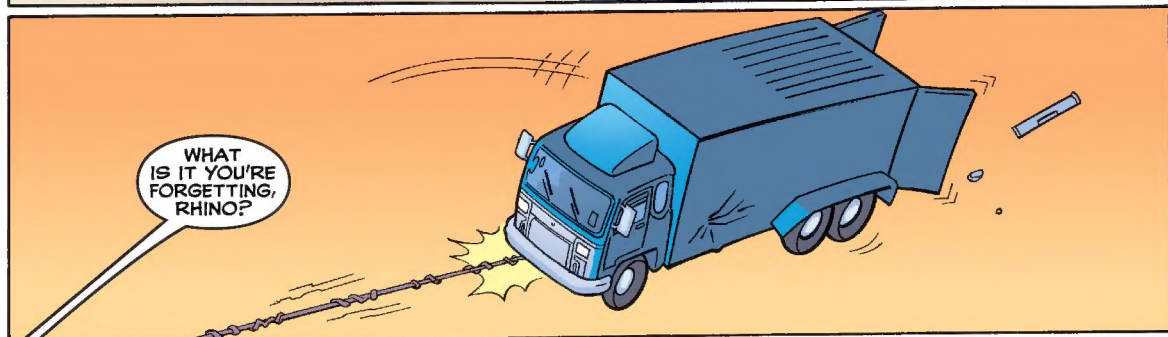
Deli-

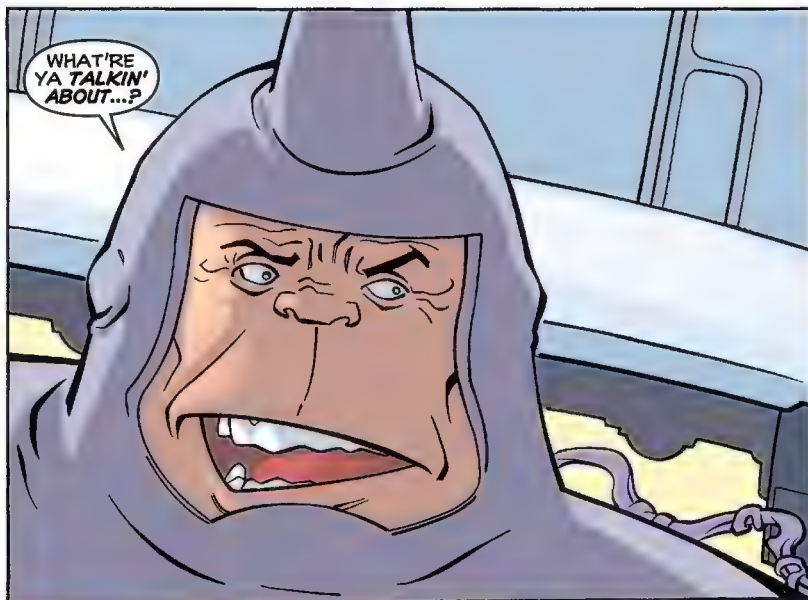
BB
BB
SHAW











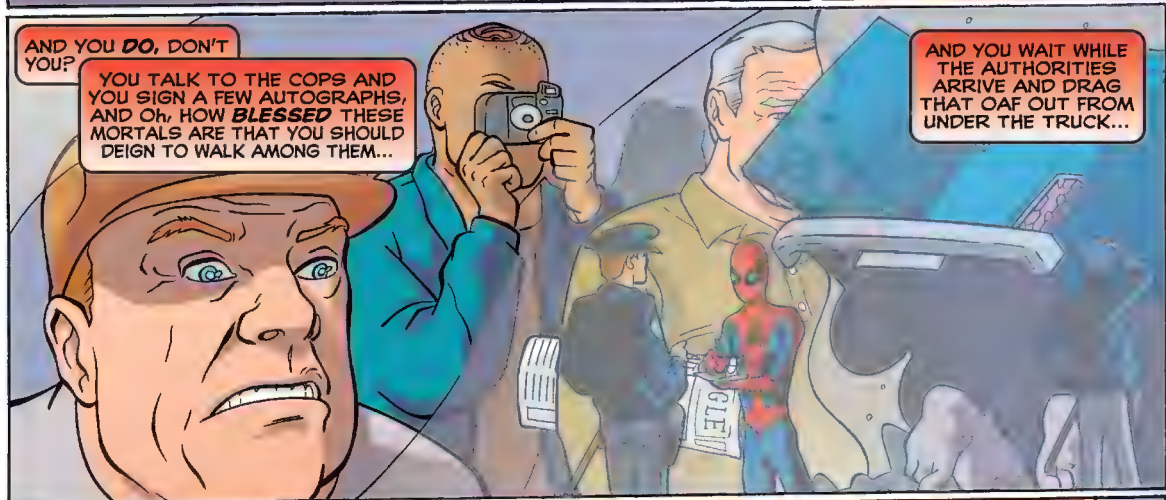
WHAT'RE
YA TALKIN'
ABOUT...?



OHhhh --!

VERY CLEVER,
PARKER.

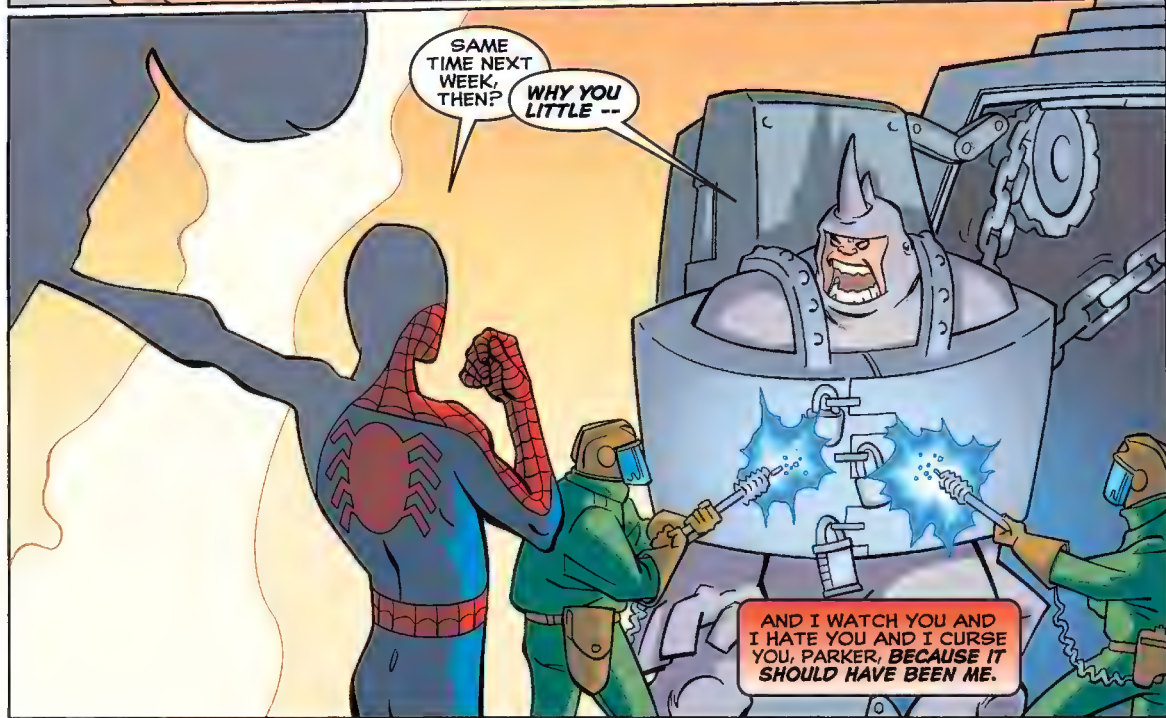
NOW ALL YOU
HAVE TO DO IS
STAND AROUND
ACTING THE
HERO.



AND YOU **DO**, DON'T
YOU?

YOU TALK TO THE COPS AND
YOU SIGN A FEW AUTOGRAPHS,
AND Oh, HOW **BLESSED** THESE
MORTALS ARE THAT YOU SHOULD
DEIGN TO WALK AMONG THEM...

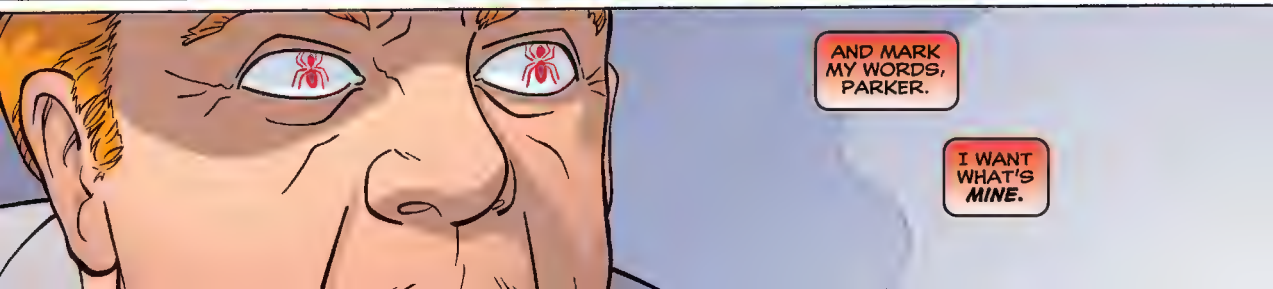
AND YOU WAIT WHILE
THE AUTHORITIES
ARRIVE AND DRAG
THAT OAF OUT FROM
UNDER THE TRUCK...

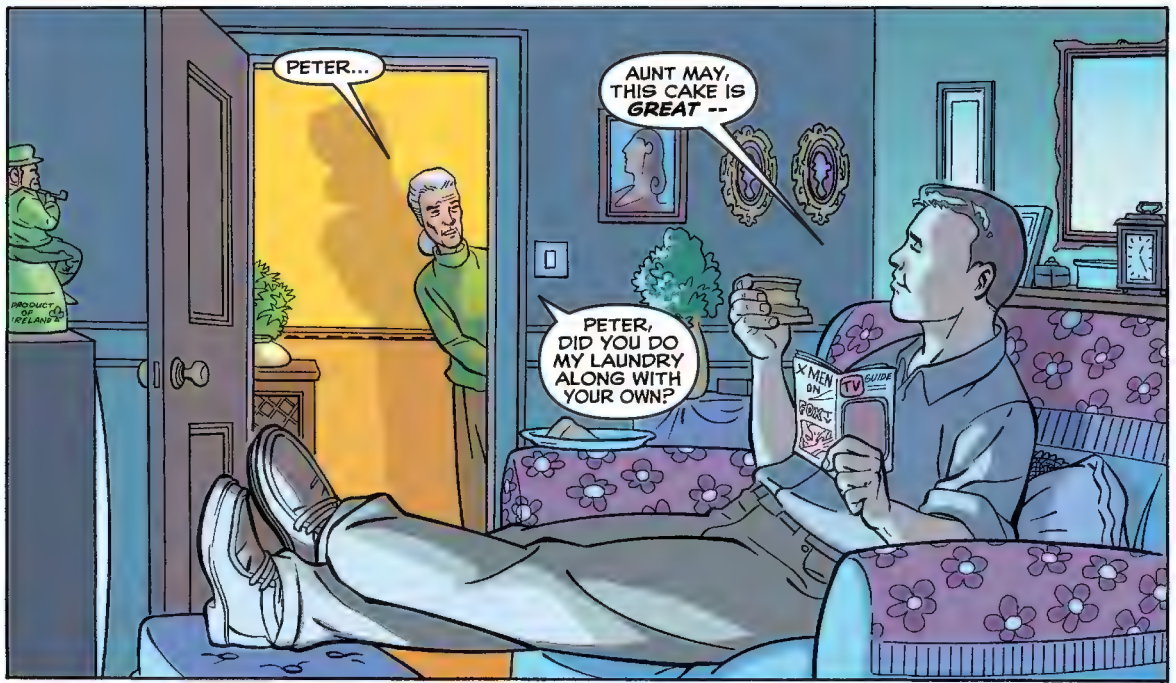


SAME
TIME NEXT
WEEK,
THEN?

WHY YOU
LITTLE --

AND I WATCH YOU AND
I HATE YOU AND I CURSE
YOU, PARKER, **BECAUSE IT**
SHOULD HAVE BEEN ME.

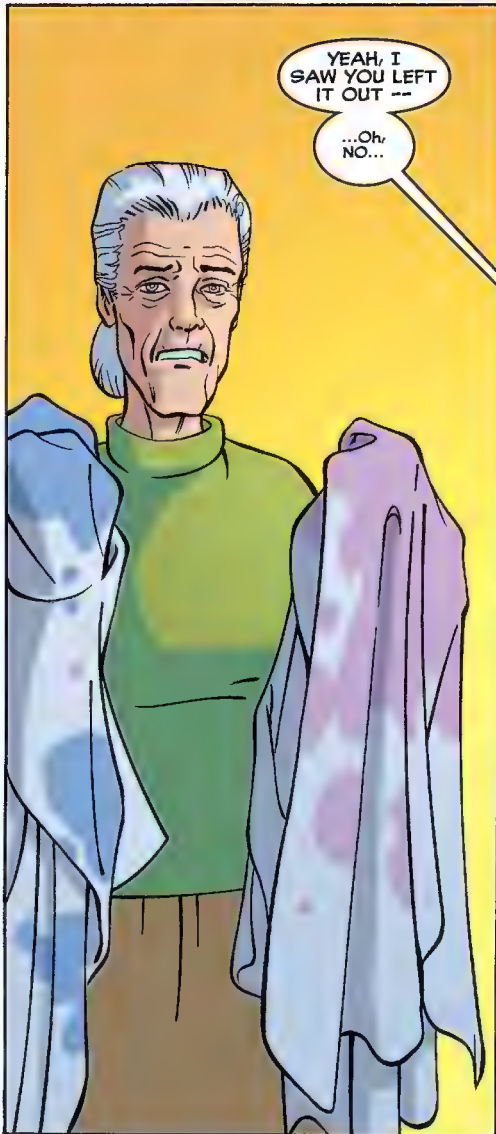




PETER...

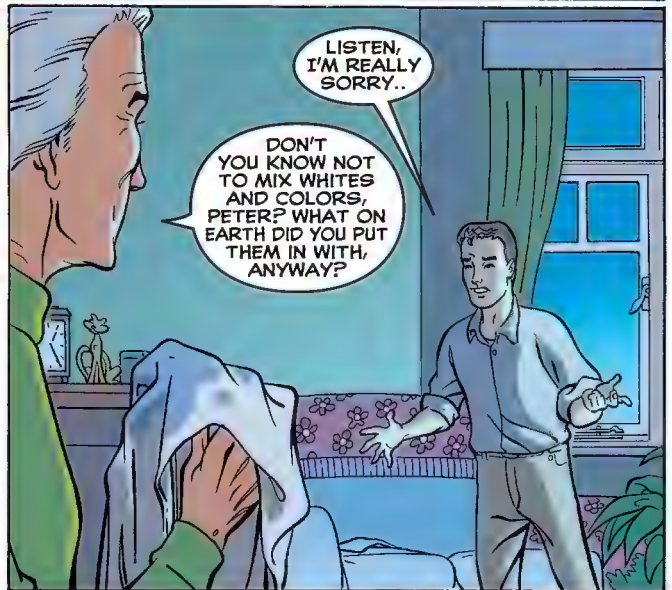
AUNT MAY,
THIS CAKE IS
GREAT --

PETER,
DID YOU DO
MY LAUNDRY
ALONG WITH
YOUR OWN?



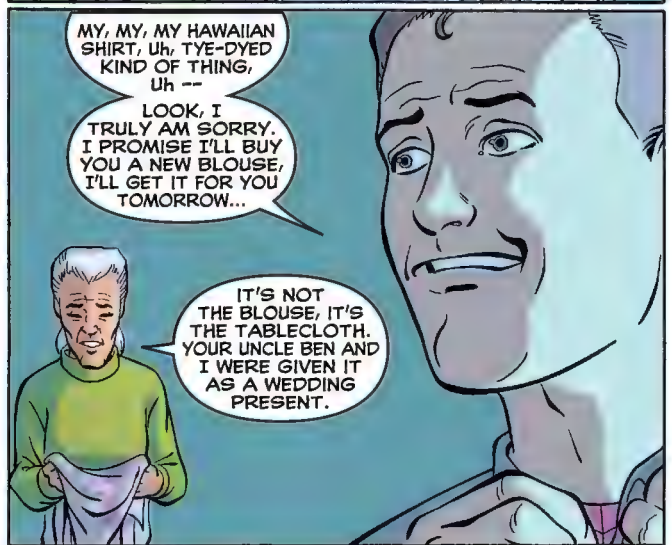
YEAH, I
SAW YOU LEFT
IT OUT --

...Oh,
NO...



LISTEN,
I'M REALLY
SORRY..

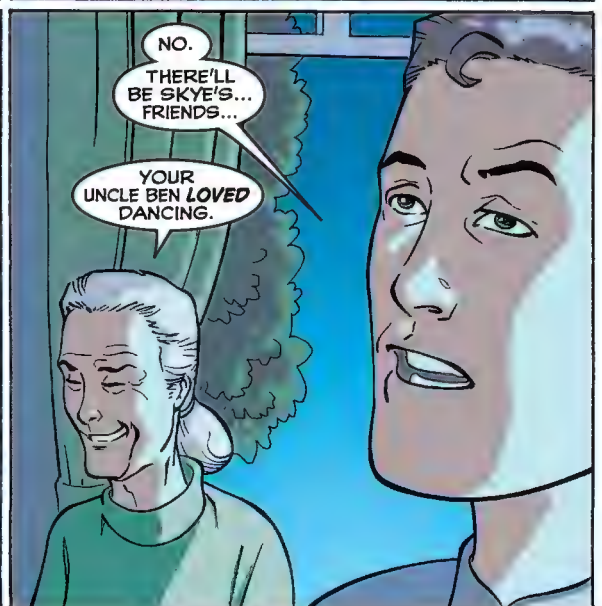
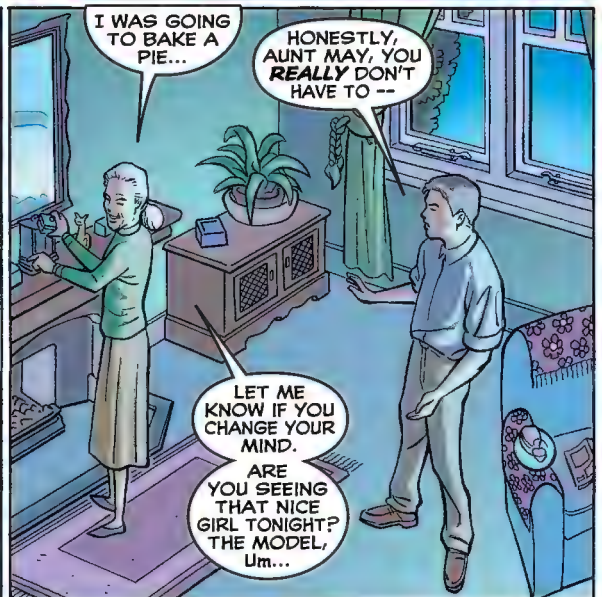
DON'T
YOU KNOW NOT
TO MIX WHITES
AND COLORS,
PETER? WHAT ON
EARTH DID YOU PUT
THEM IN WITH,
ANYWAY?



MY, MY, MY HAWAIIAN
SHIRT, UH, TYE-DYED
KIND OF THING,
Uh --

LOOK, I
TRULY AM SORRY.
I PROMISE I'LL BUY
YOU A NEW BLOUSE,
I'LL GET IT FOR YOU
TOMORROW...

IT'S NOT
THE BLOUSE, IT'S
THE TABLECLOTH.
YOUR UNCLE BEN AND
I WERE GIVEN IT
AS A WEDDING
PRESENT.





HE
WAS SO
GOOD AT
IT.

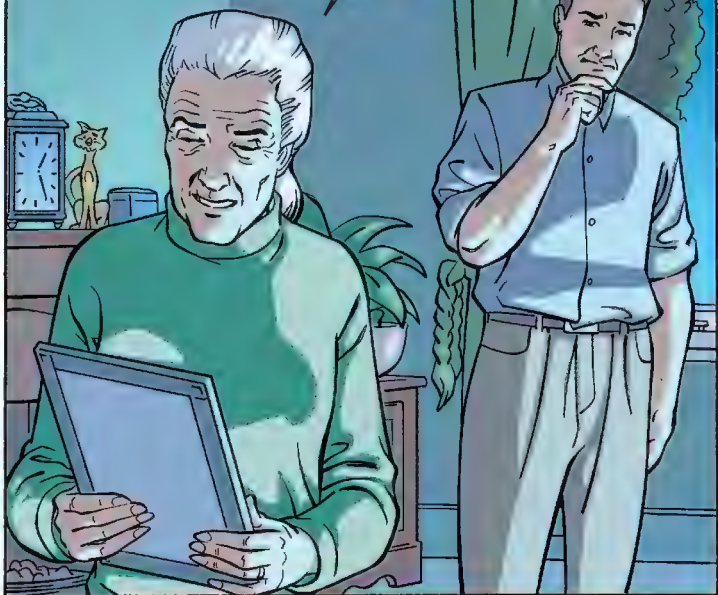
SO
LIGHT
ON HIS
FEET.

SO
HANDSOME.

I REMEMBER
WHEN HE CAME
BACK FROM THE
WAR...

IT ENDED IN EUROPE IN MAY OF 1945,
BUT THE JAPANESE LASTED ANOTHER
FEW MONTHS. AND ALL MY FRIENDS'
HUSBANDS AND BEAUS WERE COMING
HOME, BUT BEN WAS ON A CARRIER IN
THE PACIFIC -- AND IT SOMETIMES
SEEMED LIKE ALL OF NEW YORK
WAS DANCING, EVERYONE
BUT ME...

AND I
WAITED AND
WAITED AND
WAITED --



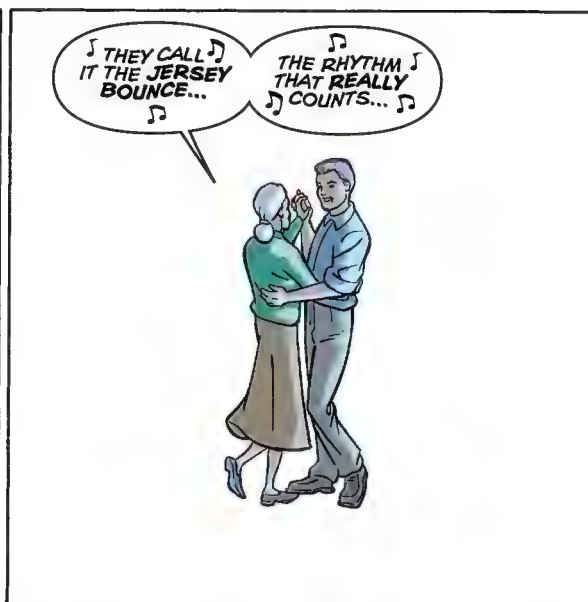
AND ONE
DAY THERE
WAS A KNOCK
ON THE DOOR
AND IT WAS
HIM.

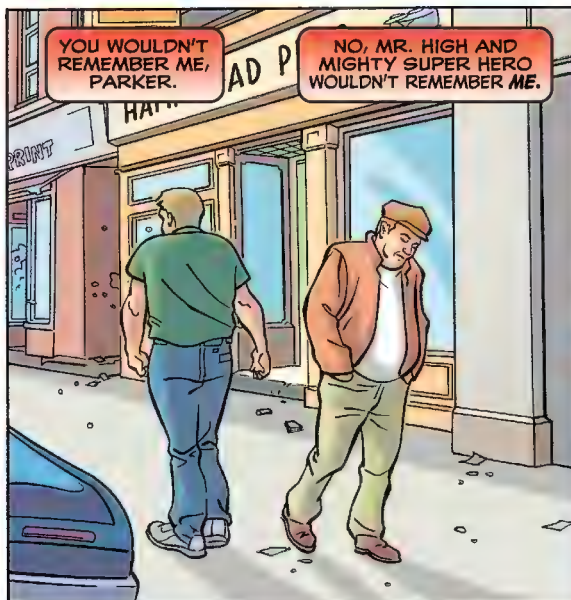
BACK
FROM THE
WAR.

AND THE
VERY FIRST
THING WE DID
WAS GO OUT
DANCING.



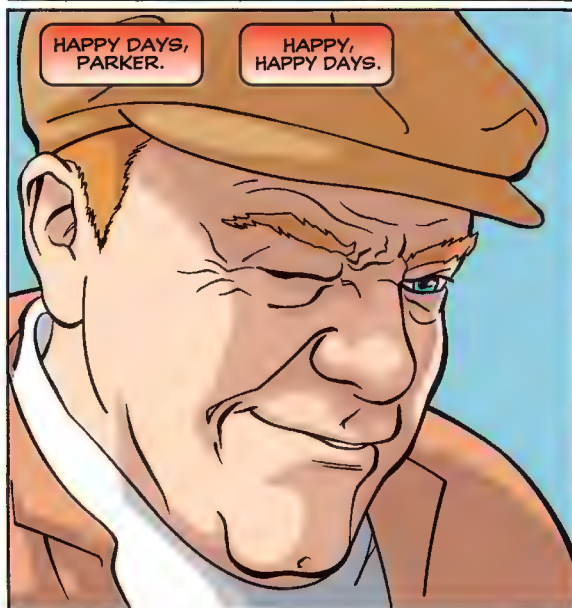
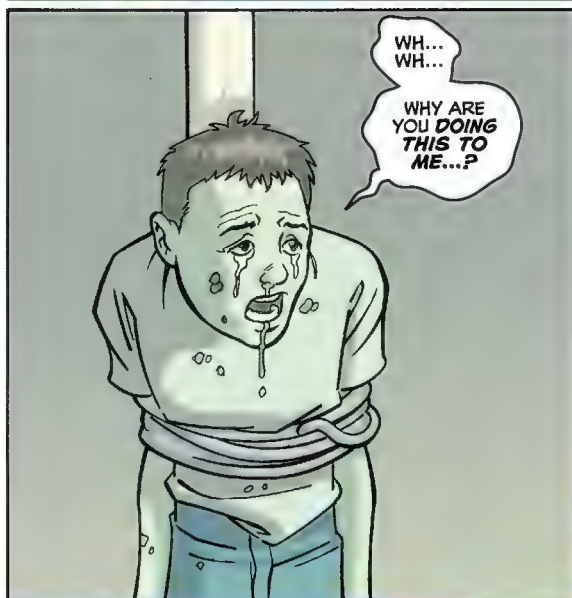
SHOW
ME.

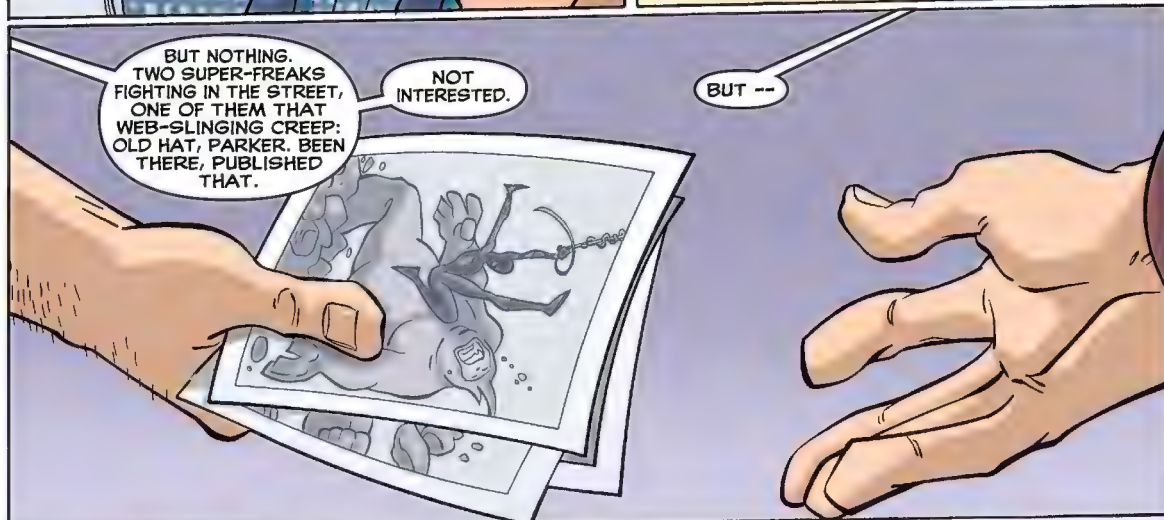




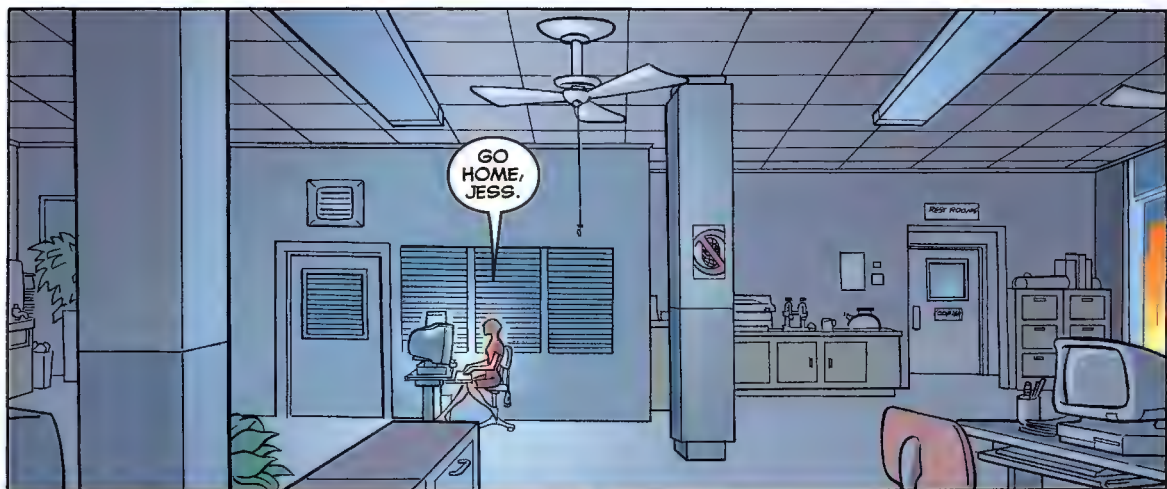
NO, MR. HIGH AND MIGHTY SUPER HERO WOULDN'T REMEMBER ME.

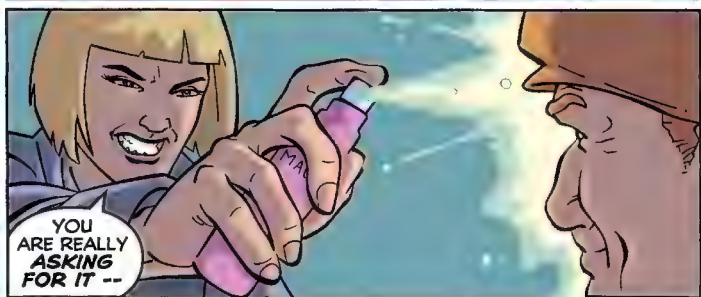
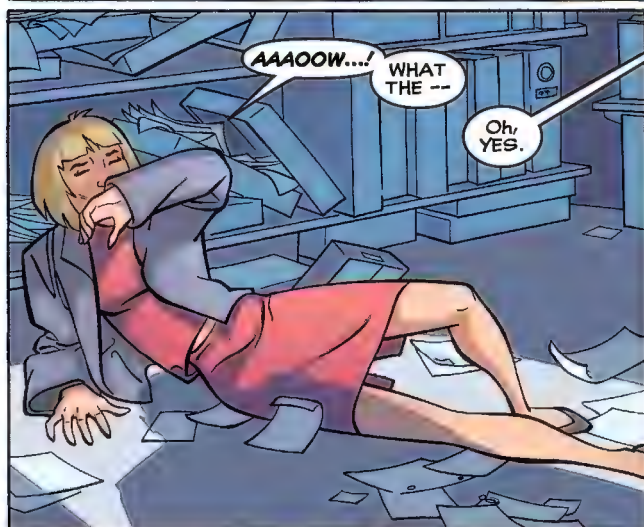


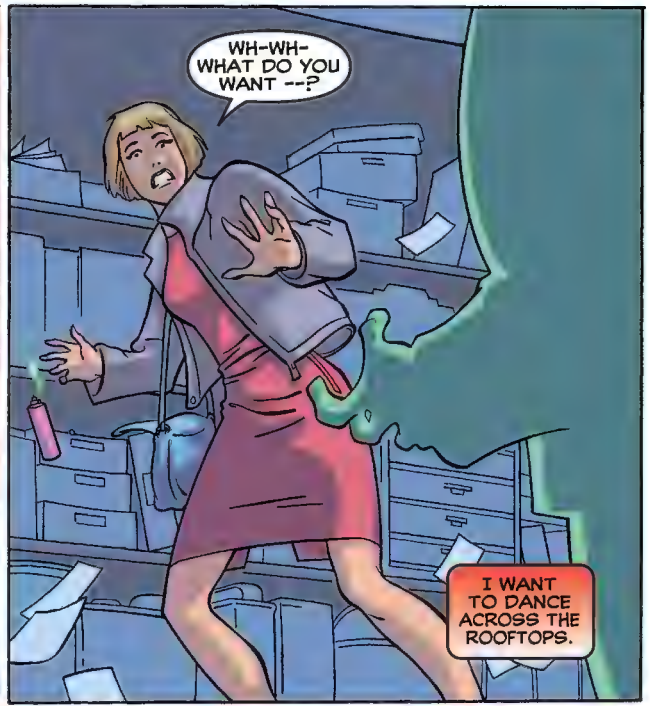














I WANT
WOMEN
LIKE THIS --

WHAT
ARE
YOU?

TO FALL AT
MY FEET.

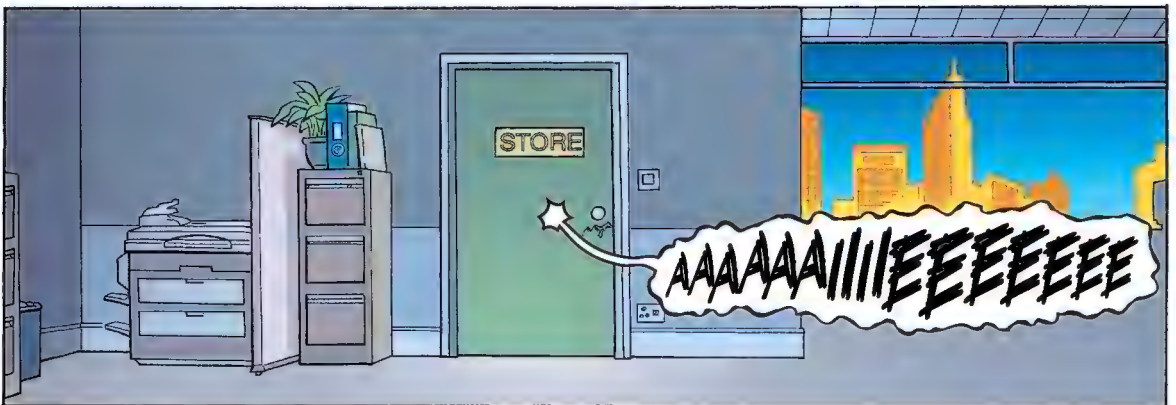


I AM THE
THOUSAND.

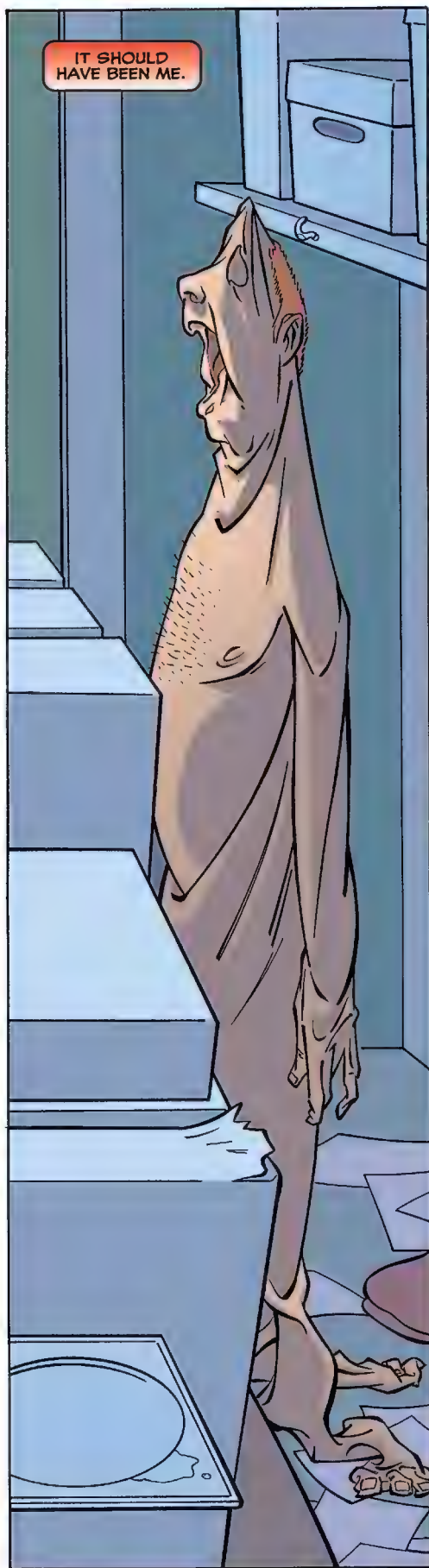
NOOOOOOOO!!



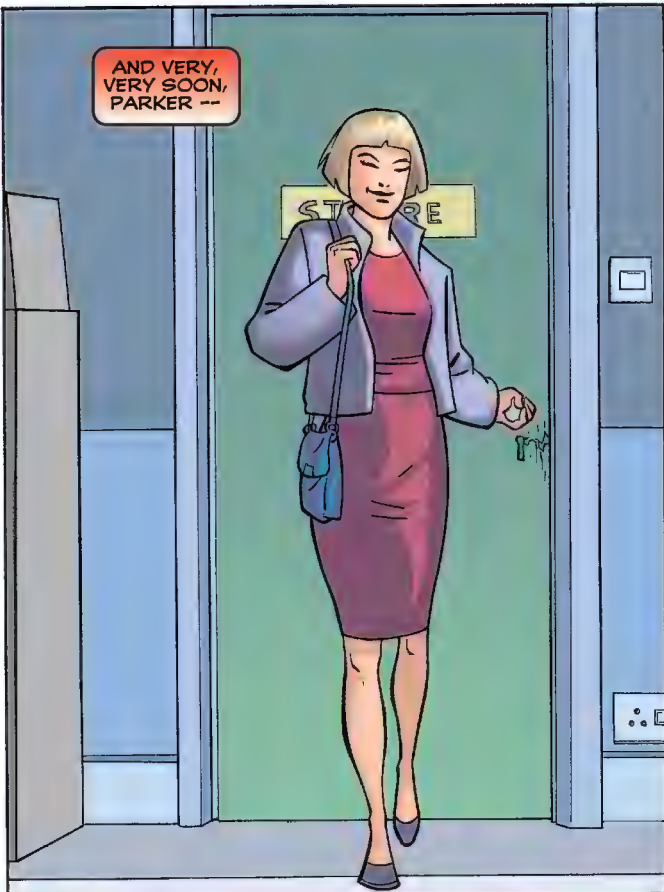
AAAAAAHH!!
AAAAAAHH!!
AAAAAAHH!!



AAAAAAIIIEEEEEEE



IT SHOULD
HAVE BEEN ME.



AND VERY,
VERY SOON,
PARKER --

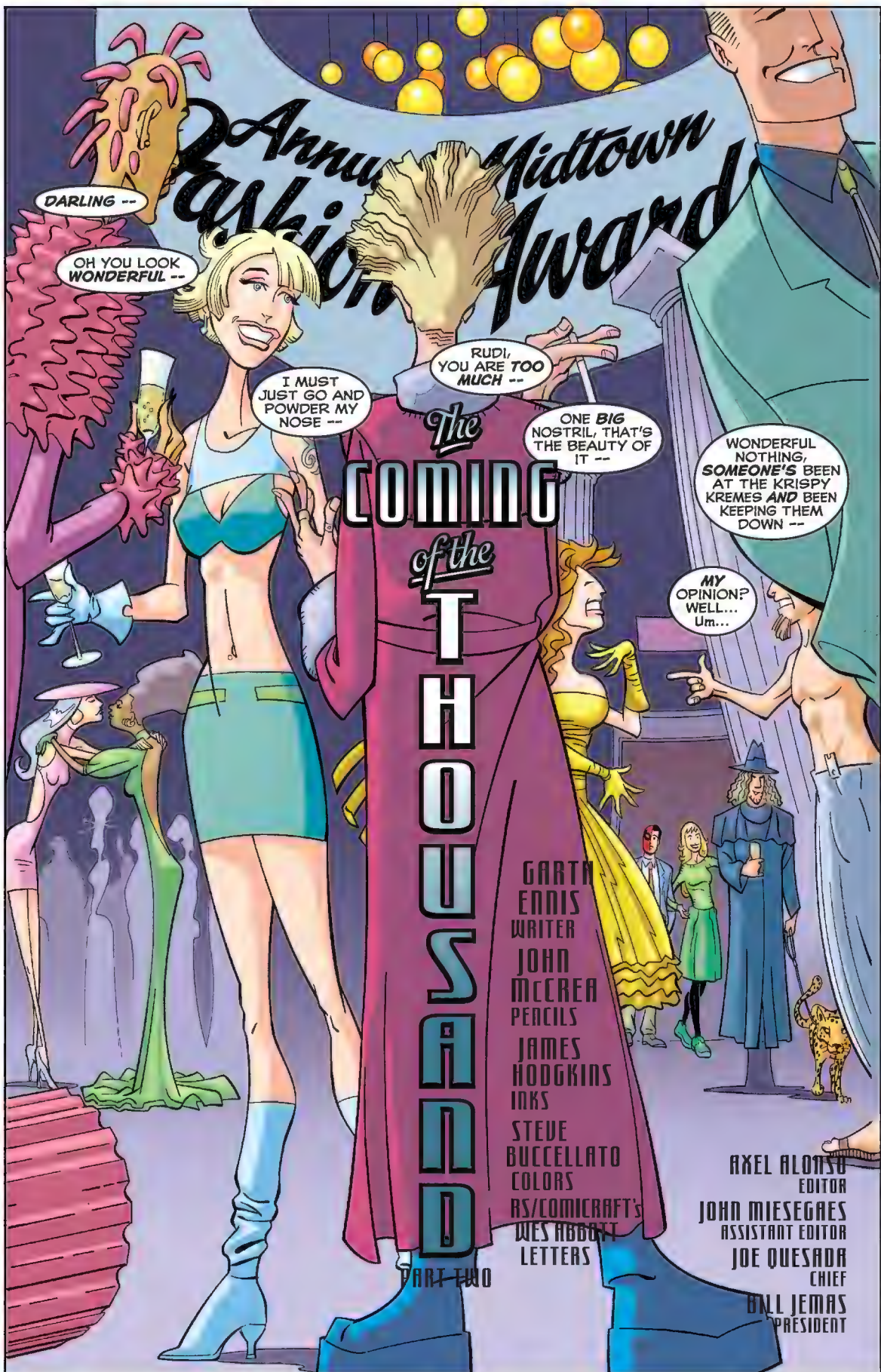


IT WILL BE.

PART 2



GIENN
FABRY
01



DARLING --

OH YOU LOOK WONDERFUL --

I MUST JUST GO AND POWDER MY NOSE --

RUDI, YOU ARE TOO MUCH --

ONE BIG NOSTRIL, THAT'S THE BEAUTY OF IT --

WONDERFUL NOTHING, SOMEONE'S BEEN AT THE KRISPY KREMES AND BEEN KEEPING THEM DOWN --

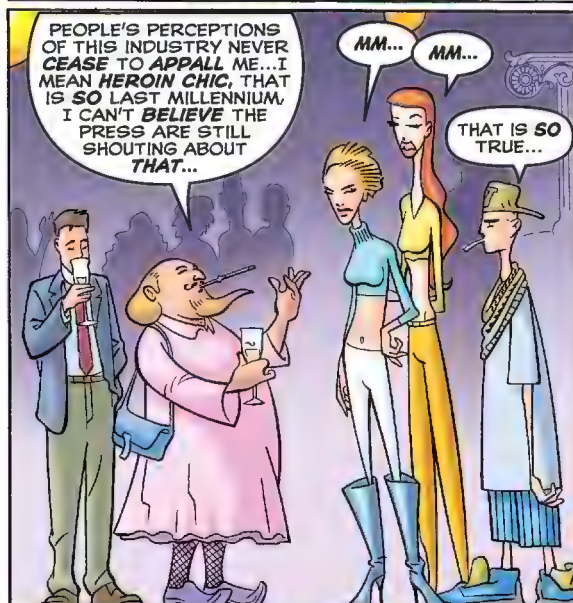
MY OPINION? WELL... Um...

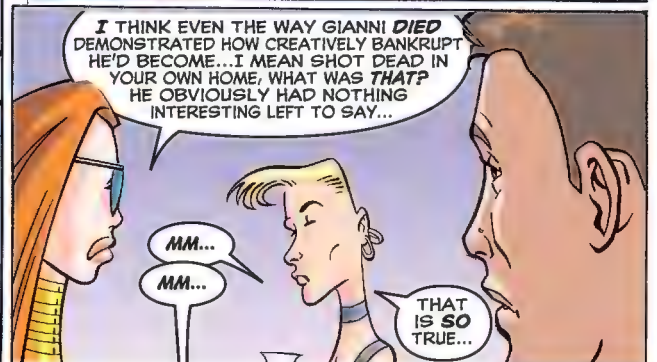
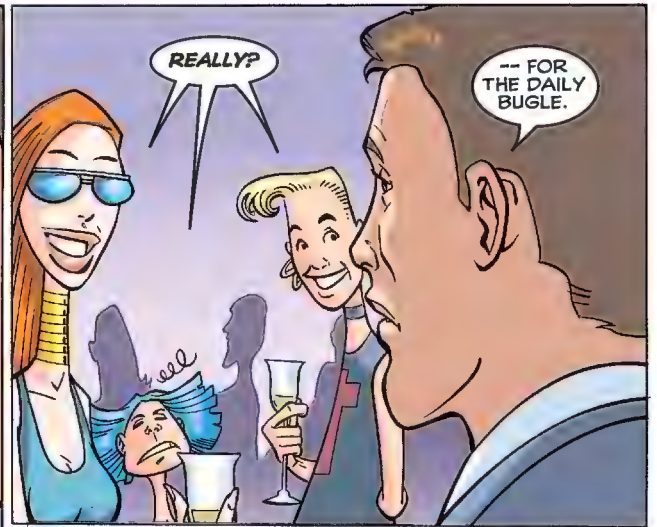
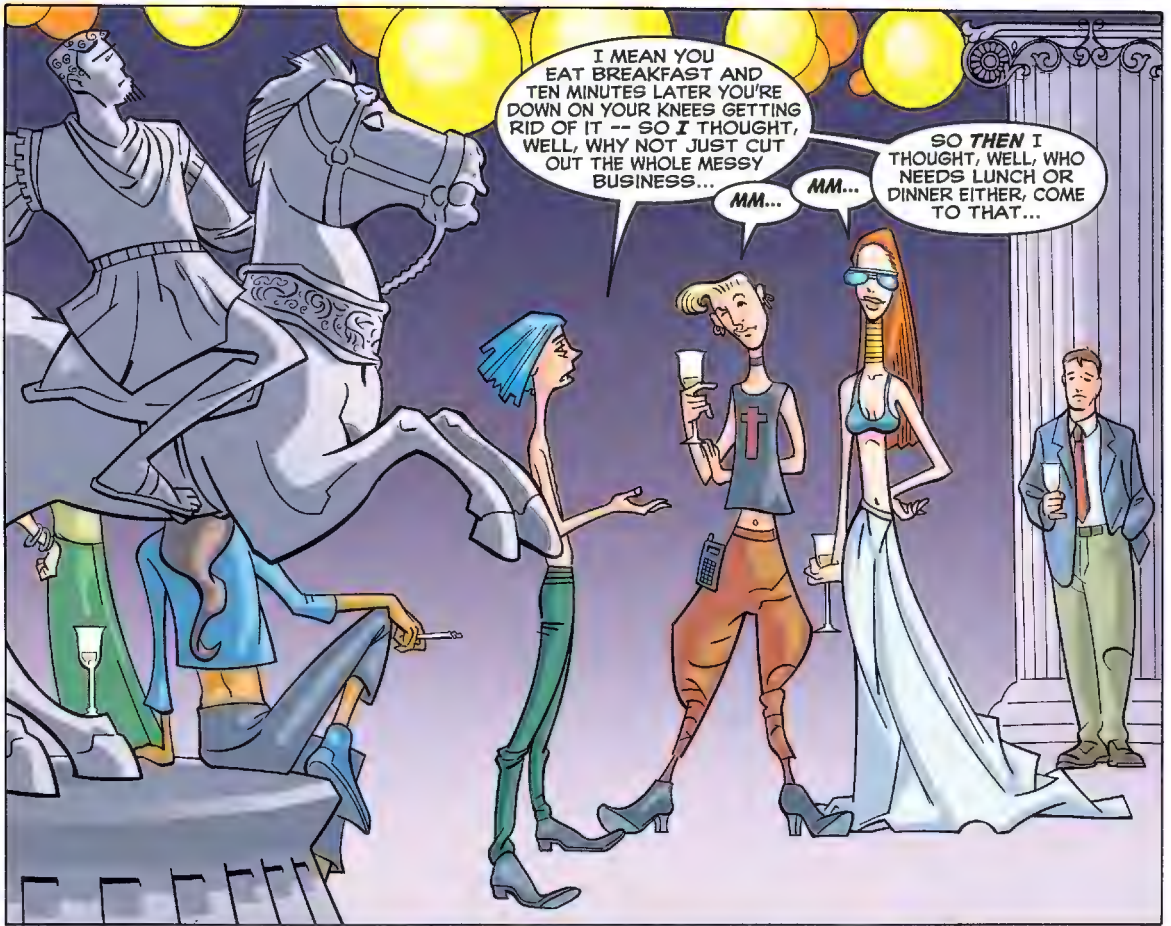
The COMING of the THOUSAND

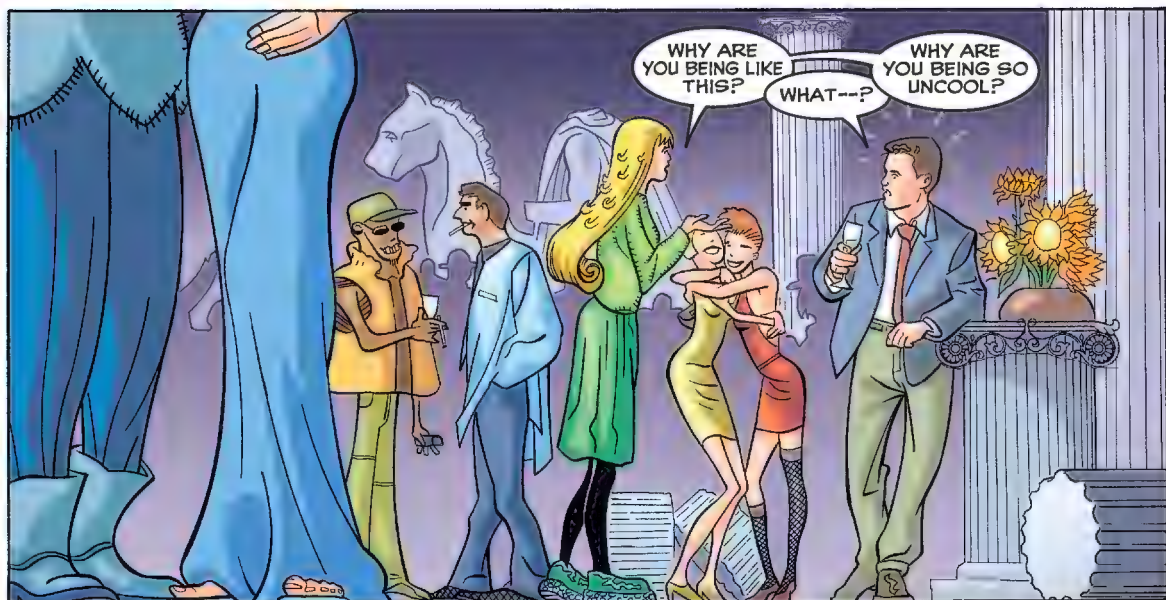
PART TWO

GARTH ENNIS
WRITER
JOHN MCCREA
PENCILS
JAMES HODGKINS
INKS
STEVE BUCCELLATO
COLORS
AS/COMICRAFT'S
WES ABBOTT
LETTERS

AXEL ALONSO
EDITOR
JOHN MIESEGRES
ASSISTANT EDITOR
JOE QUESADA
CHIEF
BILL JEMAS
PRESIDENT



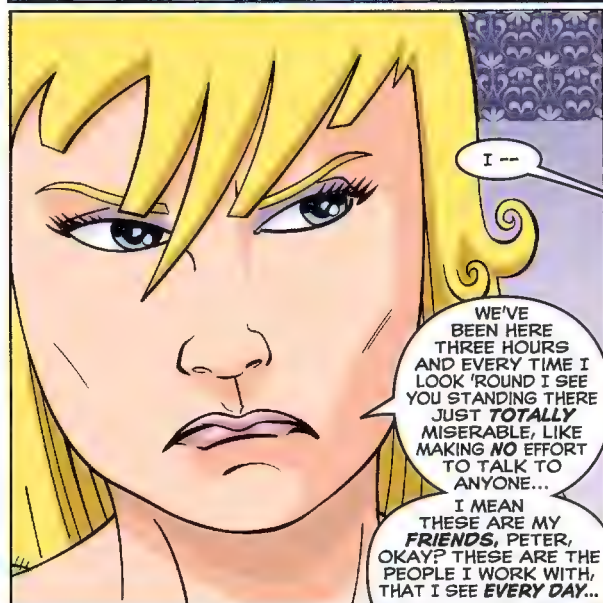




WHY ARE YOU BEING LIKE THIS?

WHAT--?

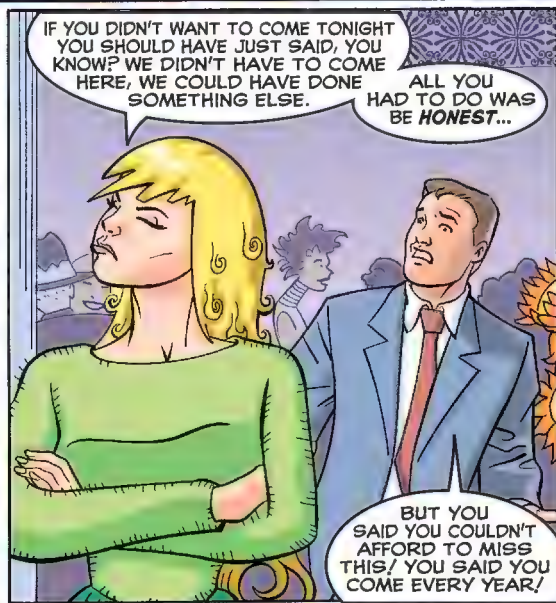
WHY ARE YOU BEING SO UNCOOL?



I --

WE'VE BEEN HERE THREE HOURS AND EVERY TIME I LOOK 'ROUND I SEE YOU STANDING THERE JUST **TOTALLY MISERABLE**, LIKE MAKING **NO EFFORT** TO TALK TO ANYONE...

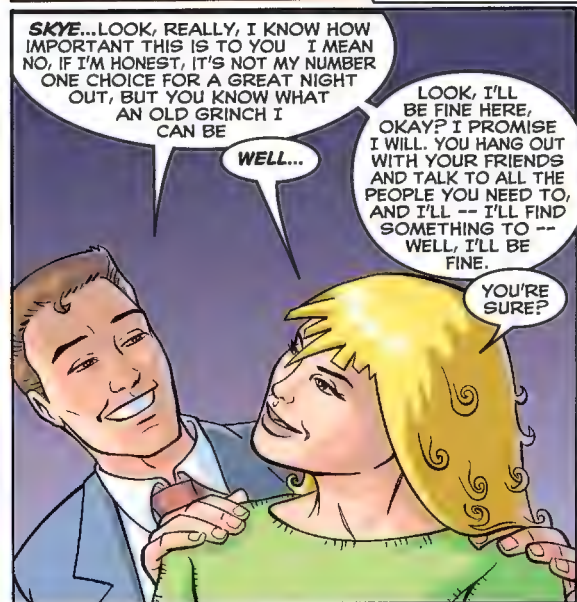
I MEAN THESE ARE MY **FRIENDS**, PETER, OKAY? THESE ARE THE PEOPLE I WORK WITH, THAT I SEE **EVERY DAY**...



IF YOU DIDN'T WANT TO COME TONIGHT YOU SHOULD HAVE JUST SAID, YOU KNOW? WE DIDN'T HAVE TO COME HERE, WE COULD HAVE DONE SOMETHING ELSE.

ALL YOU HAD TO DO WAS BE **HONEST**...

BUT YOU SAID YOU COULDN'T AFFORD TO MISS THIS! YOU SAID YOU COME EVERY YEAR!



SKYE...LOOK, REALLY, I KNOW HOW IMPORTANT THIS IS TO YOU I MEAN NO, IF I'M HONEST, IT'S NOT MY NUMBER ONE CHOICE FOR A GREAT NIGHT OUT, BUT YOU KNOW WHAT AN OLD GRINCH I CAN BE

WELL...

LOOK, I'LL BE FINE HERE, OKAY? I PROMISE I WILL. YOU HANG OUT WITH YOUR FRIENDS AND TALK TO ALL THE PEOPLE YOU NEED TO, AND I'LL -- I'LL FIND SOMETHING TO -- WELL, I'LL BE FINE.

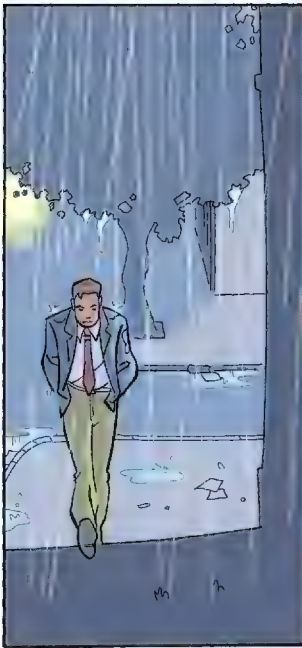
YOU'RE SURE?



OF COURSE I AM. YOU GO HAVE FUN.

IT'S JUST...YOU KNOW.

I MEAN DON'T YOU THINK YOUR FRIENDS HERE ARE KIND OF A BUNCH OF --





MISS PATTON,
WHAT'S **HAPPENED**
TO YOU --?

MY
BOYFRIEND
THREW ME
OUT.



I'VE GOT NOWHERE
TO GO. I DRINK A
LOT, MORE THAN
I CAN AFFORD.
MY BOYFRIEND
FOUND ME GOING
THROUGH HIS
WALLET.

ALL MY
FRIENDS ARE HIS
FRIENDS.

I GOT
YOUR ADDRESS
FROM THE BUGLE
RECORDS, AND
I THOUGHT...
MAYBE...

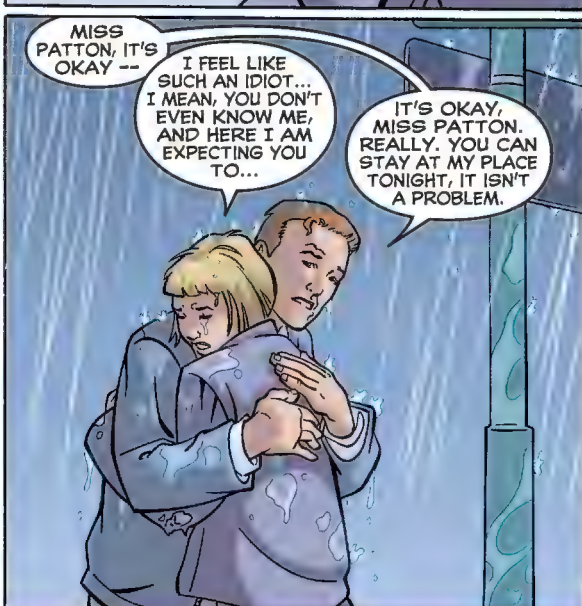


YOU SEEM LIKE
A NICE GUY AND
I DON'T **KNOW**
ANY NICE GUYS
AND --

OH
NO.

OH
NO.

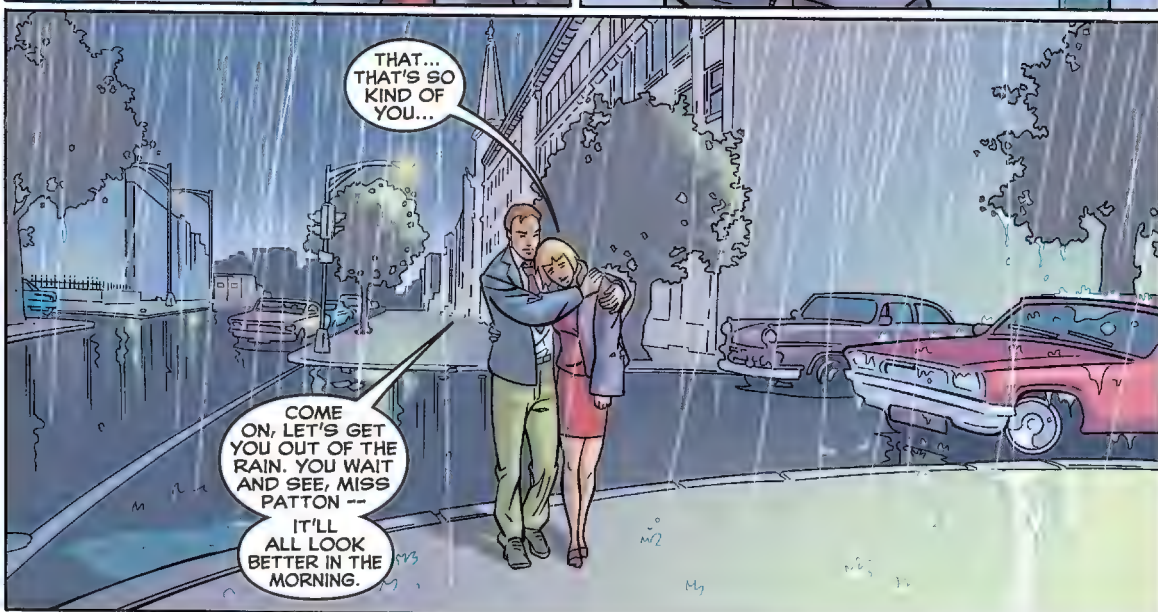
I AM **SO**
SORRY...!



MISS
PATTON, IT'S
OKAY --

I FEEL LIKE
SUCH AN IDIOT...
I MEAN, YOU DON'T
EVEN KNOW ME,
AND HERE I AM
EXPECTING YOU
TO...

IT'S OKAY,
MISS PATTON.
REALLY. YOU CAN
STAY AT MY PLACE
TONIGHT, IT ISN'T
A PROBLEM.



THAT...
THAT'S SO
KIND OF
YOU...

COME
ON, LET'S GET
YOU OUT OF THE
RAIN. YOU WAIT
AND SEE, MISS
PATTON --

IT'LL
ALL LOOK
BETTER IN THE
MORNING.



MY, WHAT A
BOY SCOUT
YOU ARE,
PARKER...



A.K.A. WHAT
A SUCKER.

YOU ALWAYS
WERE.

I GOT A
D IN BIOLOGY,
PARKER!

AAOW--!



I TOLD YOU I NEEDED
AT LEAST A B, DIDN'T
I? WHAT'S THE POINT
IN YOU WRITING MY
PAPERS IF YOU CAN'T
DO 'EM ANY BETTER
THAN I CAN?

NNGGH!
I DIDED HABE
TIBE, CARL! I WAD
DOO BIDDY DOOIG
OOR PHYDIG
BABER!



YEAH?
ALL I
GOT IN
PHYSICS
WAS A
C.



OOH -- AAH --
AAAAHHH...!

SQUEAL
ALL YOU WANT,
PARKER.
NO ONE'S
GOING TO HELP
YOU.



IN ALL
THE YEARS
YOU'VE KNOWN ME,
KINDERGARTEN TO
HIGH SCHOOL, DID
ANYONE **EVER**
TAKE YOUR
SIDE?

YOU TOLD
YOUR OLD BAG OF
AN AUNT, AND SHE TOLD
THE PRINCIPAL, AND HE
ASKED FOR WITNESSES --
AND HOW MANY DID HE
GET? WHO STOOD UP AND
SAID YES, IT'S TRUE,
CARL KING BULLIES
PETER PARKER?

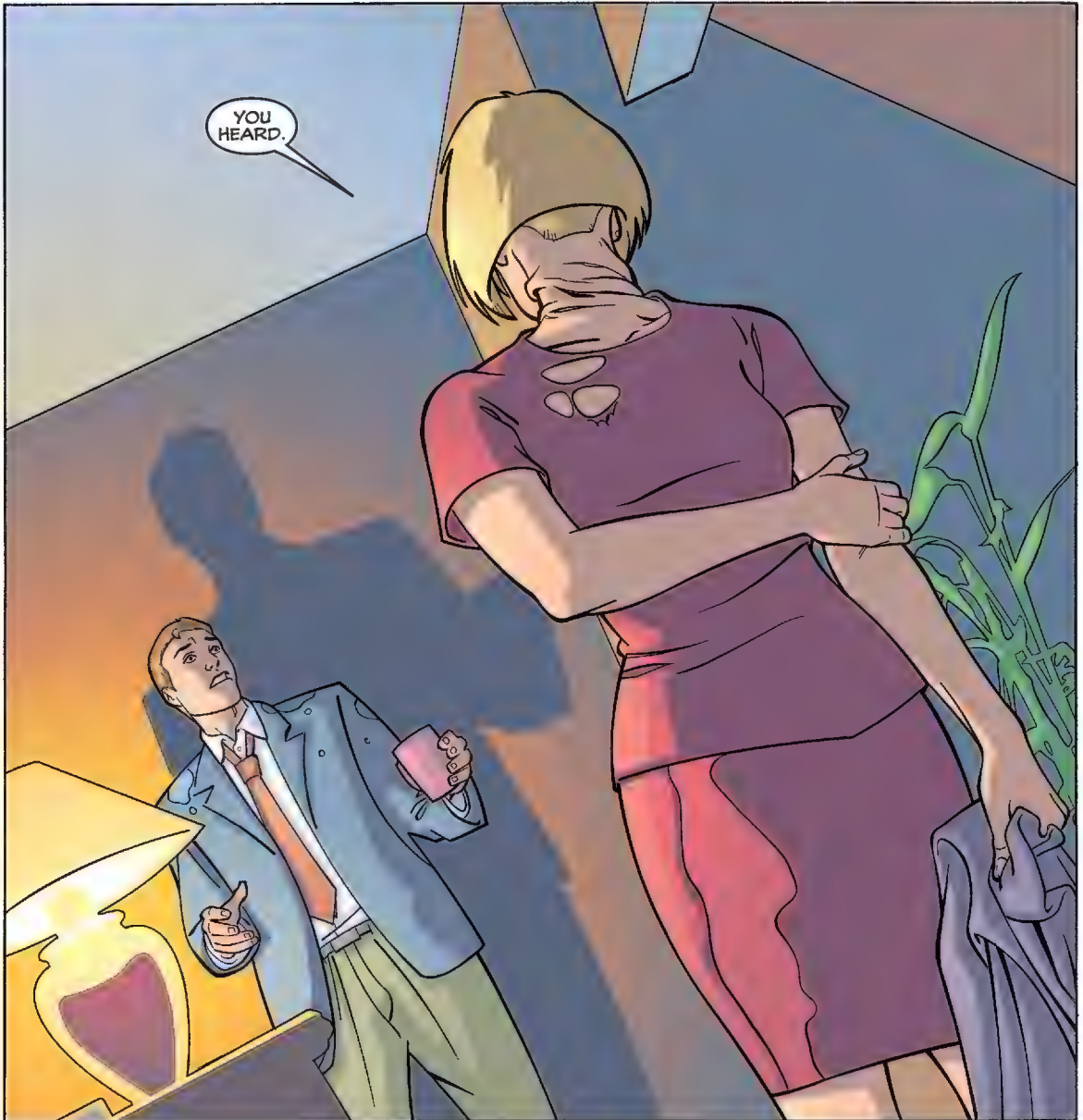
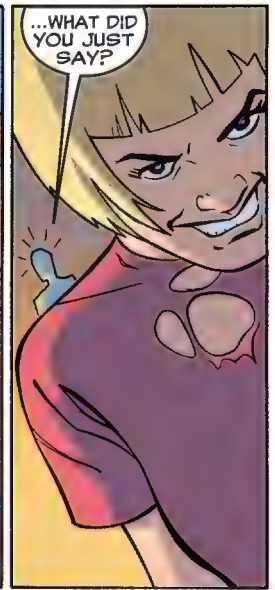
AND IT'S NOT
'CAUSE THEY'RE
SCARED OF **ME**,
PARKER. THEY
LIKE ME.

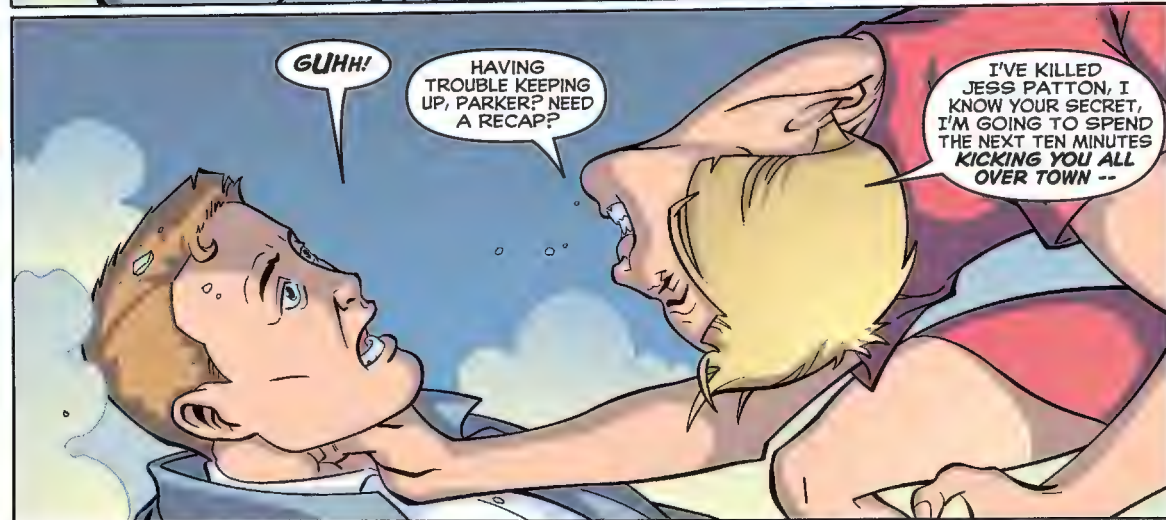
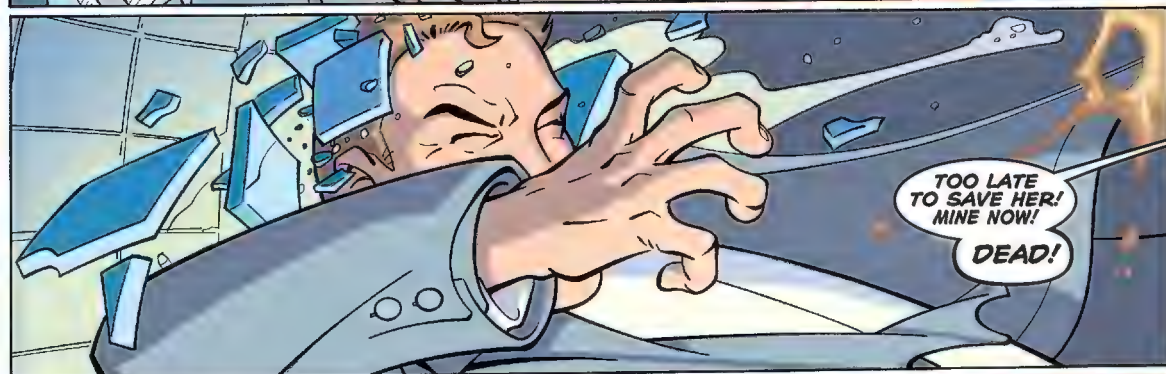
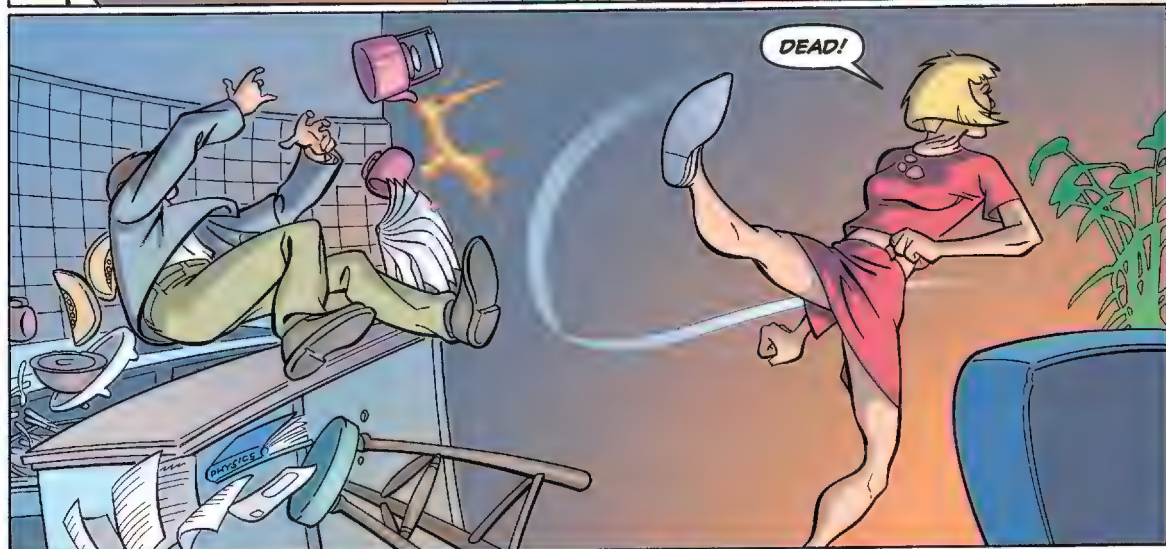
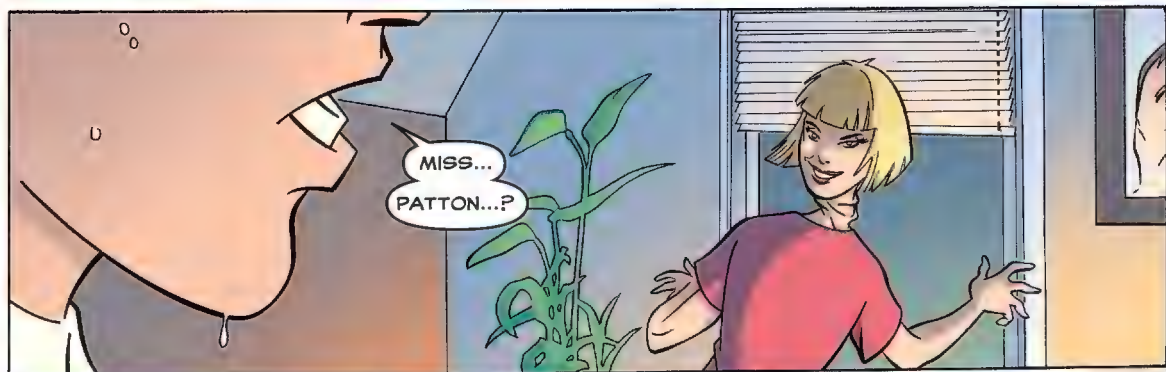


IT'S 'CAUSE
EVERYONE THINKS
YOU'RE A **WORM.**

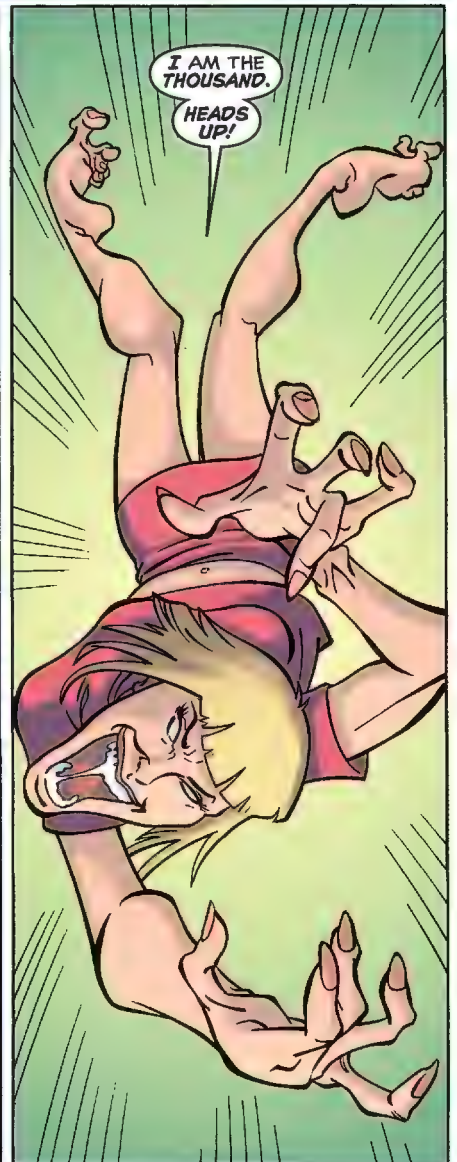


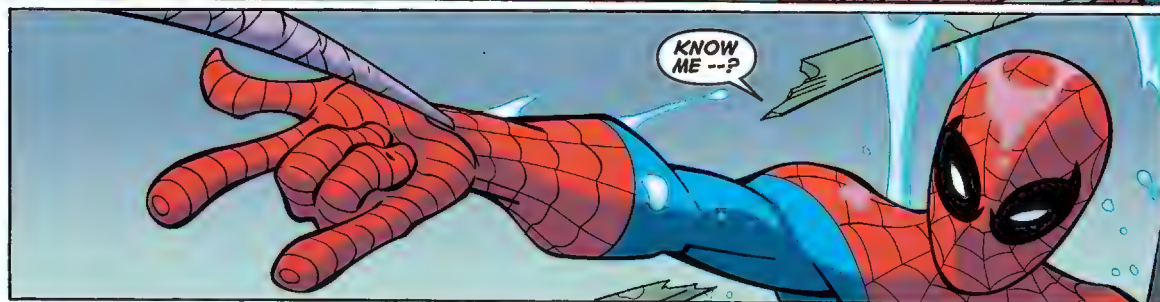
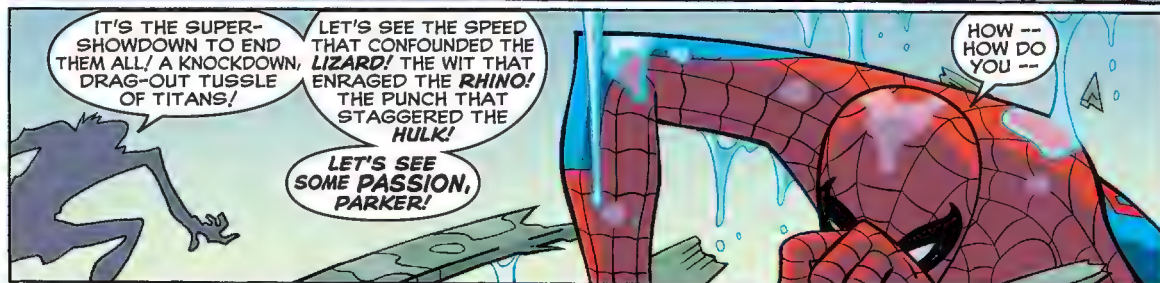
E FOR
EFFORT.
PARKER.
MUST TRY
HARDER.

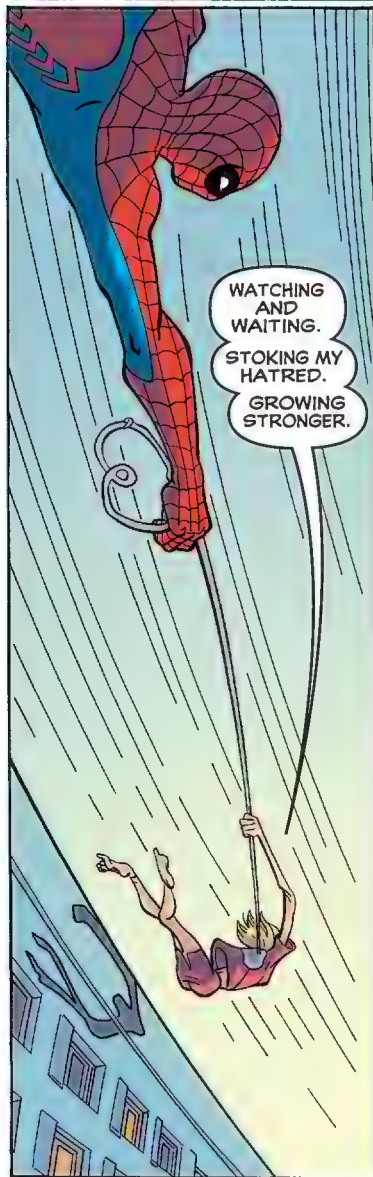
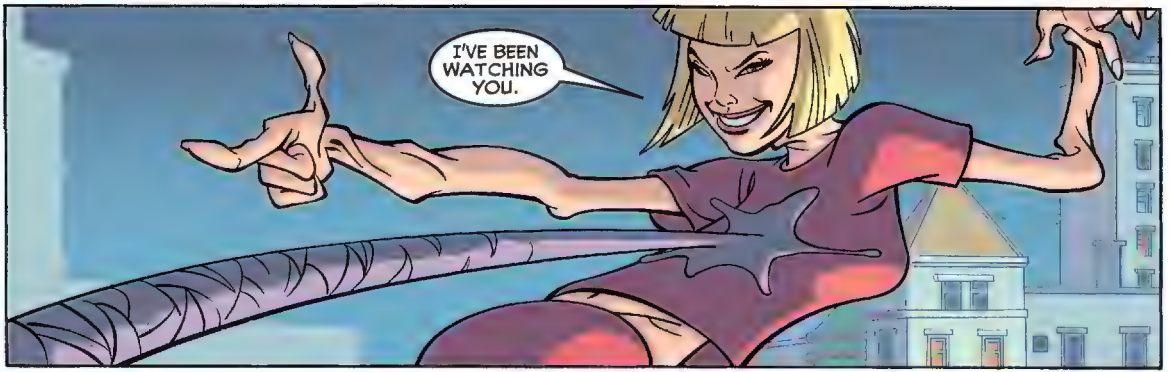


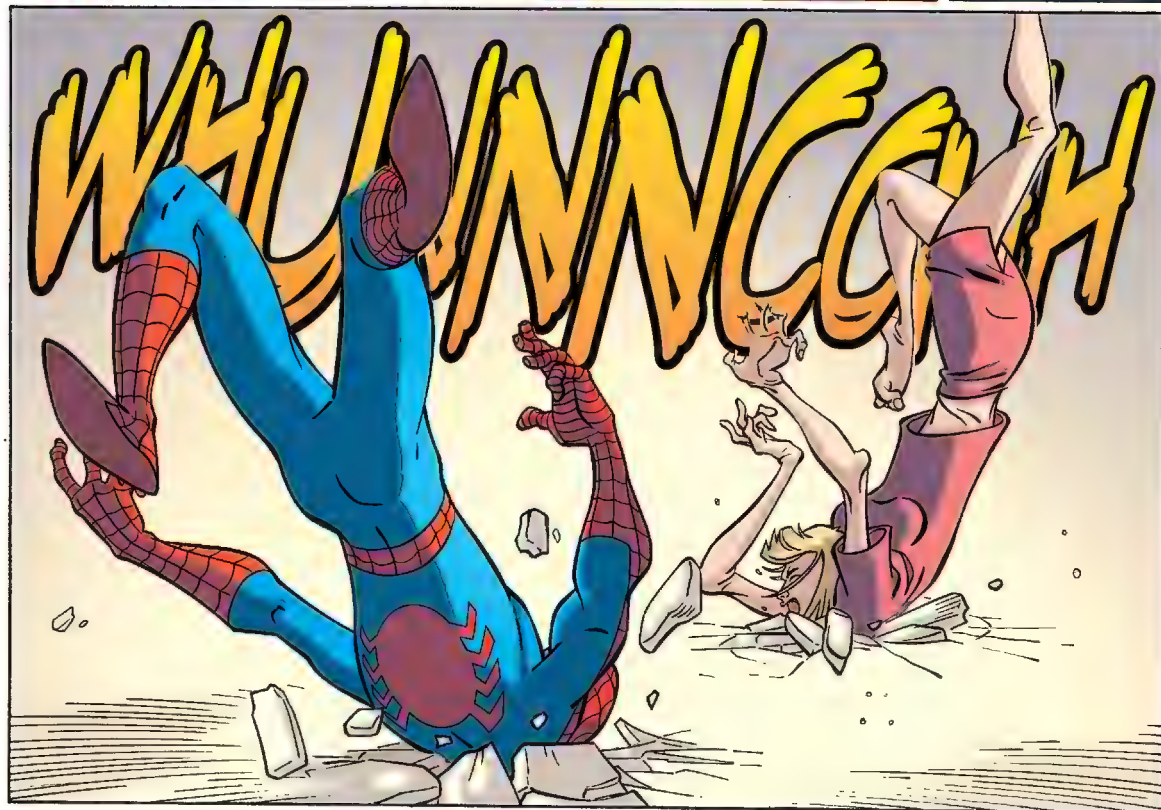


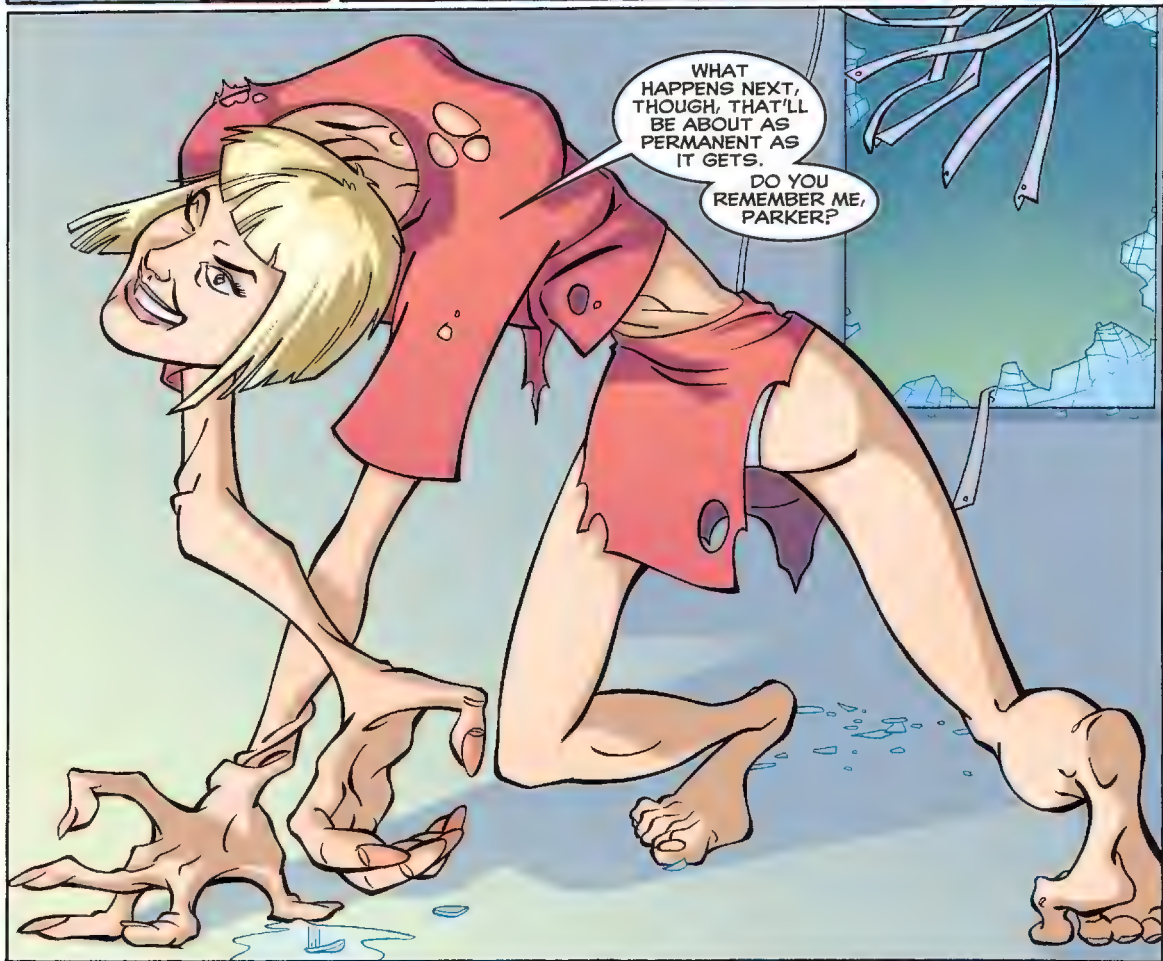


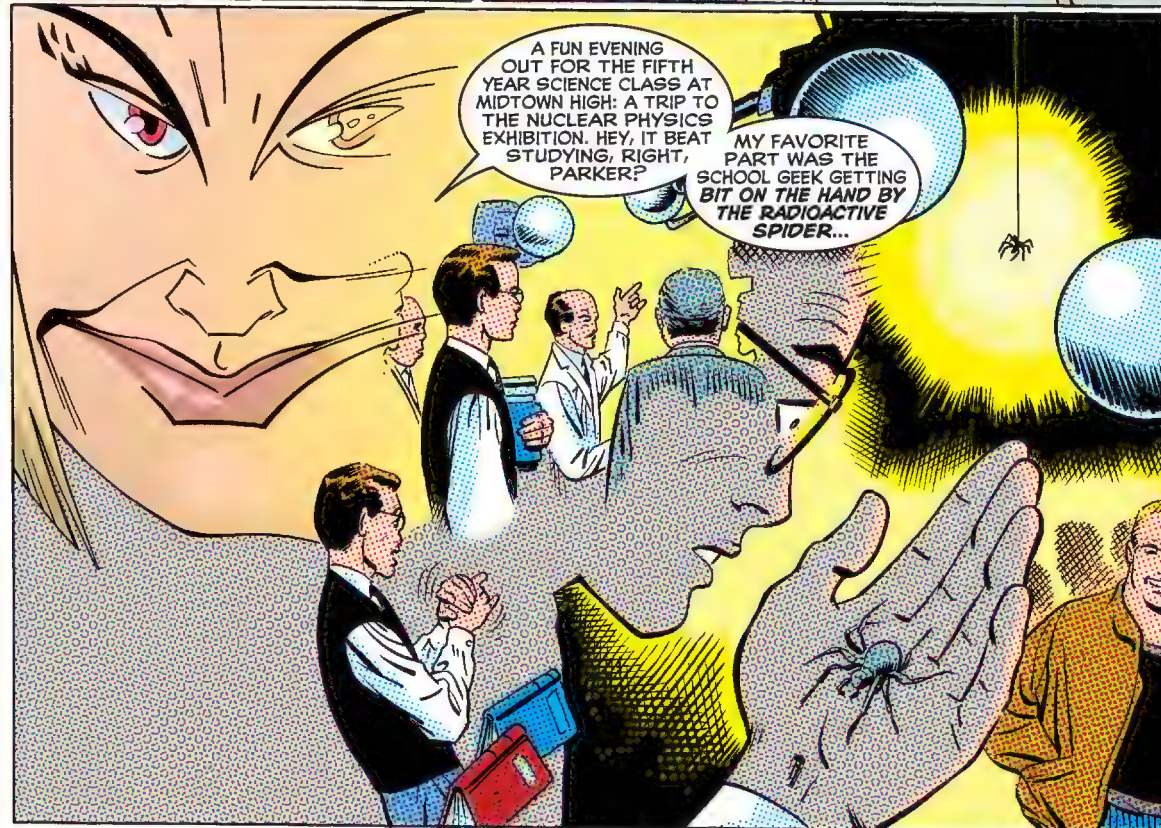
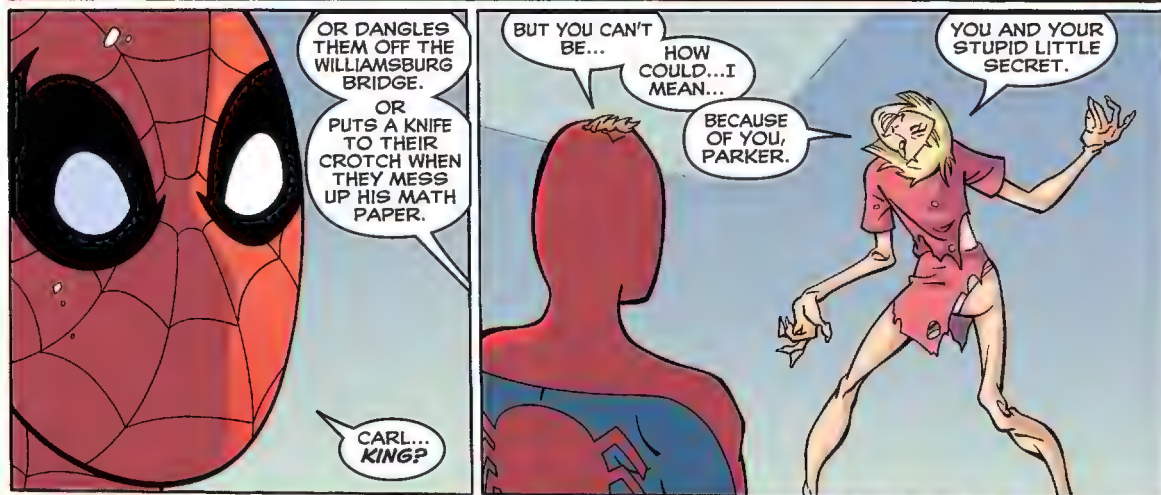
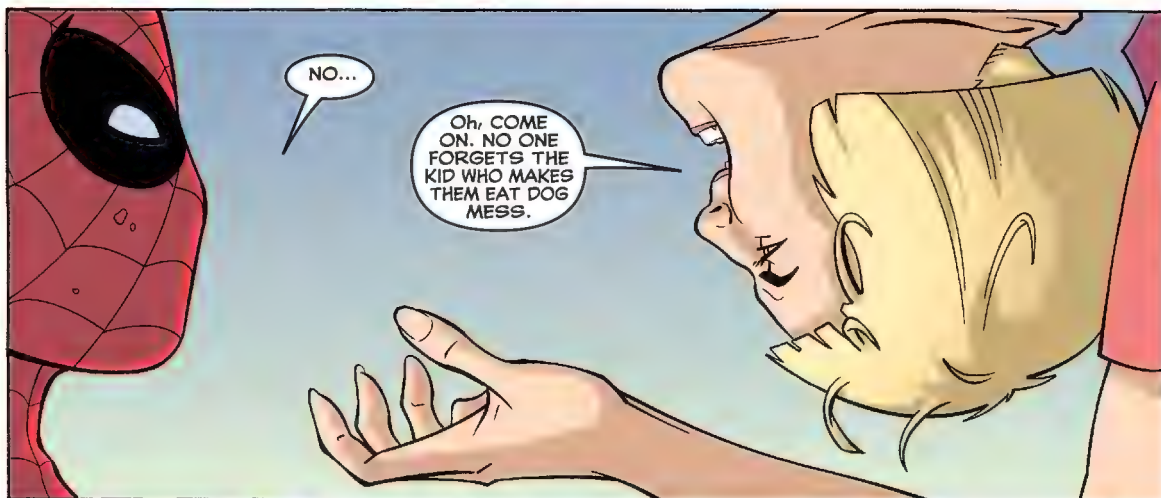


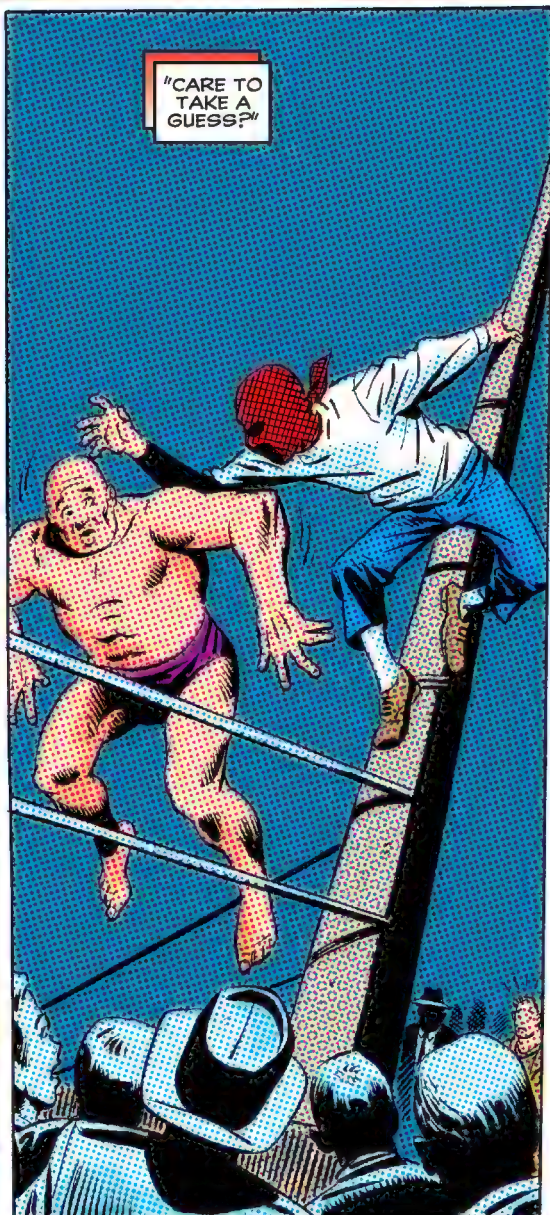
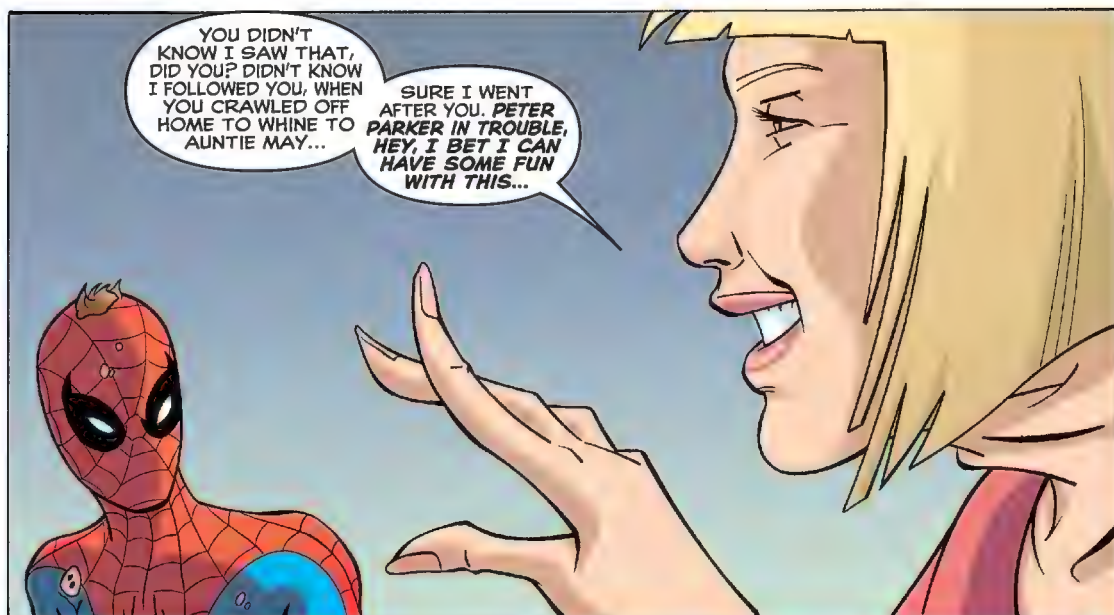






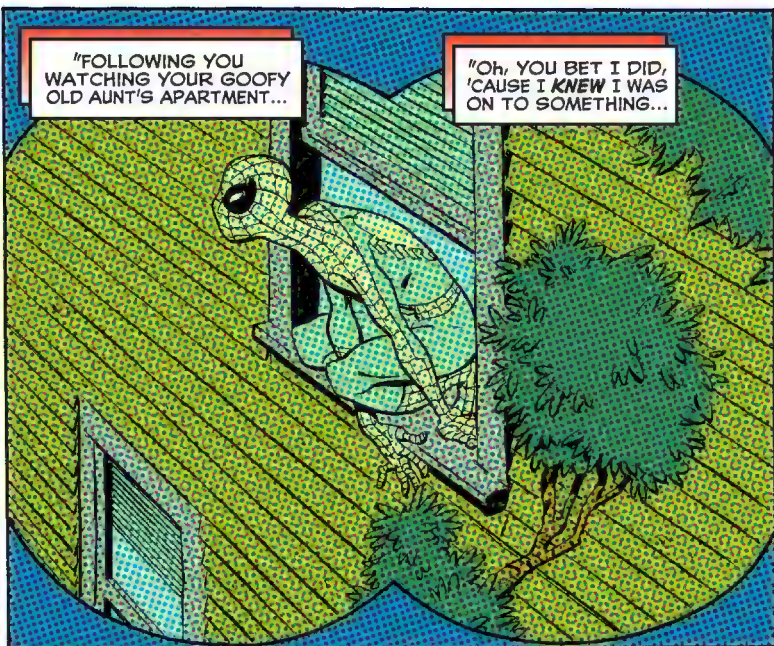






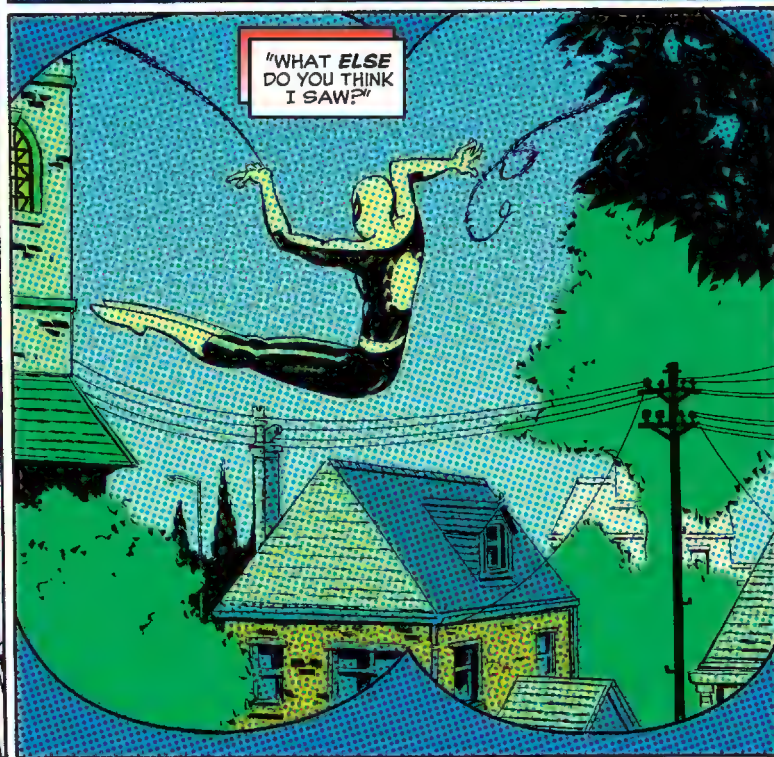


"AND OVER THE NEXT FEW DAYS, PARKER..."



"FOLLOWING YOU WATCHING YOUR GOOFY OLD AUNT'S APARTMENT..."

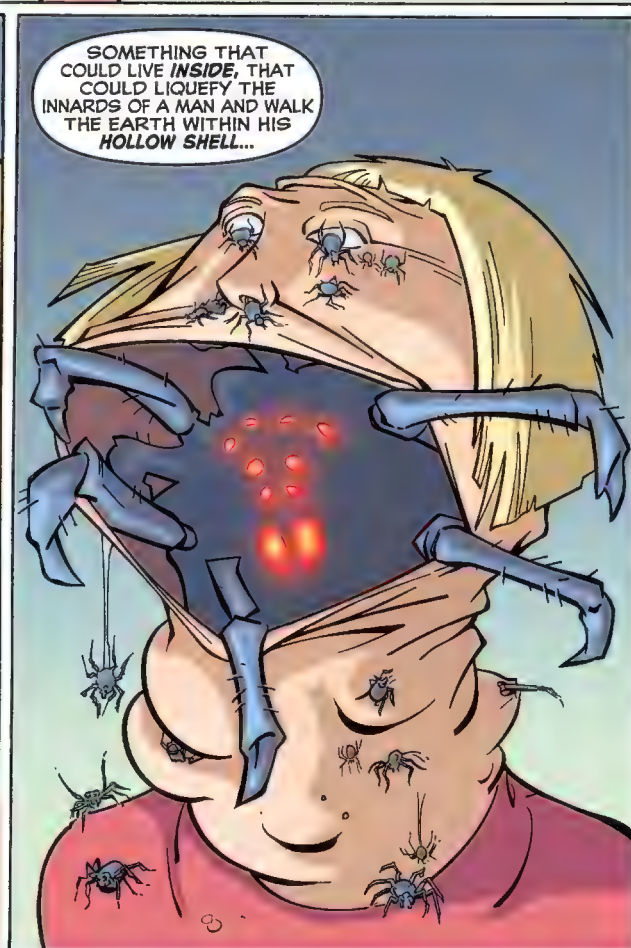
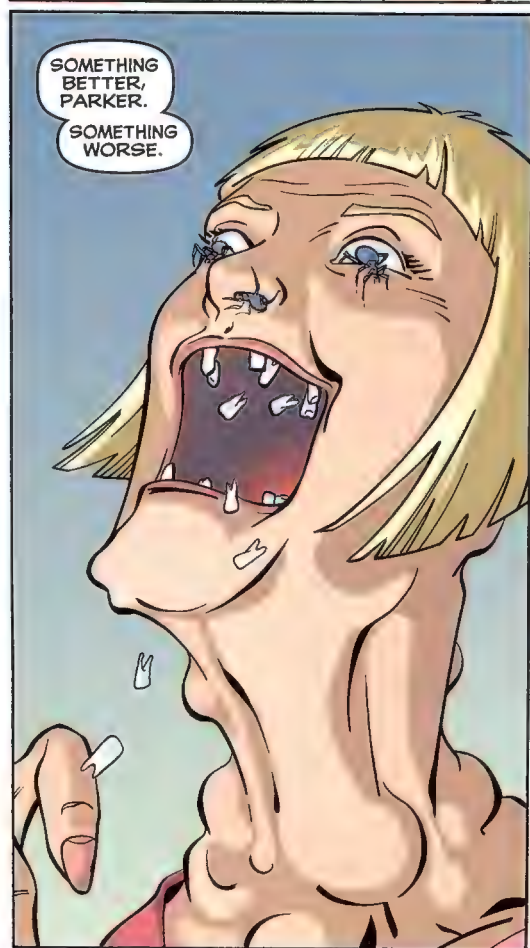
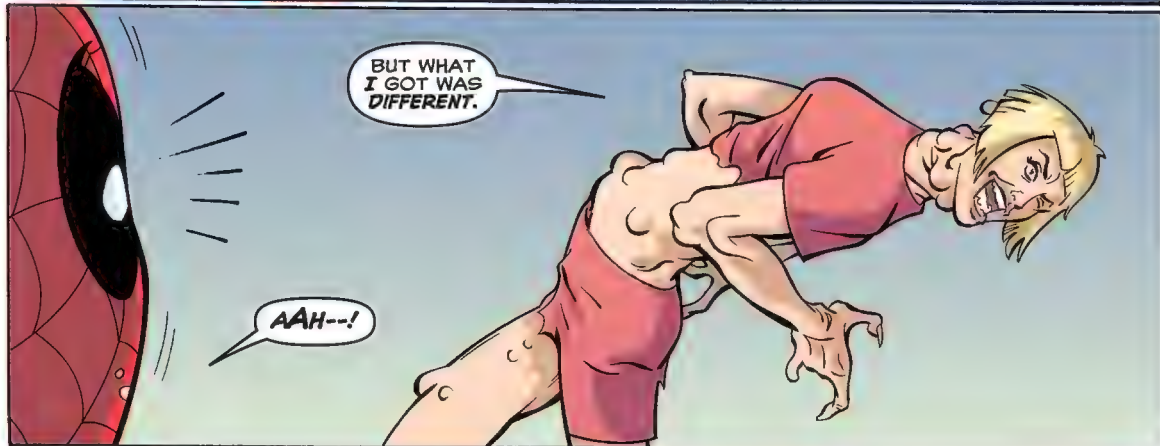
"Oh, YOU BET I DID, 'CAUSE I *KNEW* I WAS ON TO SOMETHING..."

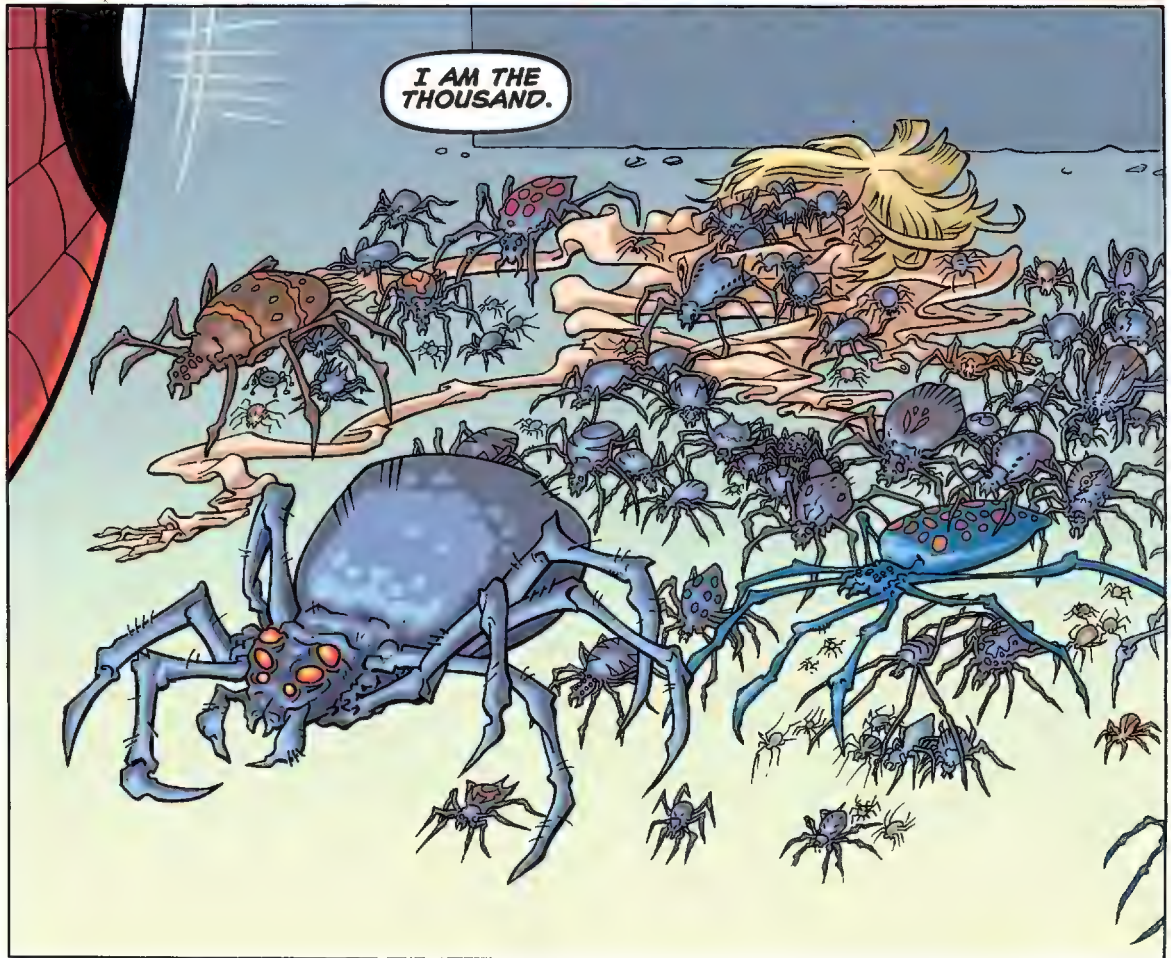
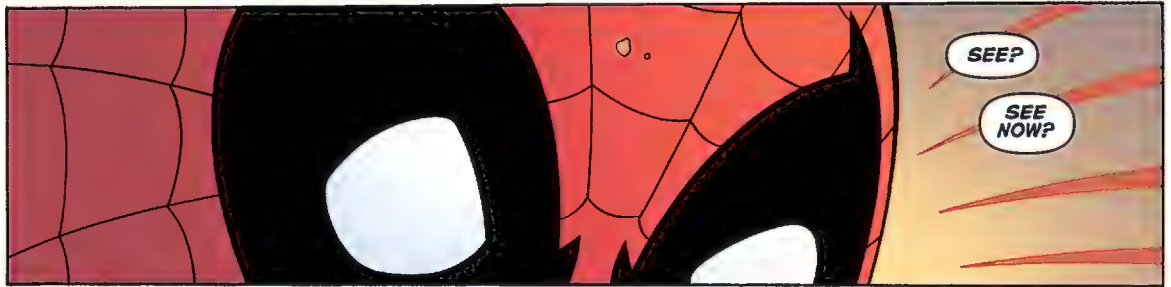
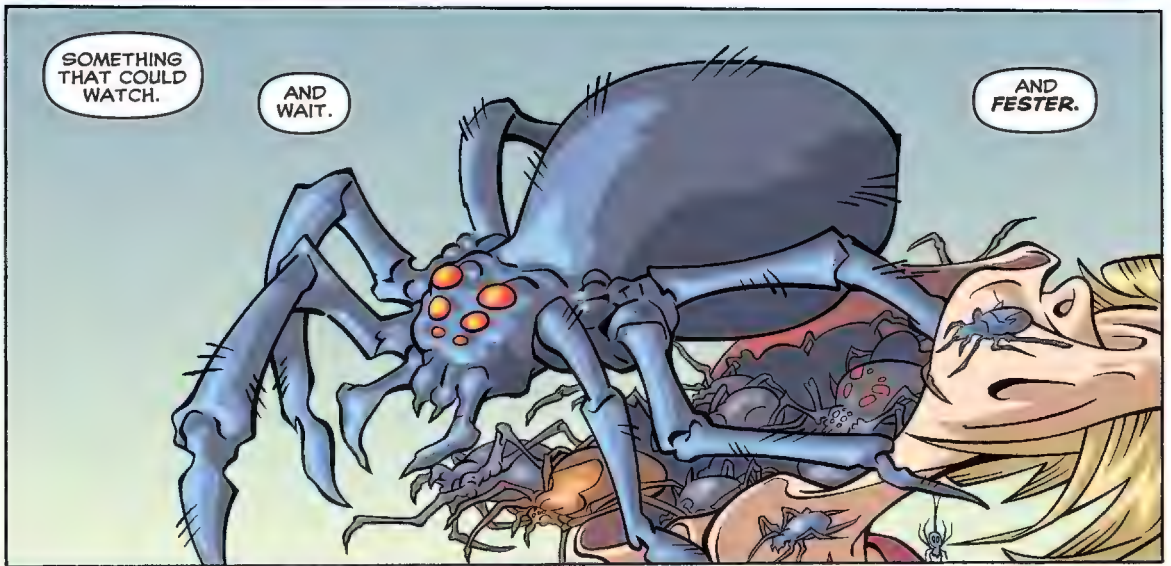


"WHAT ELSE DO YOU THINK I SAW?"



WHOA.







NO --
NO WAY --

IT SHOULD
HAVE BEEN ME,
PARKER...



THIS
POWER OF YOURS,
IT SHOULD HAVE
BEEN MINE.

THIS IS
WHAT **MUST BE**,
PARKER. THIS IS
JUSTICE, LONG
OVERDUE.

COME ON,
NOW. DON'T TRY
AND FIGHT IT.



**OPEN
WIDE...**



AAAAAIIIEEEIIGGHHH!

PART 3



GLENN
FABRY

The COMING *of the* THOUSAND

PART THREE

GARTH
ENNIS
WRITER

JOHN
MC CREA
PENCILS

JAMES
HODGKINS
INKS

STEVE
BUCELLATO
COLORS

RS/COMICRAFT'S
WES ABBOTT
LETTERS

AXEL ALONSO
EDITOR

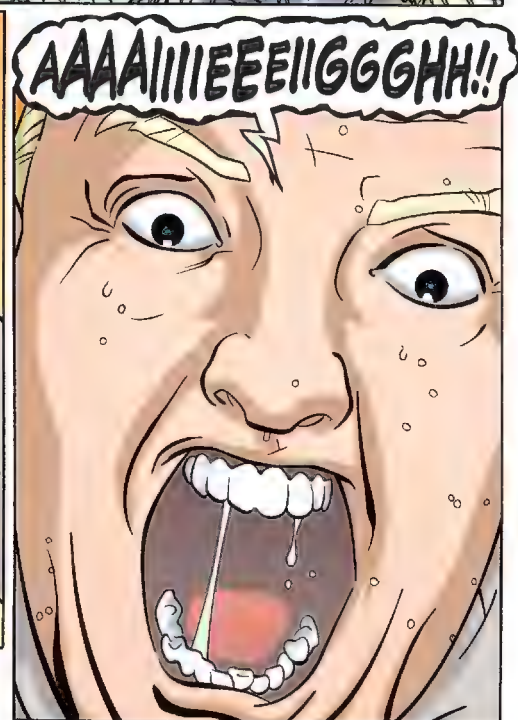
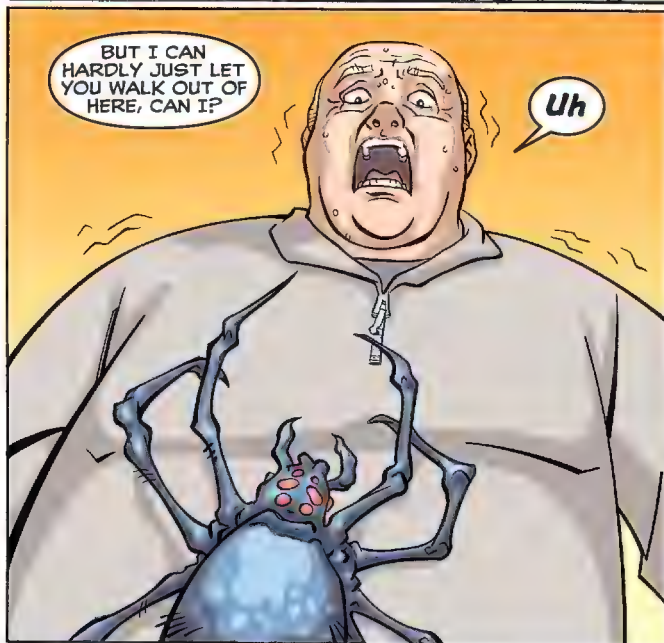
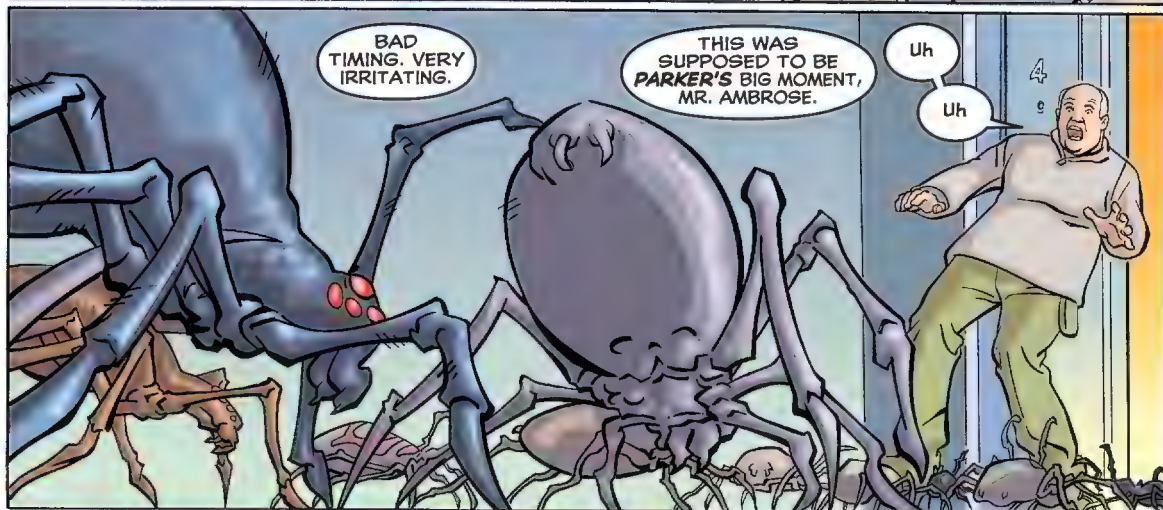
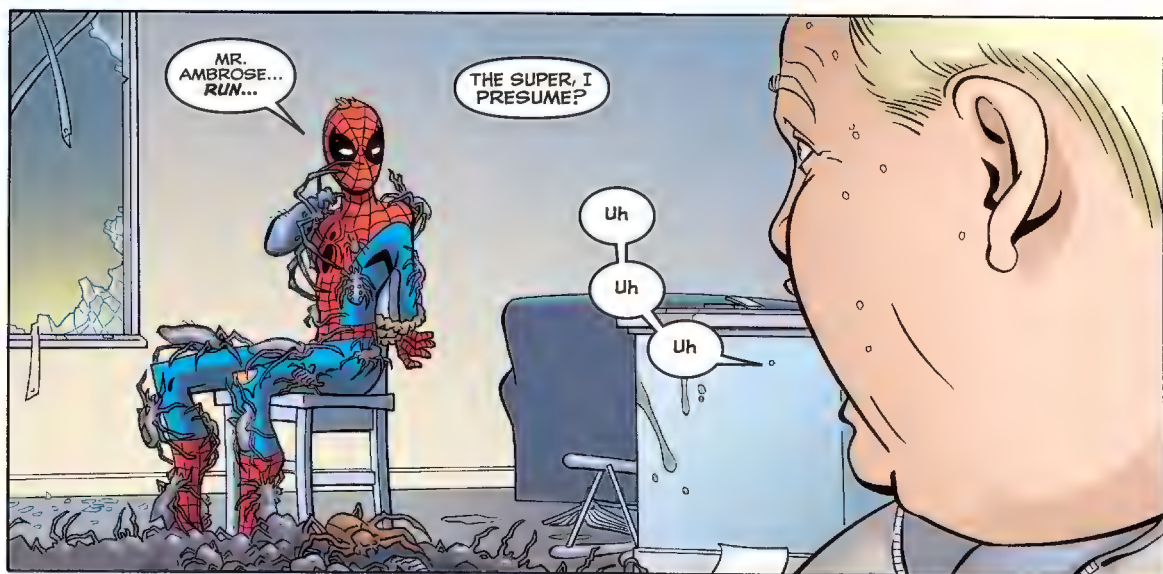
JOHN MIESEGAES
ASSISTANT EDITOR

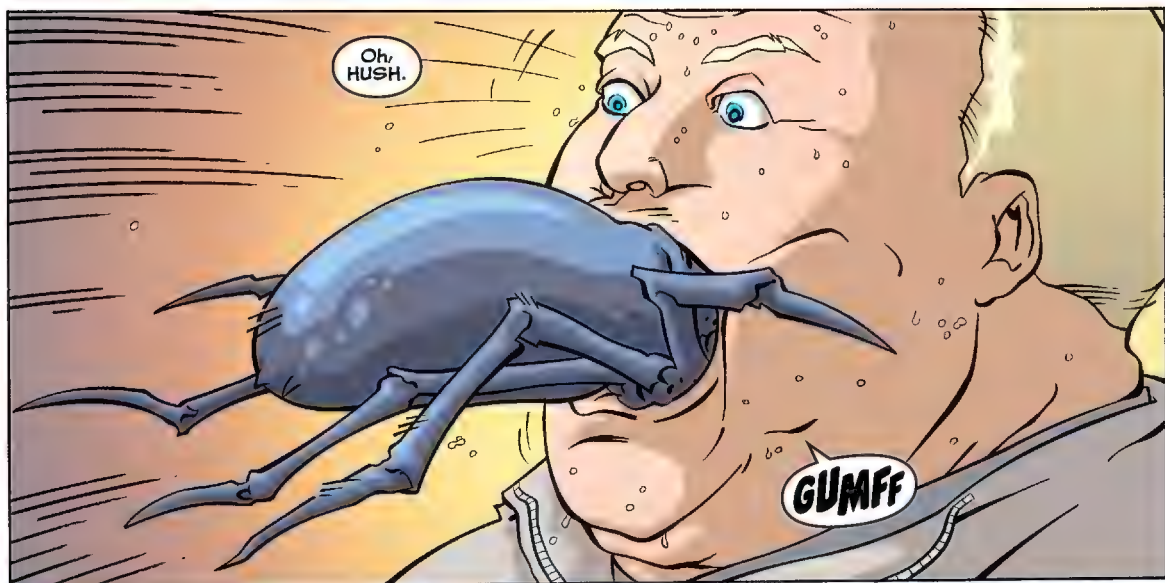
JOE QUESADA
CHIEF

BILL JEMAS
PRESIDENT

PARKER,
WHAT IS ALL
THAT NOISE
**OH DEAR
LORD --**







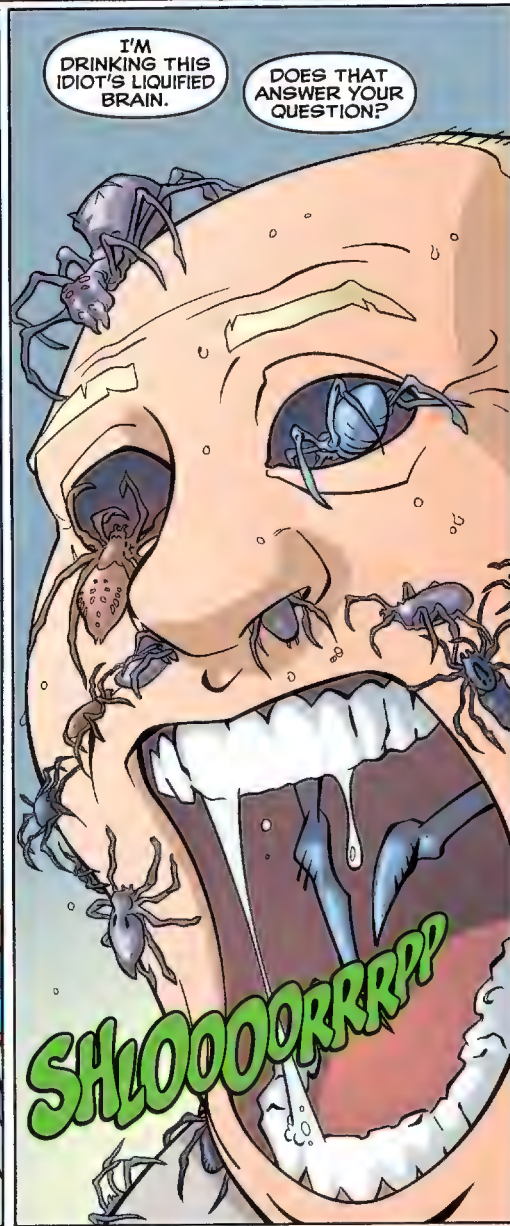
Oh,
HUSH.

GUMFF



YOU...YOU
MONSTER...THIS
IS...WHAT YOU
DID TO MISS
PATTON...

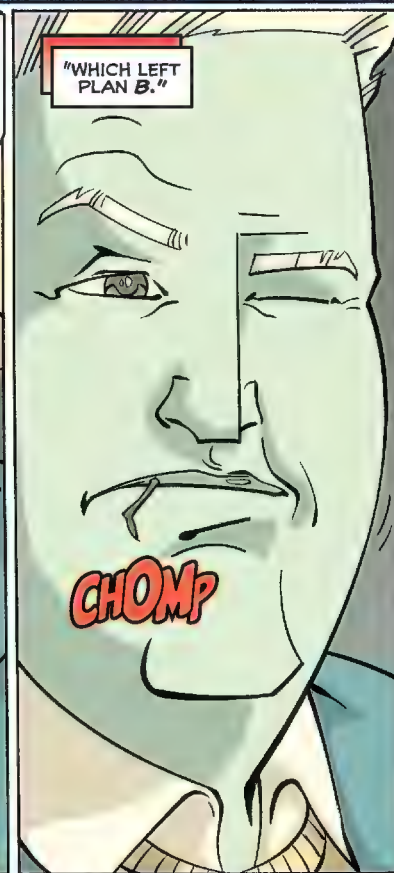
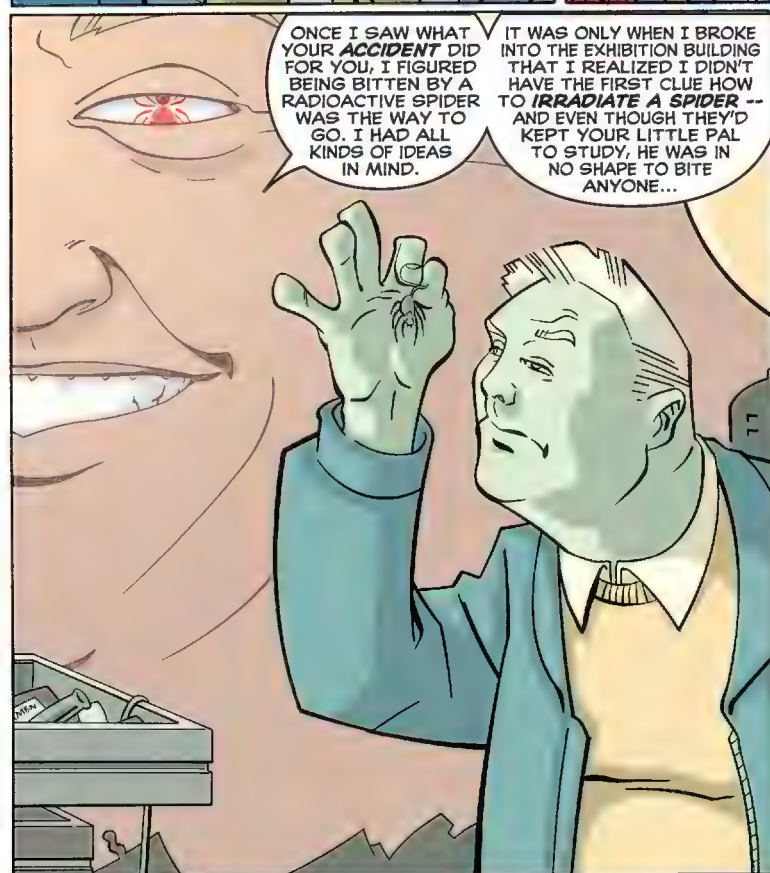
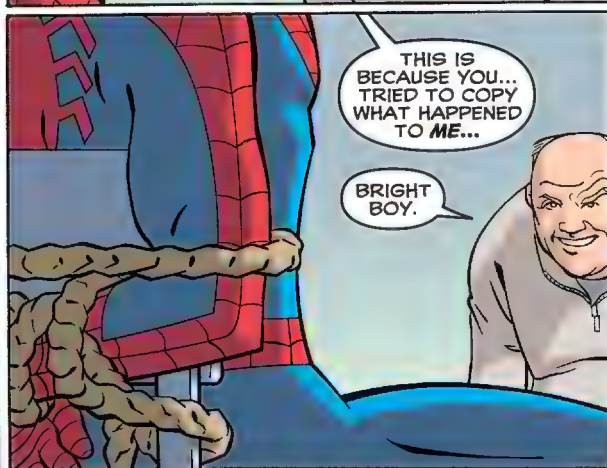
DOESN'T
LIFE...MEAN
ANYTHING...?

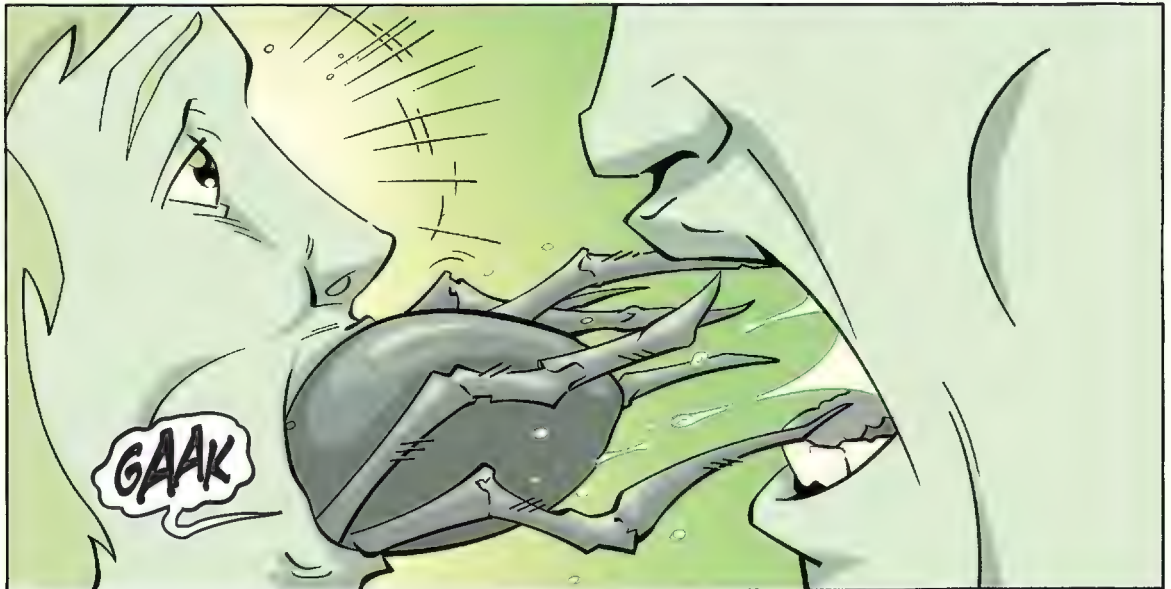
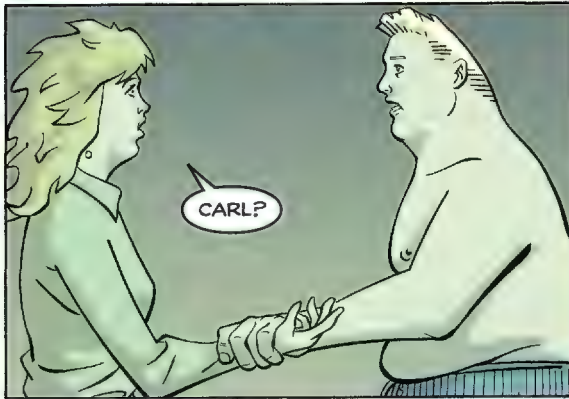
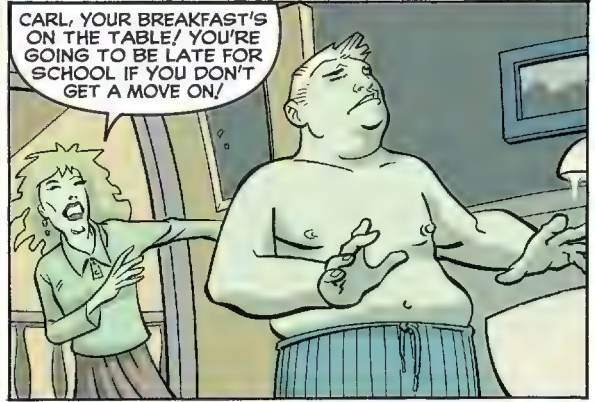
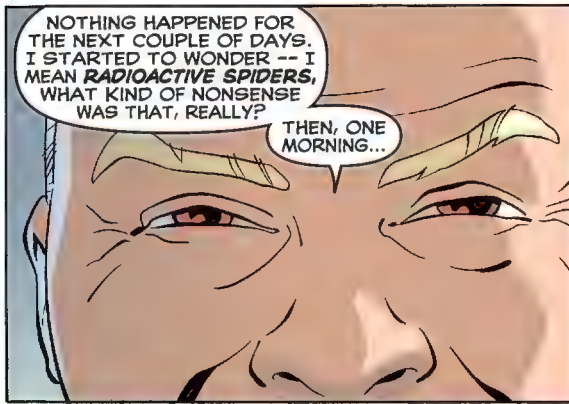


I'M
DRINKING THIS
IDIOT'S LIQUIFIED
BRAIN.

DOES THAT
ANSWER YOUR
QUESTION?

SHLOOOORRRP

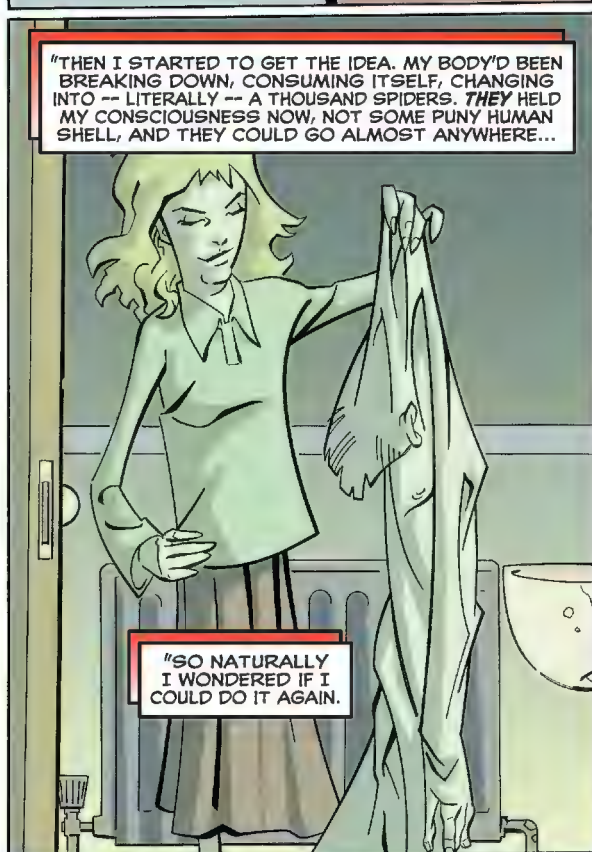






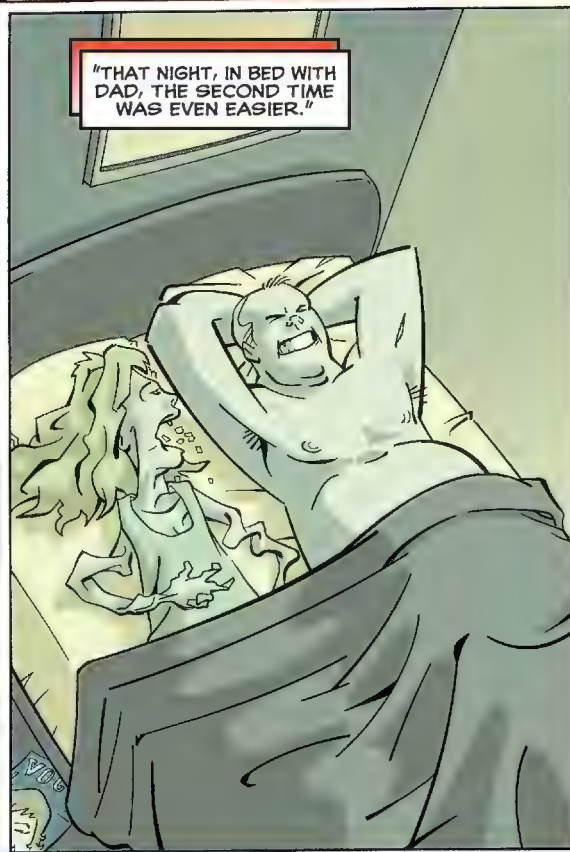
I DID IT TOTALLY BY INSTINCT. AS NATURAL AS OPENING YOUR EYES.

I HAD NO IDEA OF WHAT I WAS, OR WHAT MY BODY'D BECOME, OR WHAT I MIGHT BE ABLE TO DO. I DIDN'T EVEN THINK ABOUT IT.



"THEN I STARTED TO GET THE IDEA. MY BODY'D BEEN BREAKING DOWN, CONSUMING ITSELF, CHANGING INTO -- LITERALLY -- A THOUSAND SPIDERS. **THEY** HELD MY CONSCIOUSNESS NOW, NOT SOME PUNY HUMAN SHELL, AND THEY COULD GO ALMOST ANYWHERE...

"SO NATURALLY I WONDERED IF I COULD DO IT AGAIN.

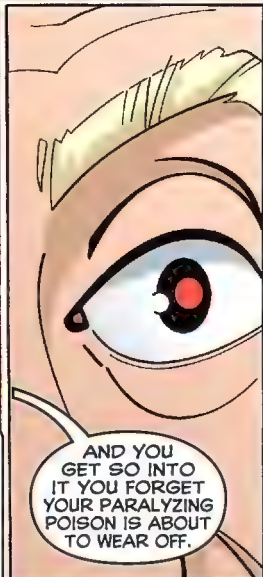


"THAT NIGHT, IN BED WITH DAD, THE SECOND TIME WAS EVEN EASIER."



EVERY TIME I DID IT I COULD BREAK THEIR INNARDS UP A LITTLE FASTER.

EVERY TIME I DID IT I GOT A LITTLE STRONGER.



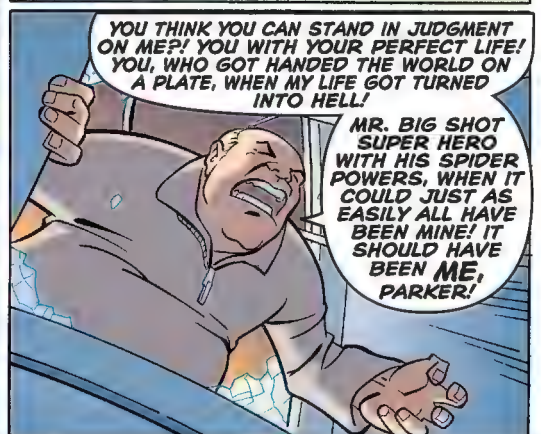


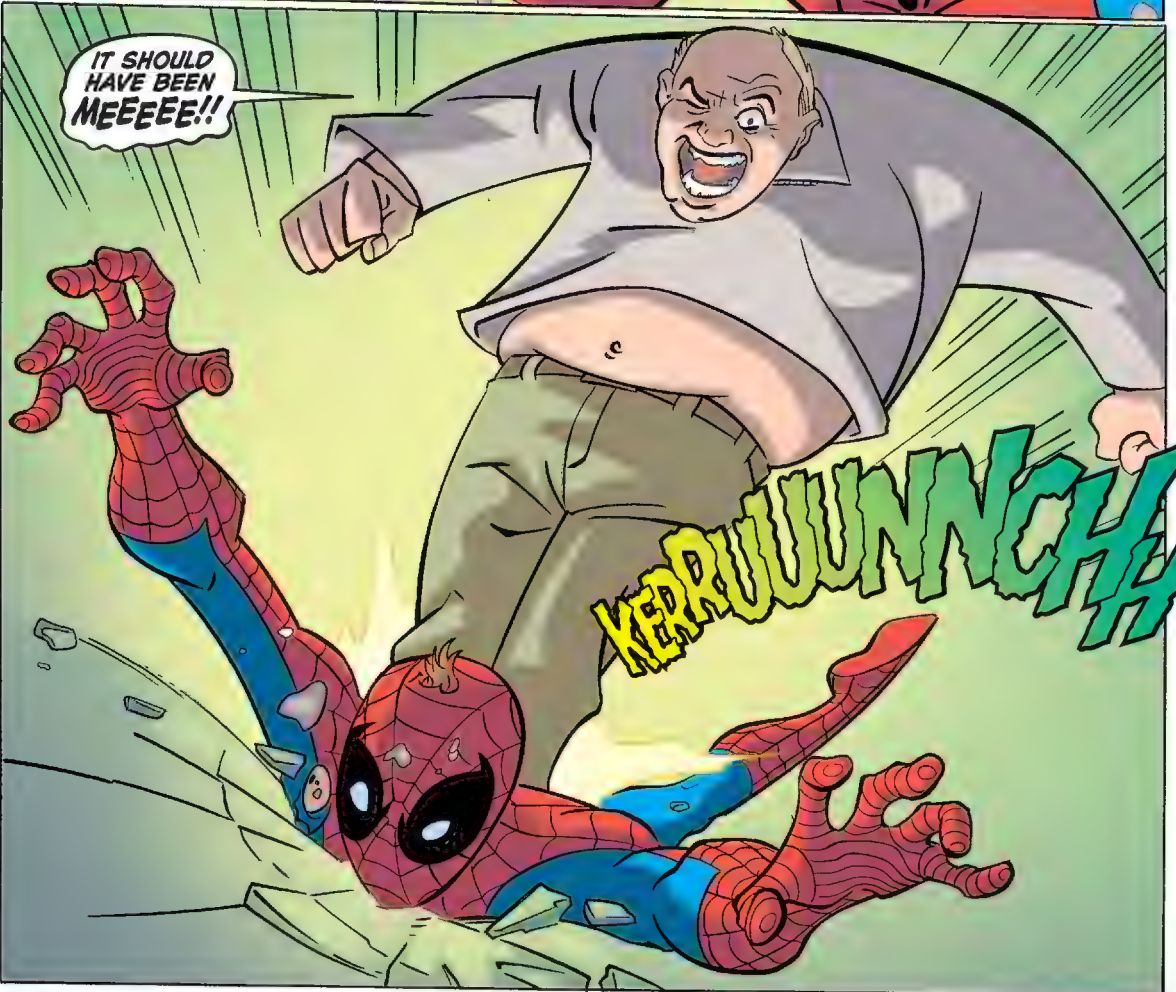
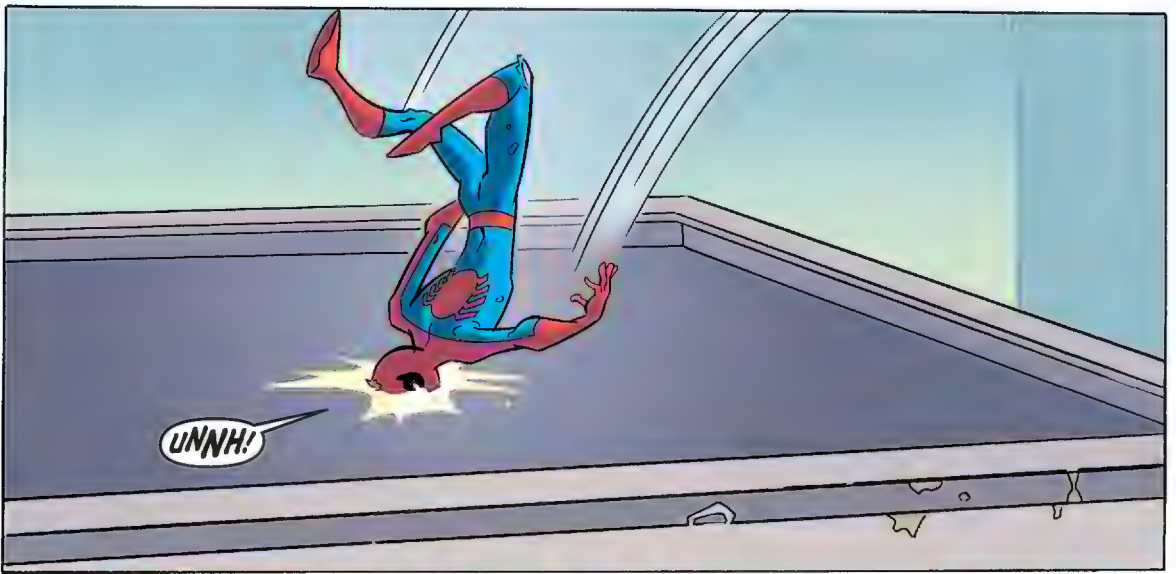
YOU THINK THE KIDS AT SCHOOL *LIKED YOU*? YOU THINK THEY LIKED THAT YOU PICKED ON KIDS LIKE *ME*?

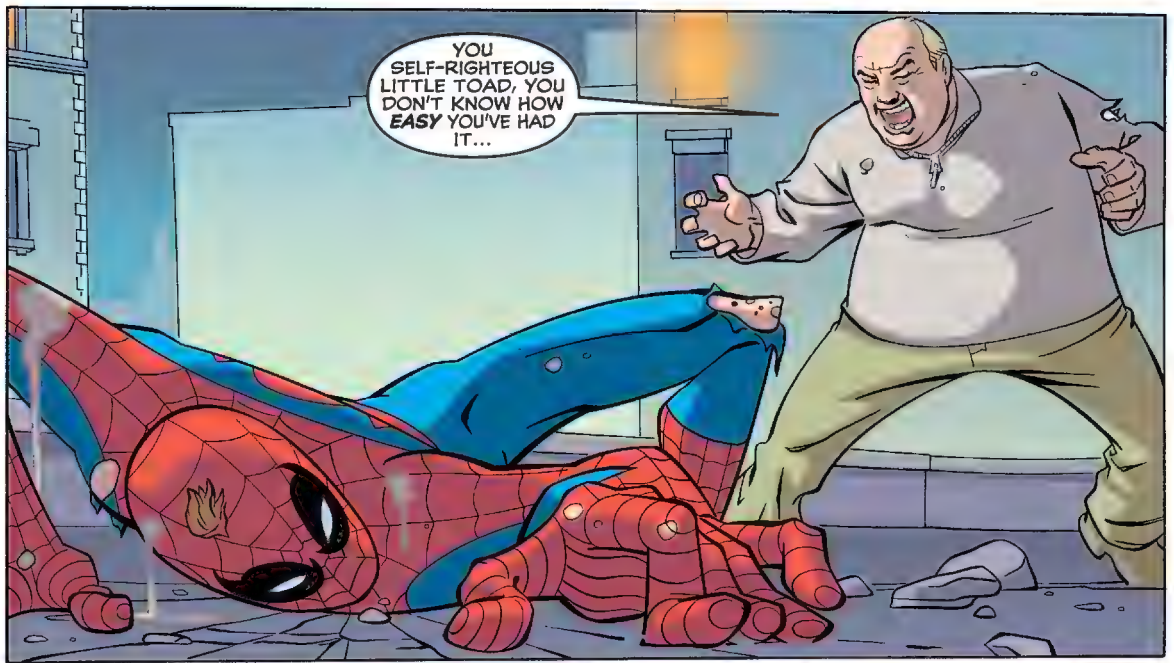
YOU WERE *PATHETIC*, CARL! YOU DIDN'T KNOW HOW TO MAKE FRIENDS! YOU WERE TERRIFIED OF GIRLS! ALL YOU KNEW WAS *CRUELTY* AND *FEAR*, AND MAKING PEOPLE NERVOUS TO GET YOURSELF ATTENTION!

AND LOOK HOW FAR YOU'VE COME, CARL!









YOU
SELF-RIGHTEOUS
LITTLE TOAD, YOU
DON'T KNOW HOW
EASY YOU'VE HAD
IT...



BUT I DO. I'VE BEEN
WATCHING.

THE
DEATH-DEFYING
EXPLOITS. THE LETHAL
ARRAY OF COLORFUL
VILLAINS. THE
STRING OF BEAUTIFUL
GIRLFRIENDS -- ALL
BECAUSE SOME **NERD**
GETS BITTEN BY
A **SPIDER**?

YOU KNOW
WHAT HAPPENED
TO **MY** BEAUTIFUL
GIRLFRIEND,
PARKER...?



I HAD
TO **EAT**
HER.



LYING...

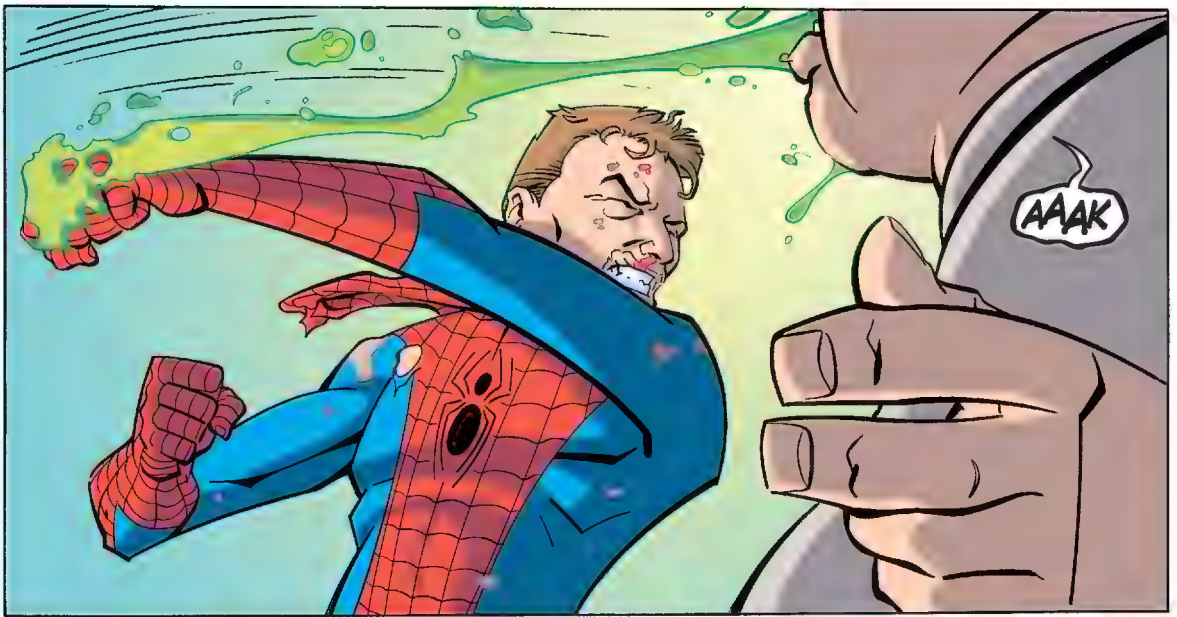
DIDN'T...
HAVE TO... DO
ANYTHING...

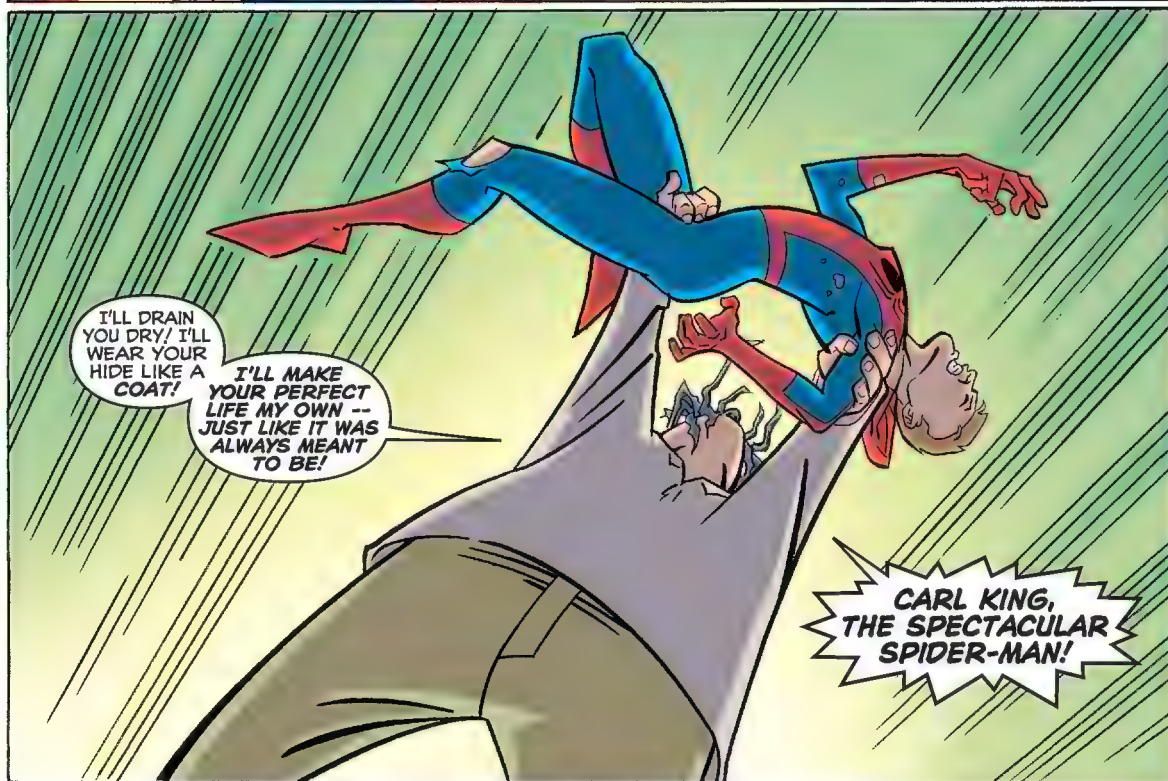


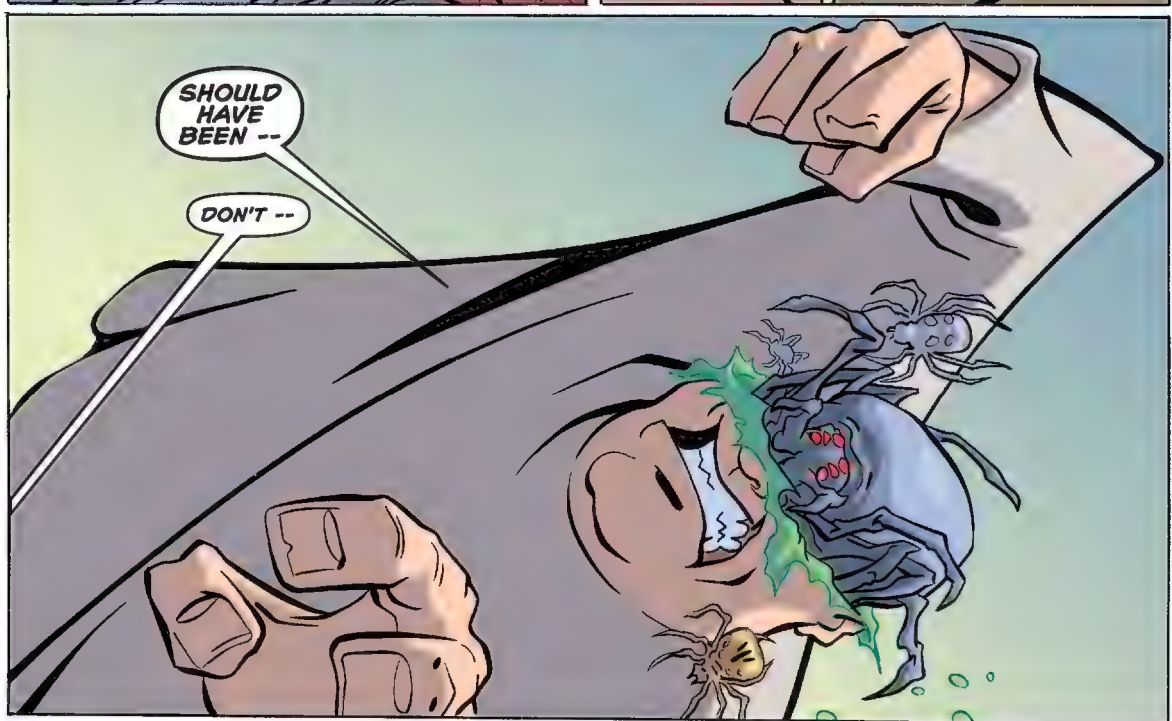
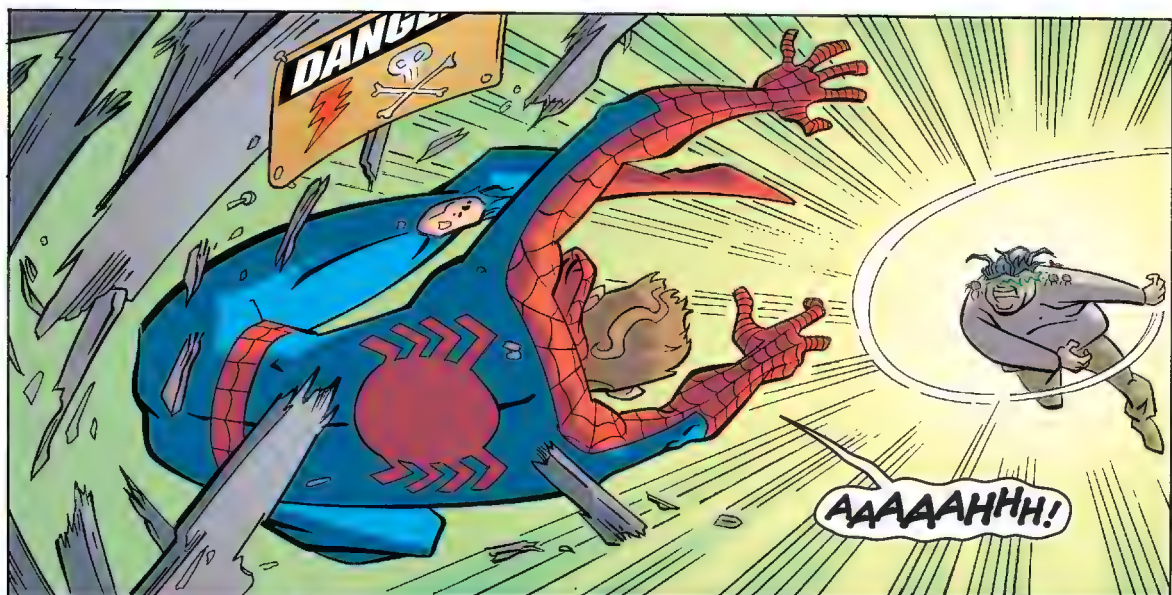
OH,
SHUT
UP.





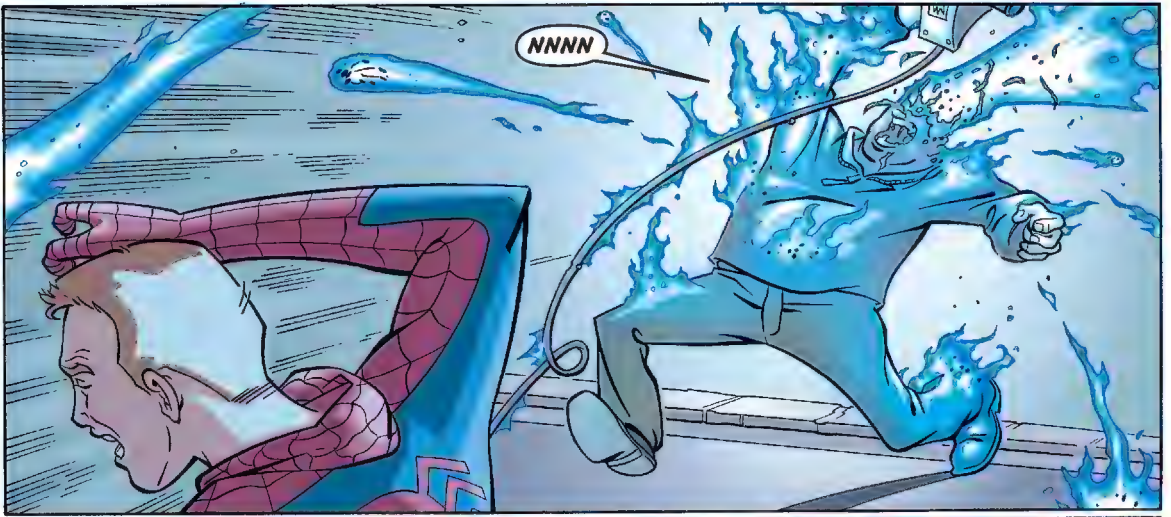


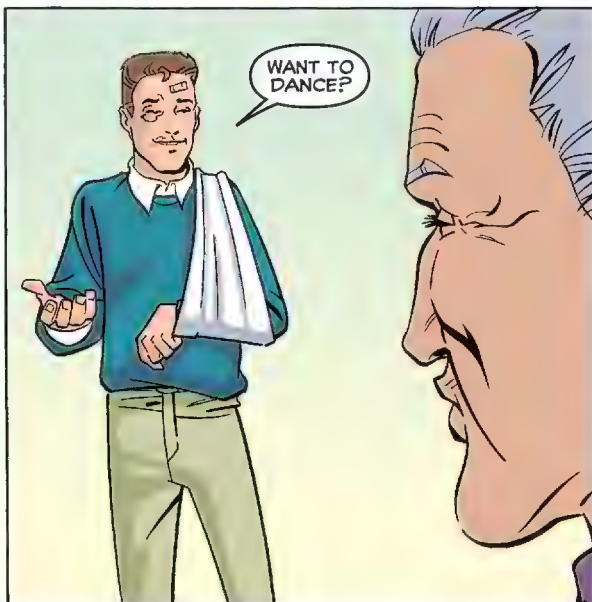
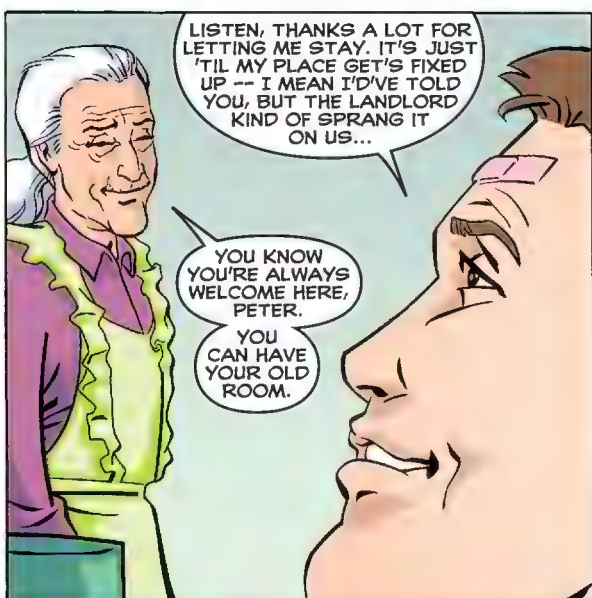


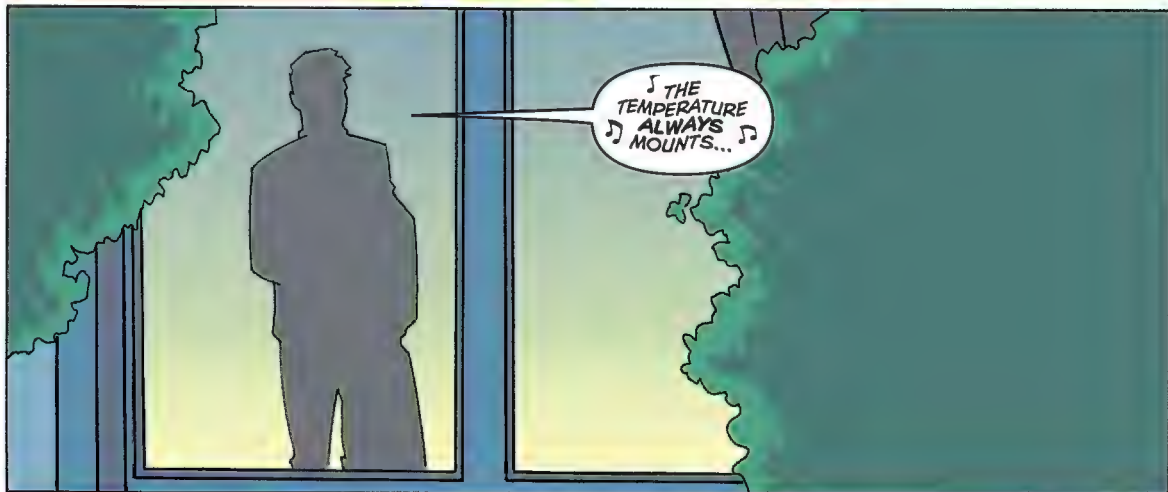
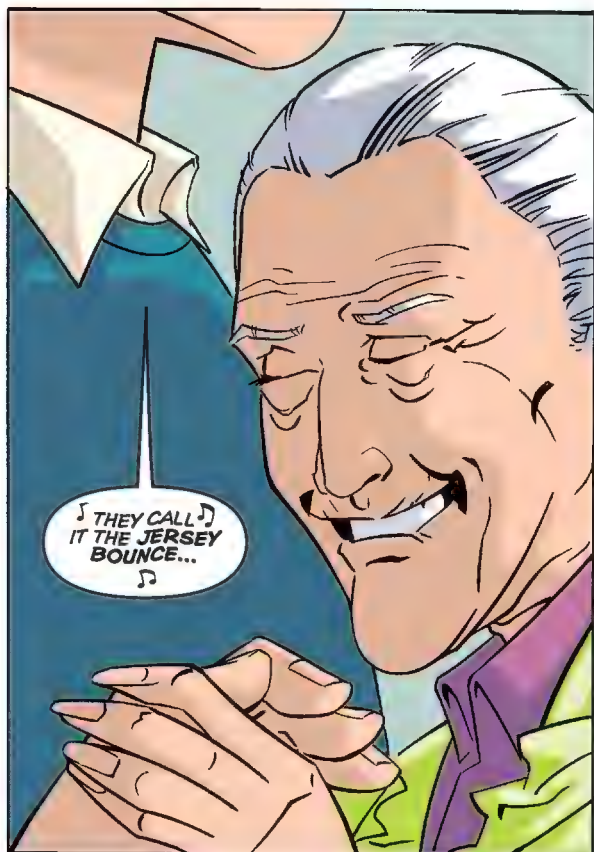




ME







YOU THINK I'M
FINISHED, PARKER?

ME?

THE
THOUSAND?

JUST *ONE* IS ENOUGH TO
HOLD MY ESSENCE, PARKER.
ENOUGH TO SURVIVE,
AND GROW STRONG...

TO BIDE MY TIME...

TO STOKE
MY HATRED...

AND WHEN THE TIME
COMES, TO EMERGE
ONCE MORE AND
CLAIM WHAT'S *MINE*.

IT
SHOULD --
HAVE
BEEN ME --

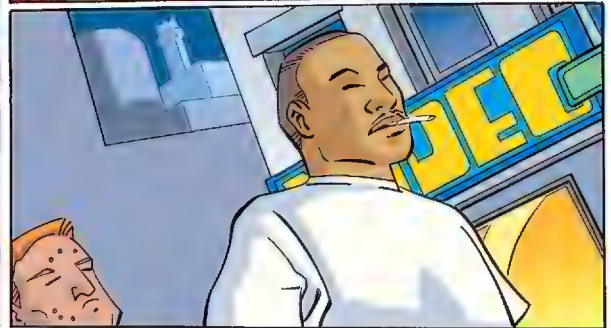
IT
SHOULD
HAVE BEEN
ME!

IT
SHOULD
HAVE BEEN
ME!

IT
SHOULD
HAVE BEEN
ME!

IT
SHOULD
HAVE BEEN
ME!

Squitch





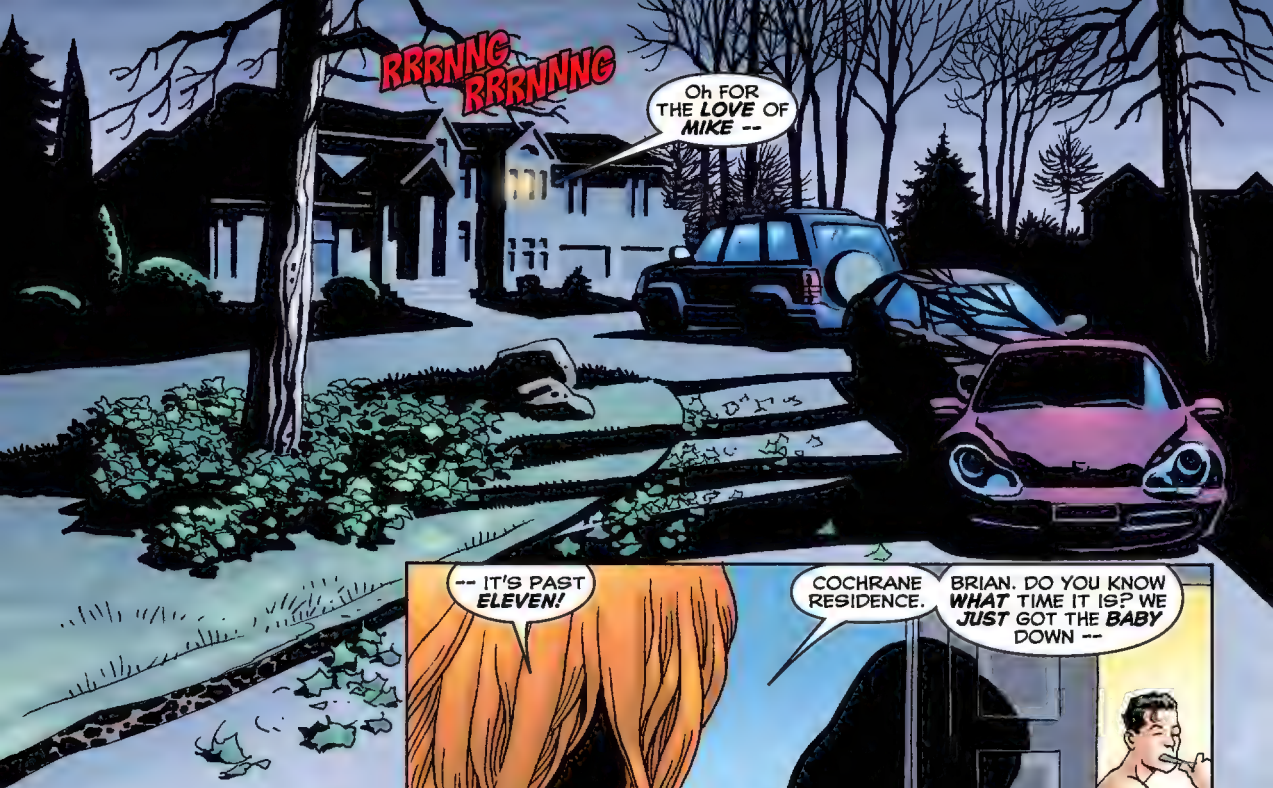
LEARN KUNG FU

VIDEO BI

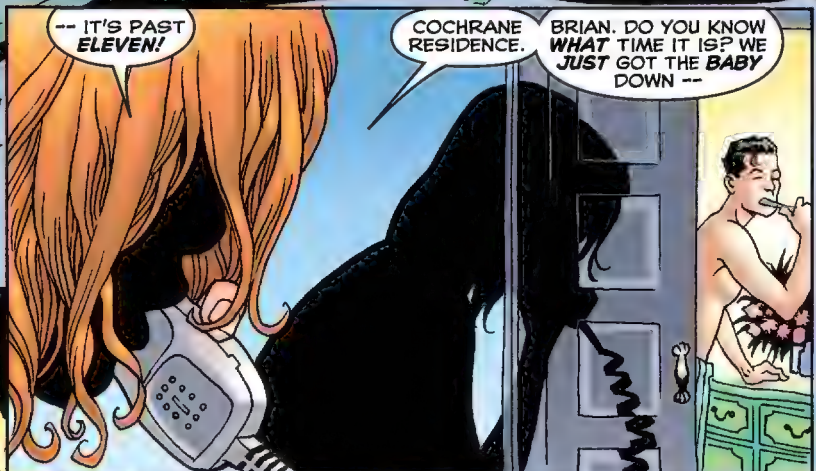
THE END

PART 4





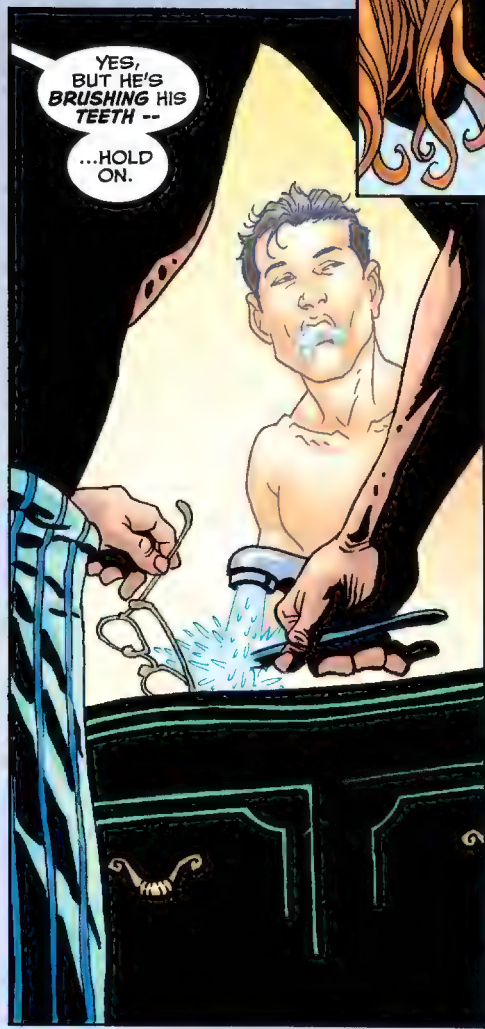
Oh FOR
THE LOVE OF
MIKE --



-- IT'S PAST
ELEVEN!

COCHRANE
RESIDENCE.

BRIAN. DO YOU KNOW
WHAT TIME IT IS? WE
JUST GOT THE BABY
DOWN --



YES,
BUT HE'S
BRUSHING HIS
TEETH --

...HOLD
ON.



IT'S BRIAN.
TELL HIM NOT
TO CALL SO
LATE.

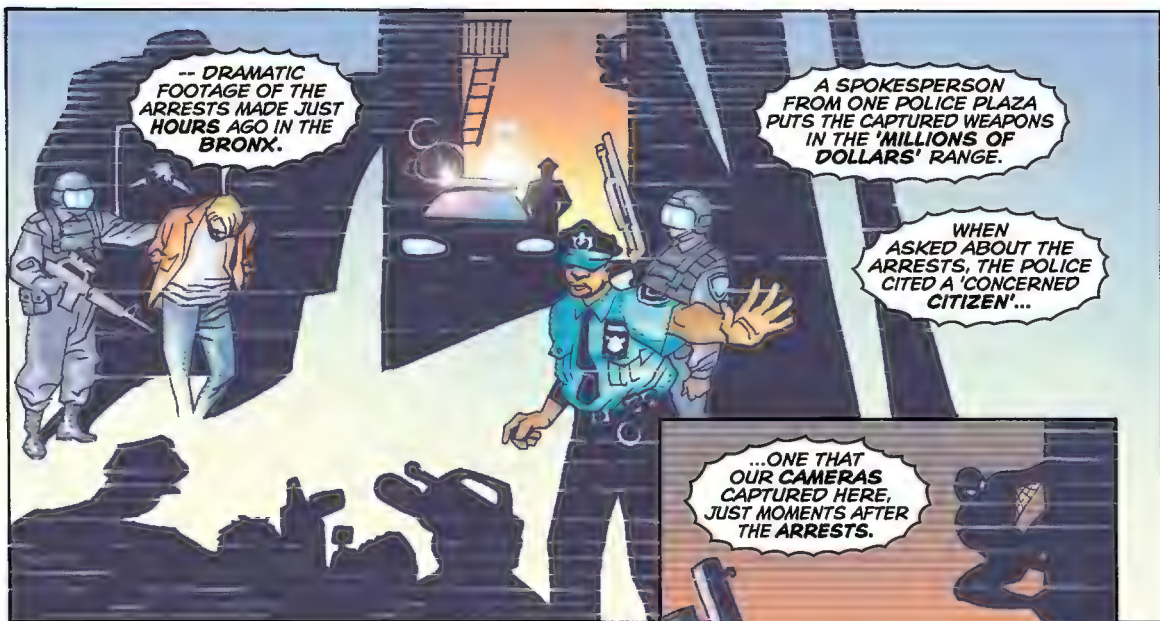


BRIAN?
IT'S TOM.
WHAT --

...
WHAT
CHANNEL?



JUST A
SEC...



-- DRAMATIC
FOOTAGE OF THE
ARRESTS MADE JUST
HOURS AGO IN THE
BRONX.

A SPOKESPERSON
FROM ONE POLICE PLAZA
PUTS THE CAPTURED WEAPONS
IN THE 'MILLIONS OF
DOLLARS' RANGE.

WHEN
ASKED ABOUT THE
ARRESTS, THE POLICE
CITED A 'CONCERNED
CITIZEN'...



...ONE THAT
OUR CAMERAS
CAPTURED HERE,
JUST MOMENTS AFTER
THE ARRESTS.

CHK

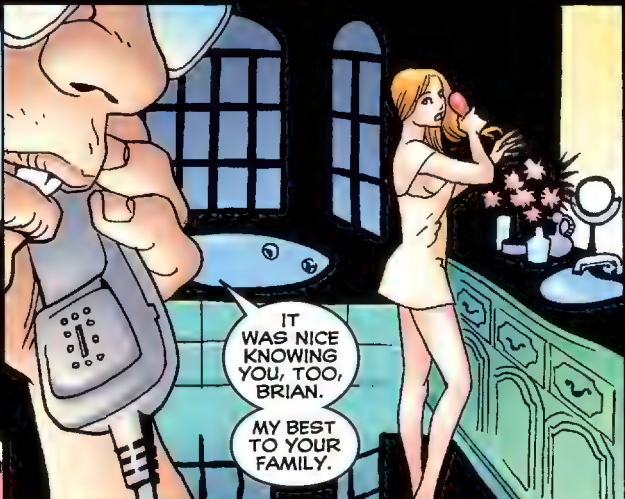


...NO, I'M
STILL HERE,
BRIAN.

YES.

YES.

...YES.

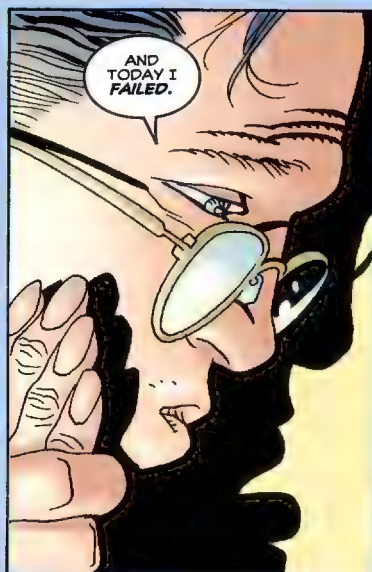
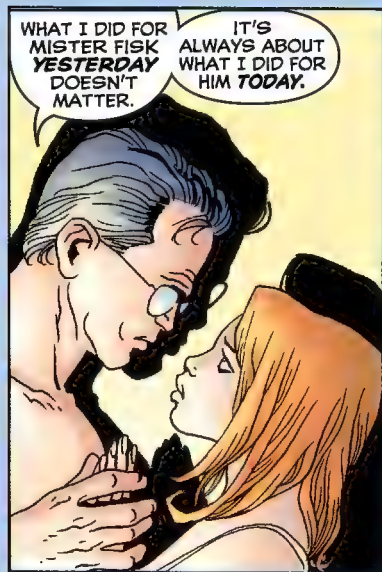
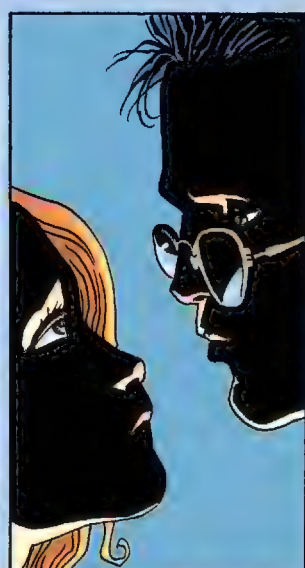
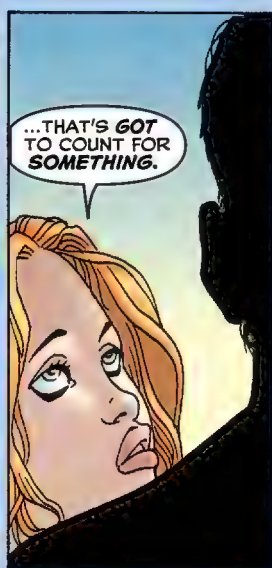
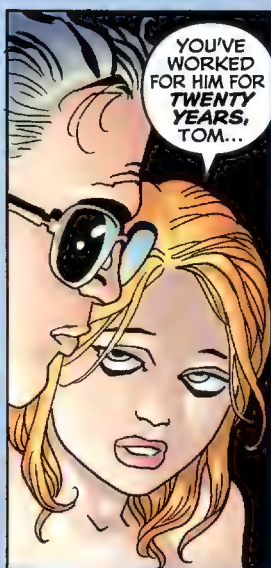
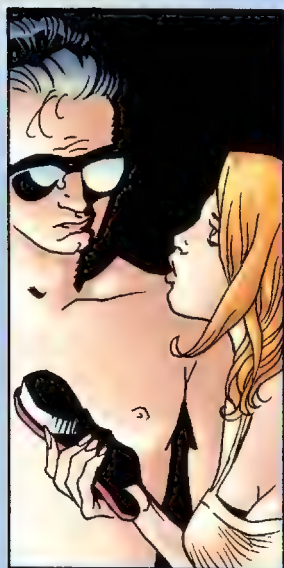
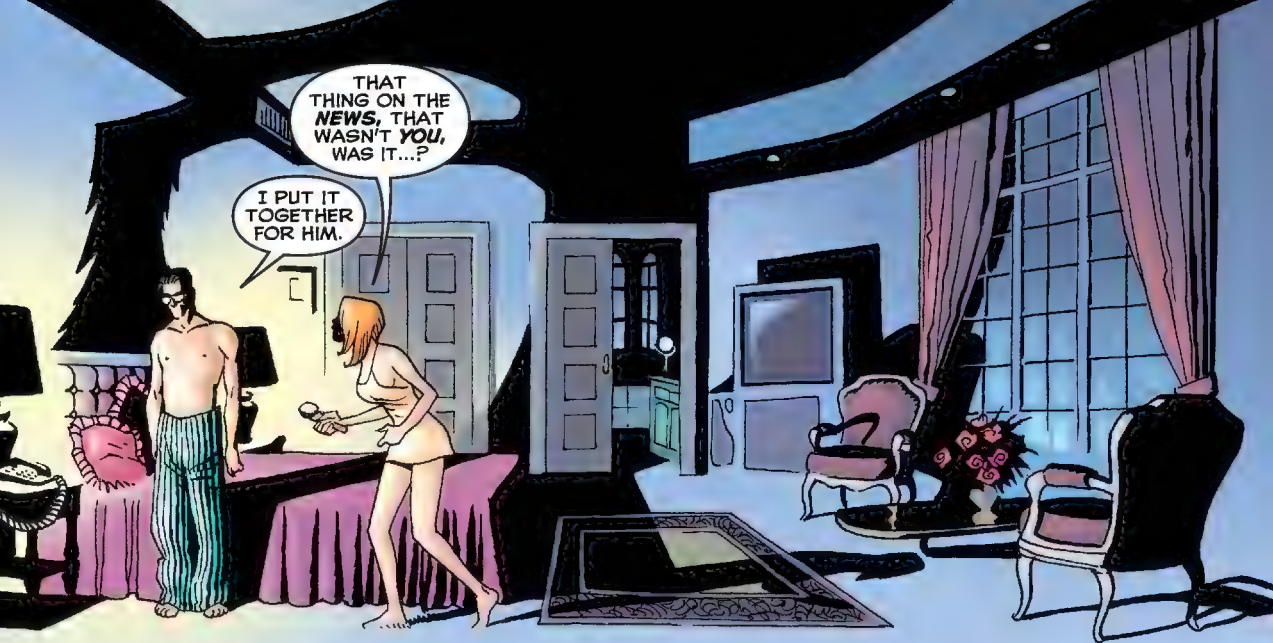


IT
WAS NICE
KNOWING
YOU, TOO,
BRIAN.

MY BEST
TO YOUR
FAMILY.



HON?





GREG RUCKA

WRITER

EDUARDO RISSO

ARTIST

STEVE BUCCELLATO

COLORS

RICHARD STARKINGS &
COMICRAFT'S WES ABBOTT

LETTERS

JOHN MIESEGAES

ASSISTANT EDITOR

AXEL ALONSO

EDITOR

JOE QUESADA

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

BILL JEMAS

PRESIDENT

STAN LEE
PRESENTS:

SEVERANCE PACKAGE

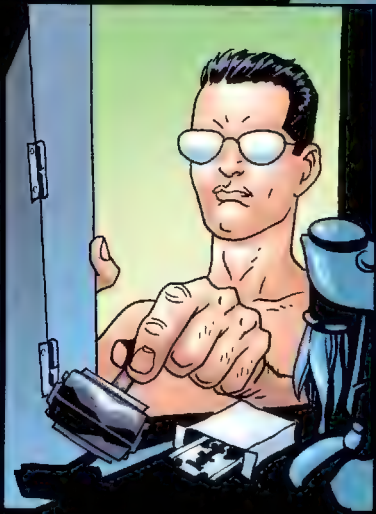
**RRRNNNG
RRNN***

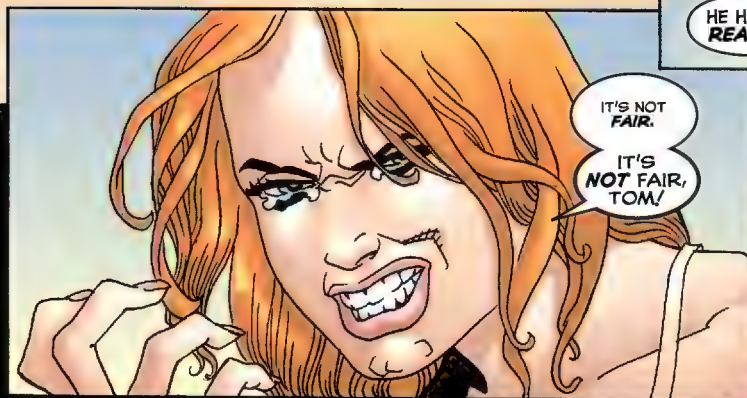
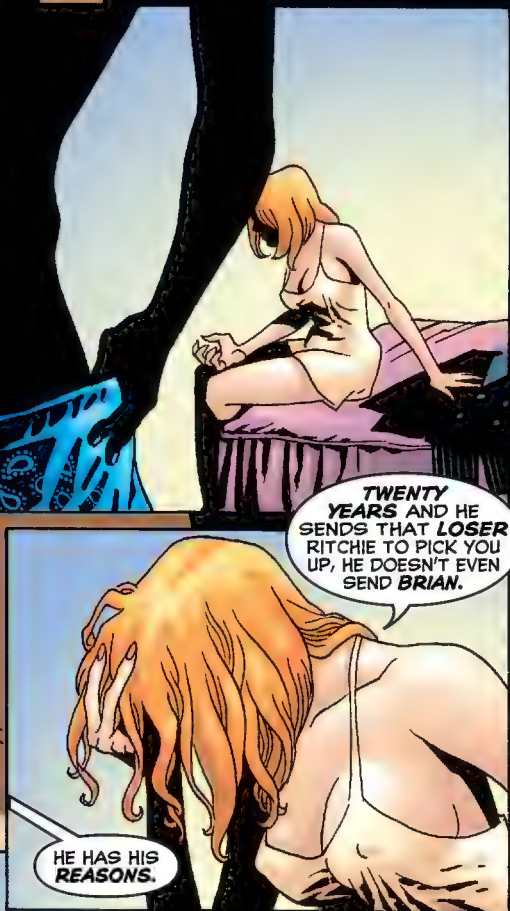
TOM
COCHRANE.

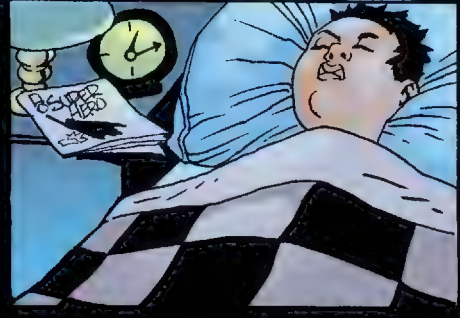
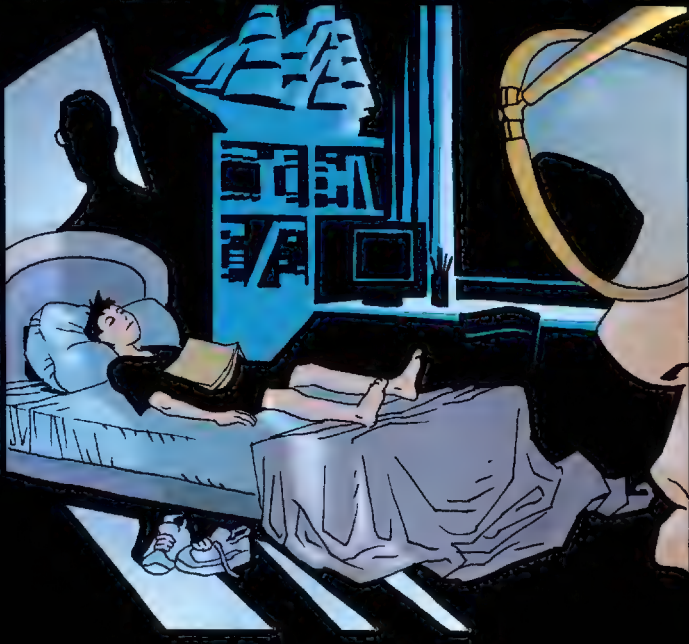
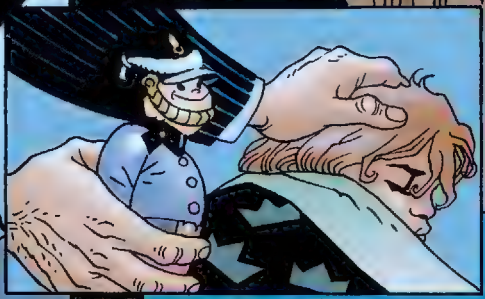
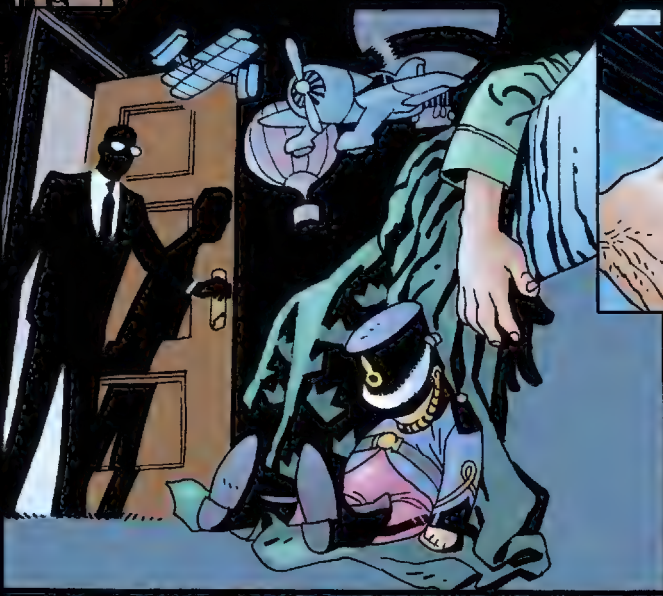
YES,
SIR.
THANK
YOU.

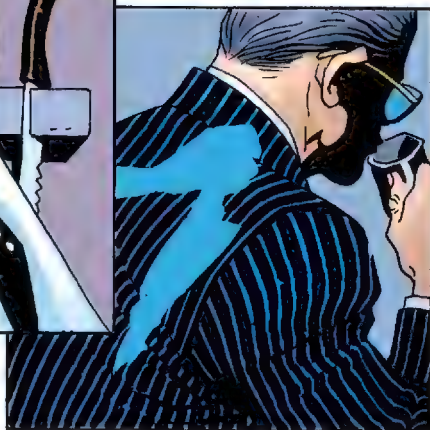
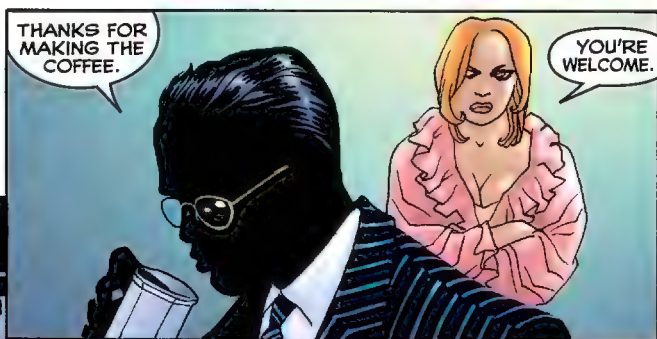
HE'S SENDING
RITCHIE WITH A CAR.
IT'LL BE ABOUT AN
HOUR.

I'M
GOING TO
SHOWER.











DO YOU **REALLY** THINK I HADN'T ALREADY **THOUGHT** OF THAT?



DAMN YOU!



HOW CAN YOU JUST **SIT** THERE, HOW CAN YOU BE SO **CALMP**

YOU'VE GOT TWO **BOYS**, FOR GOD'S SAKE, **TOM**! WHAT ABOUT **THEM**?



WHAT ABOUT **ME**?

YOU'LL WAKE THE **BOYS** --

I DON'T **CARE!**



YOU'RE JUST GOING TO **LET** HIM DO THIS? YOU'RE JUST GOING TO GO LIKE SOME **LAMB** TO THE **SLAUGHTER**?



IT'S THE WAY IT **WORKS**, SHELLEY.

WE **KNEW** THAT WHEN I **STARTED**.

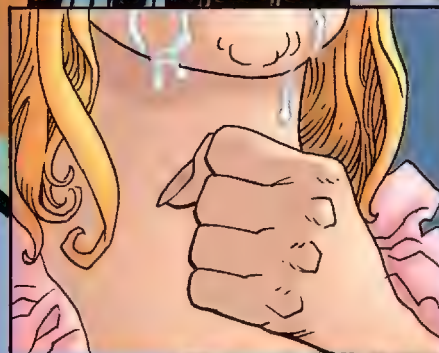
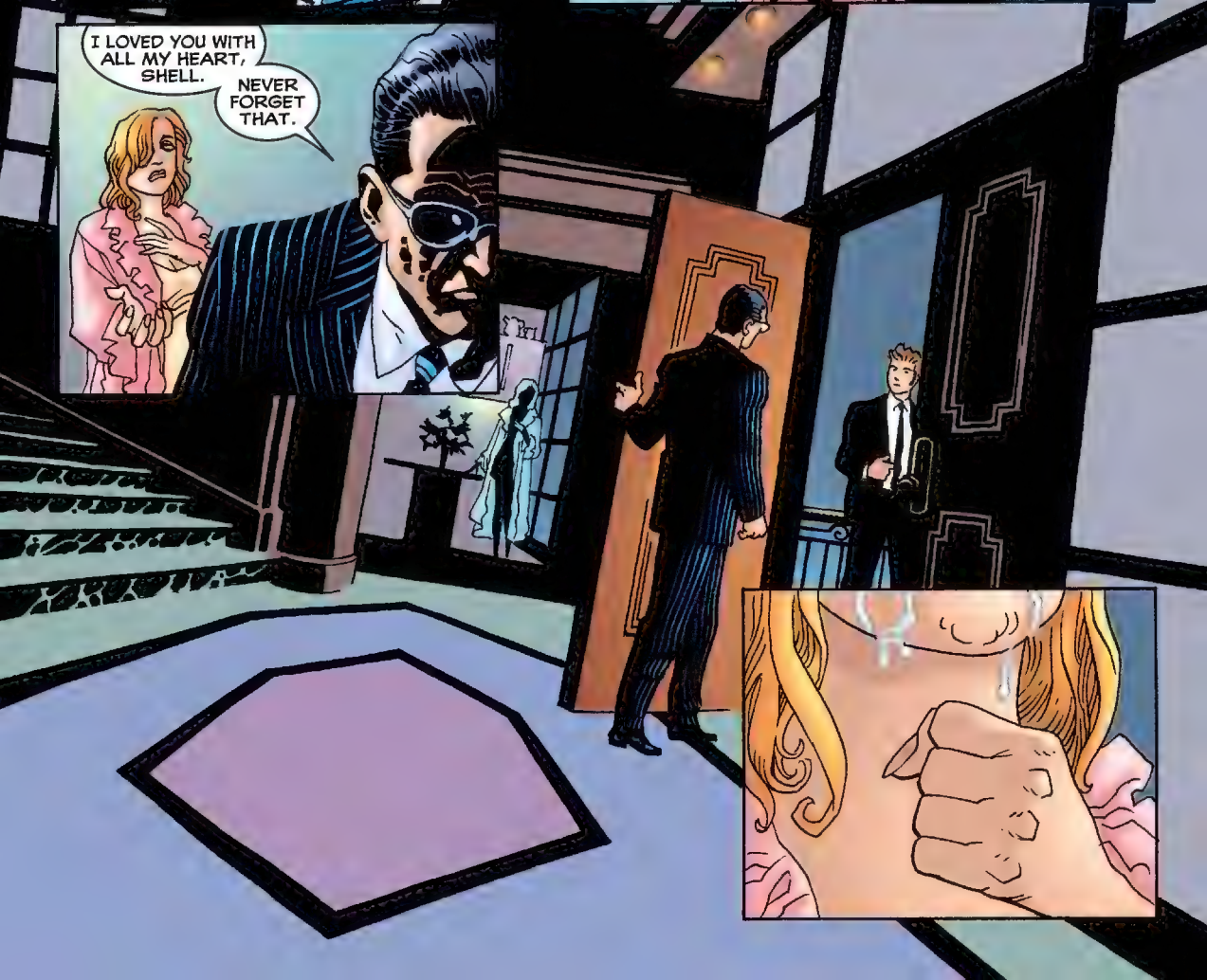
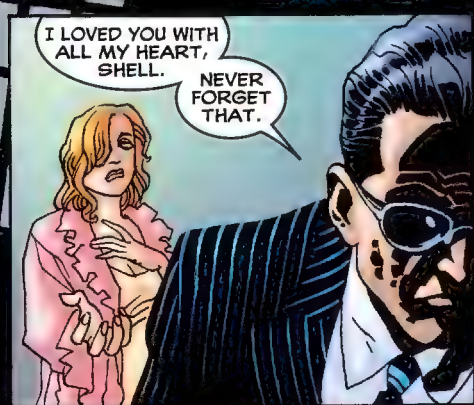
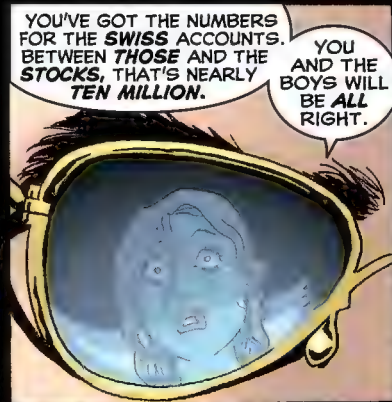
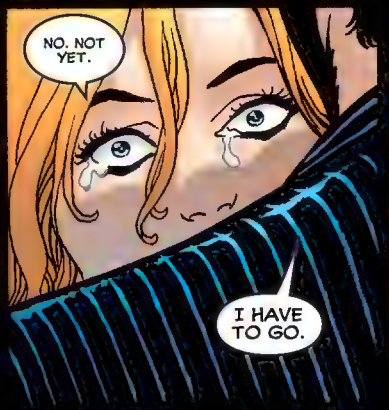
YOU COULD **RUN!** YOU COULD GO TO THE **COPS** --

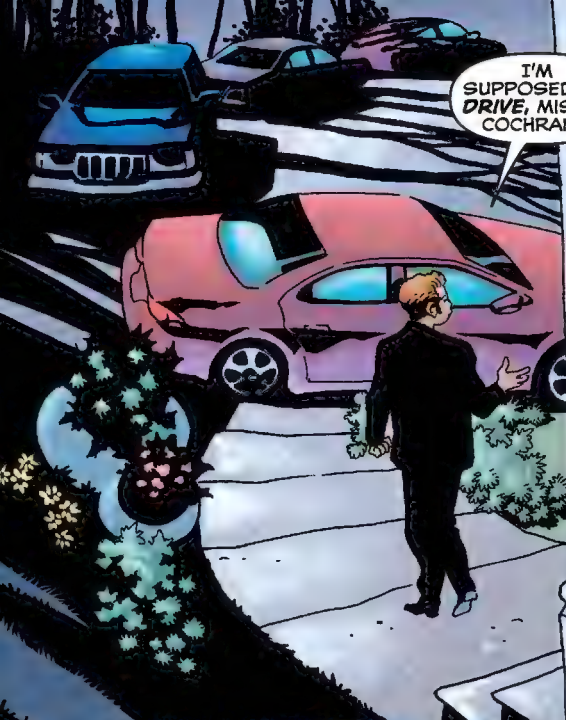


I **CAN'T**.

WE **KNEW** IT COULD **END** THIS WAY --

DING DONG





I'M
SUPPOSED TO
DRIVE, MISTER
COCHRANE.

THAT'S FINE,
RITCHIE.

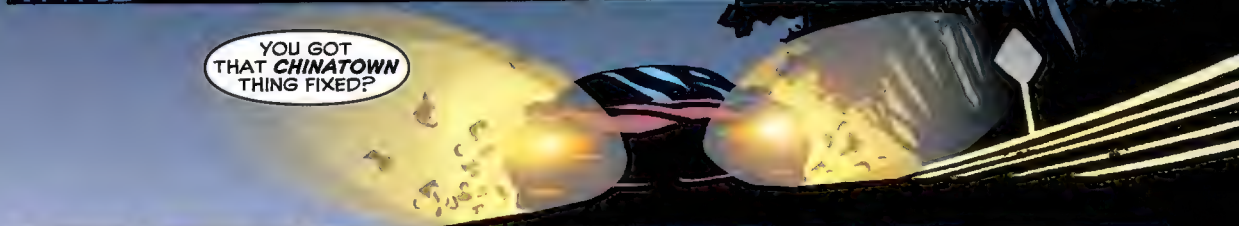


ANY
TROUBLE
GETTING OUT
HERE?

THIS TIME
OF NIGHT? NAH,
THE ROADS WERE
DEAD.



YOU GOT
THAT **CHINATOWN**
THING FIXED?



Uh...NO,
IT **DIDN'T**
WORK
OUT.

BUT MISTER
FISK SAID I
DESERVE
A **SECOND**
CHANCE.



SAYS IT'S
BECAUSE I'M
YOUNG, I'LL
LEARN.

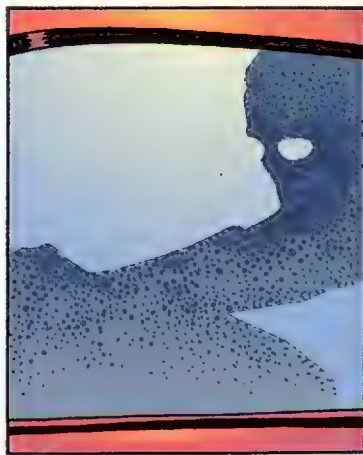
JUST
HOW OLD
ARE YOU,
RITCHIE?

I'M
EIGHTEEN,
MISTER
COCHRANE.

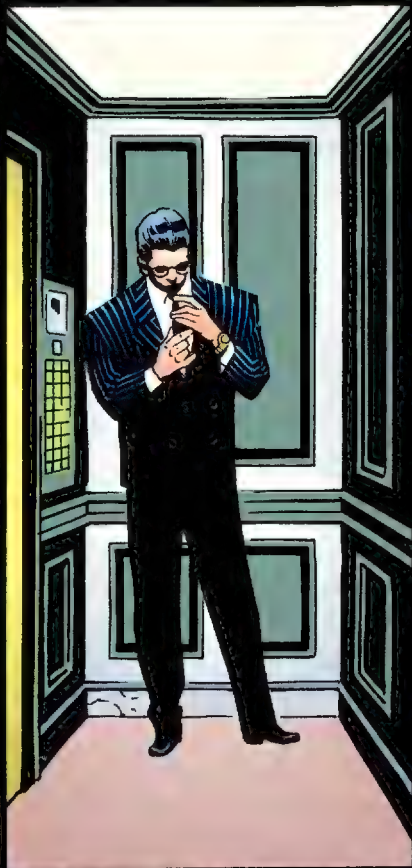
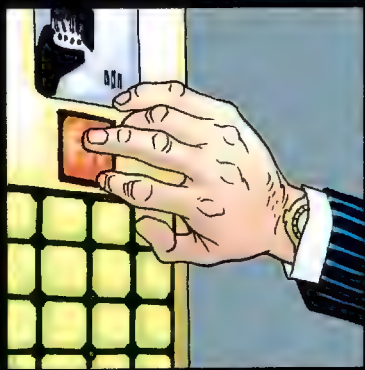


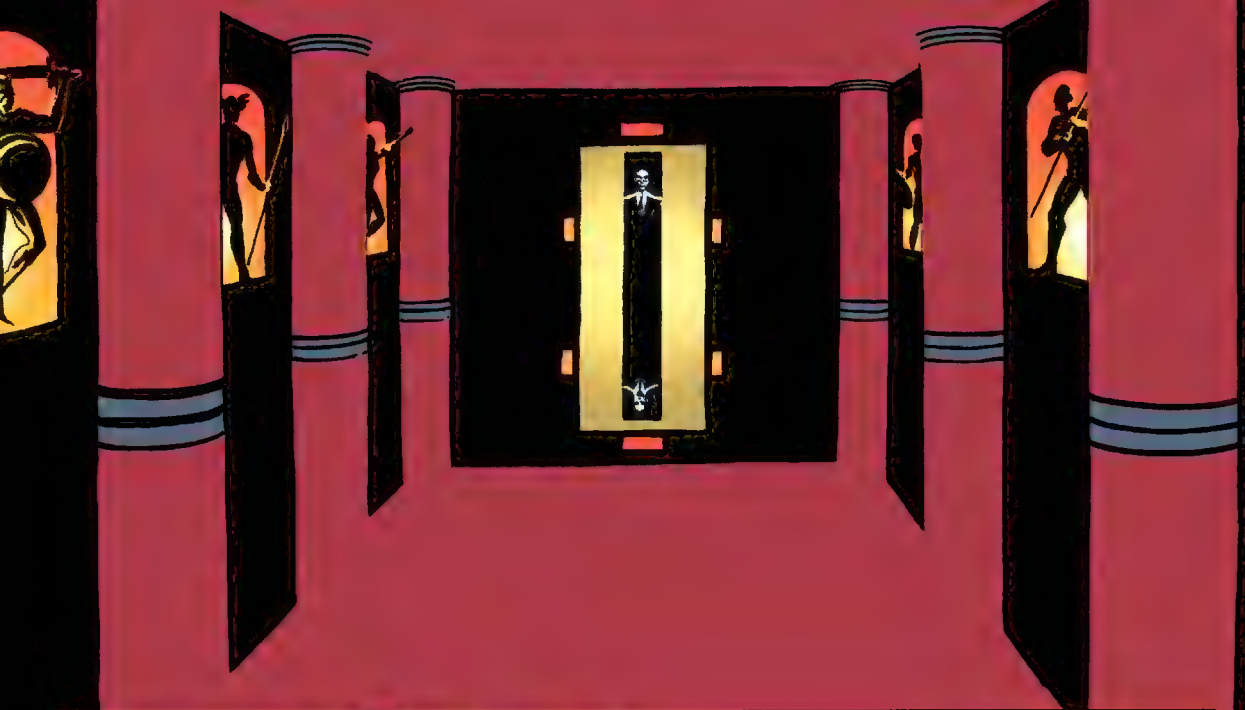
I REMEMBER
EIGHTEEN...













TOM.

SORRY
I'M LATE,
SIR.

I WAS
GETTING
READY FOR
BED WHEN
THE **CALL**
CAME.



YOU
KNOW
WHY
YOU'RE
HERE,
TOM?



YES, SIR. BRIAN
TOLD ME WHAT
HAPPENED.

THEN I SAW IT
ON THE NEWS. THEY
HAD A **PICTURE** OF
SPIDER-MAN.







I THOUGHT...
I THOUGHT ABOUT
TRYING TO **RUN**
OR **FIGHT**.

EVEN THOUGHT
ABOUT **KILLING**
MYSELF.

BUT THAT'S
NEVER BEEN
PART OF OUR
AGREEMENT.

NO.



WHO'D
YOU SEND TO
MY HOUSE?

O'REILLY.

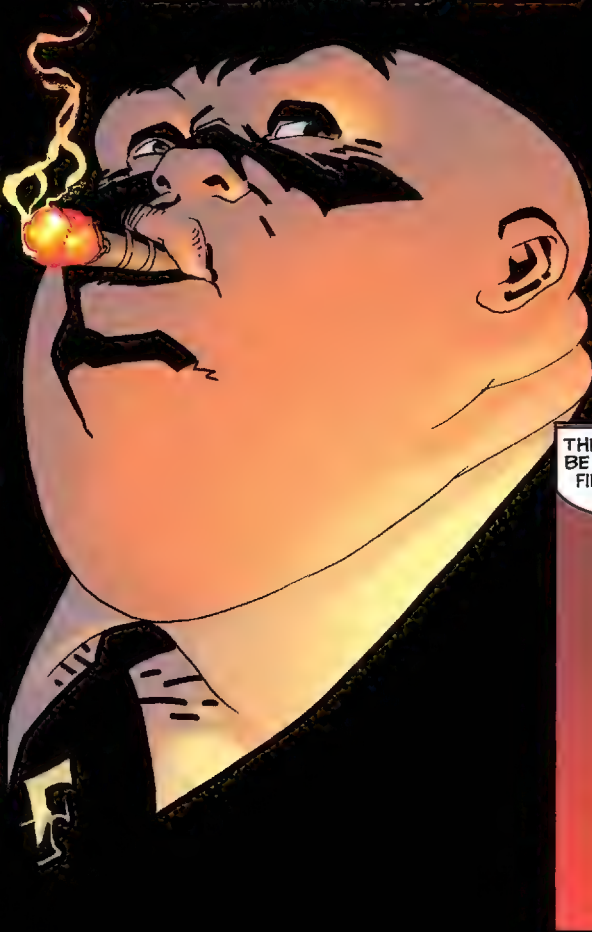


I KNOW I LET YOU
DOWN TONIGHT, BUT
I'VE MADE THIS AS
EASY AS POSSIBLE,
MR. FISK.

I EVEN
TOOK CARE OF
RITCHIE FOR
YOU.

I'VE **NEVER**
ASKED FOR ANY
FAVORS, BUT
I'M ASKING FOR
ONE **NOW**...

...PLEASE
LET MY FAMILY
LIVE.



MOVE TO
THE FRONT OF
THE DESK.

YES,
SIR.



THE STORY WILL
BE THAT WHEN I
FIRED YOU, YOU
SNAPPED.

YOU **STOLE**
RITCHIE'S GUN,
THEN **KILLED**
HIM.

THEN YOU
BROKE IN HERE
AND TRIED TO
KILL ME.

I
DEFENDED
MYSELF.

I
UNDERSTAND.

ATTACK.

BLAMM
BLAMM
BLAMM

GOOD,
TOM.

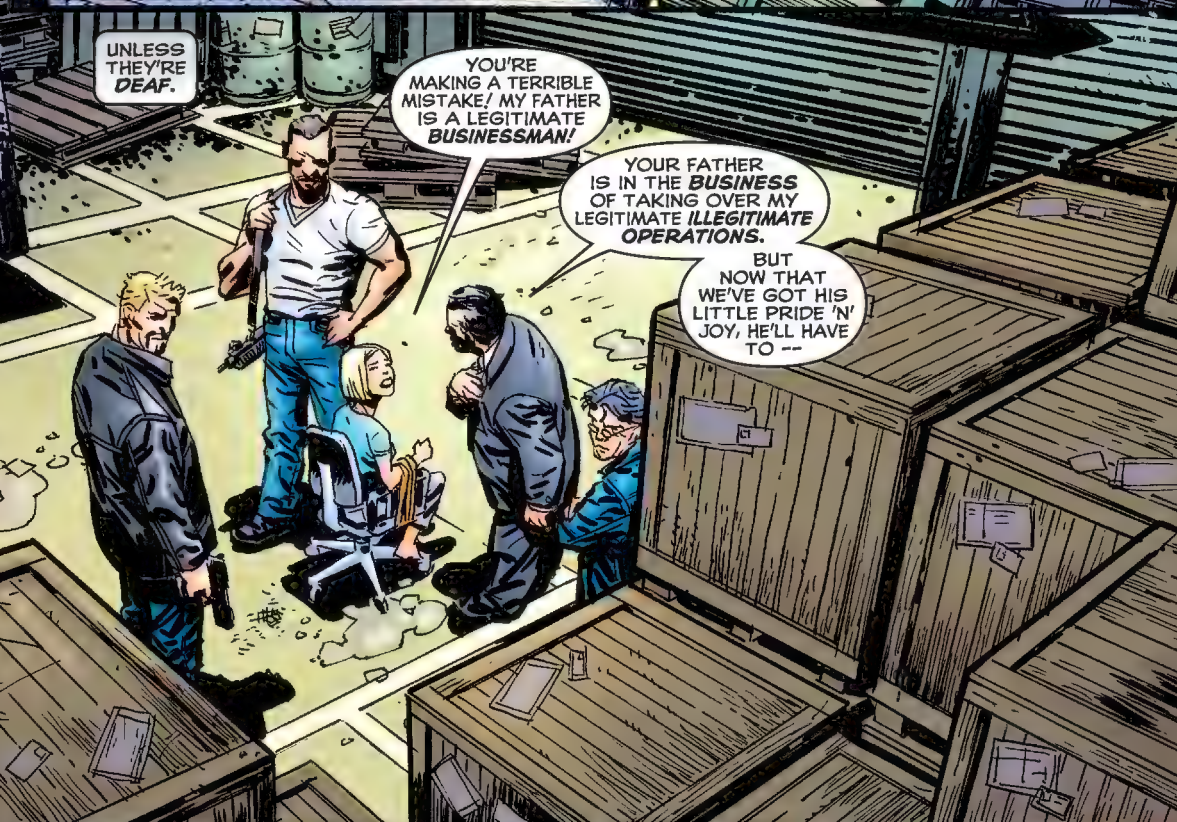
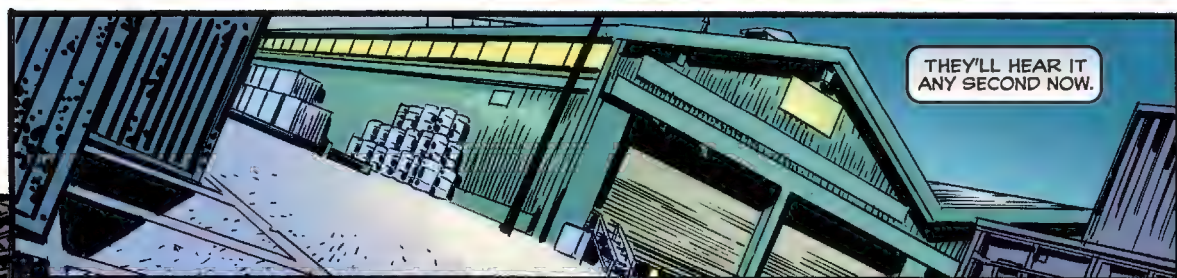
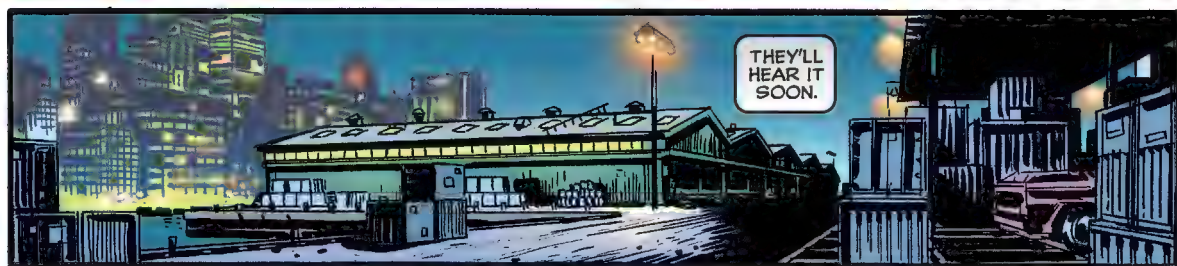
DON'T
WORRY ABOUT
SHELLY AND THE
BOYS...



**THE
END**

PART 5





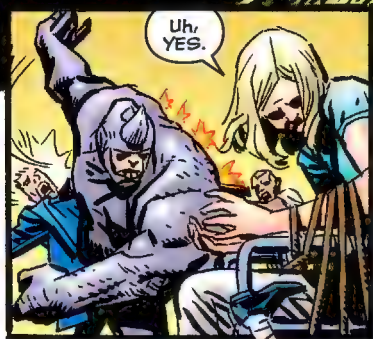


IF THERE'S ONE THING I WON'T EVER GET TIRED OF...



...IT'S RUNNING THROUGH WALLS.

ARE YOU STELLA?



Uh, YES.



STELLA PAVLOV?

YES!



SORRY. HAVE TO MAKE SURE I'M RESCUING THE RIGHT GIRL.

I'M HERE TO TAKE YOU HOME, STELLA PAVLOV.

SHE'S THE KIND OF PRETTY THAT HURTS. LOOKS LIKE SHE'D BREAK IF YOU HELD HER HAND.

DAMN. IF I HELD HER HAND SHE PROBABLY WOULD BREAK.

WHO... WHO ARE YOU?

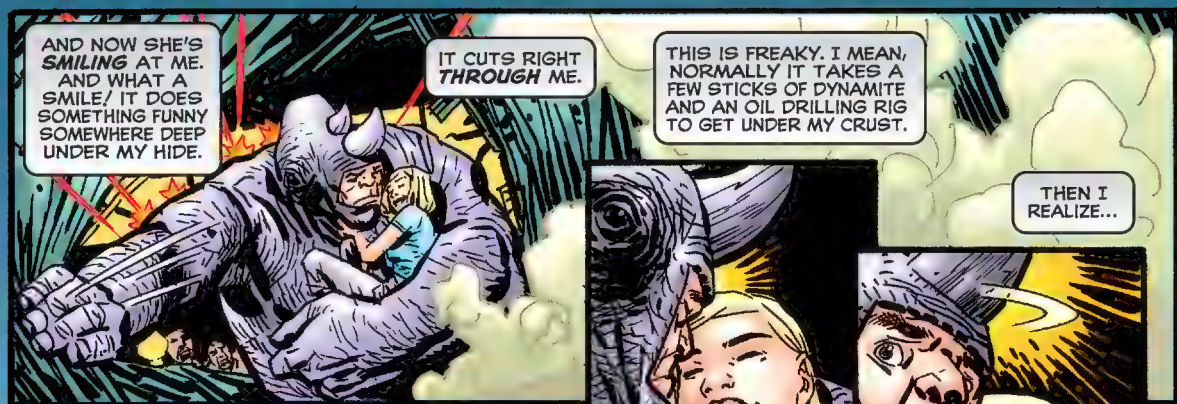


flowers
for rhino
part one:

RHINOPLASTY

PETER MILLIGAN DUNCAN FERRARO STEVE BUCCELLATO AS/COMICART'S WES
WRITER ARTIST COLORS LETTERS

JOHN MIESSEGAES ASS'T AG AXEL ALONSO EDITOR JOE QUERADA CHIEF BILL JAMES PRESIDENT



AND NOW SHE'S SMILING AT ME. AND WHAT A SMILE/ IT DOES SOMETHING FUNNY SOMEWHERE DEEP UNDER MY HIDE.

IT CUTS RIGHT THROUGH ME.

THIS IS FREAKY. I MEAN, NORMALLY IT TAKES A FEW STICKS OF DYNAMITE AND AN OIL DRILLING RIG TO GET UNDER MY CRUST.

THEN I REALIZE...



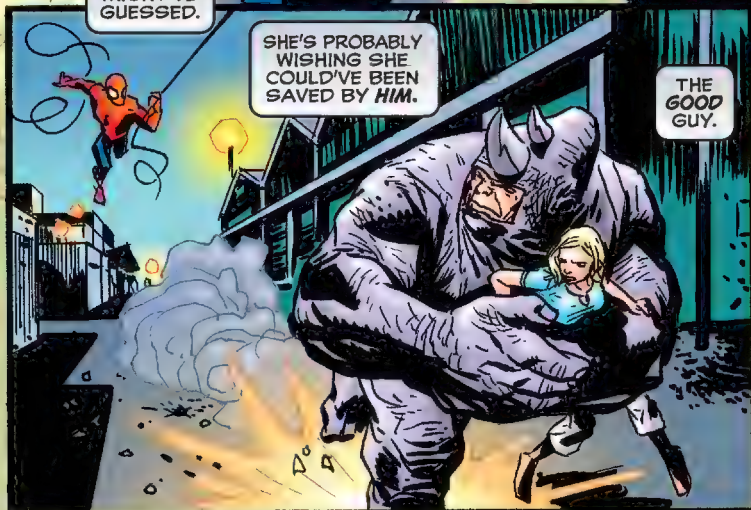
...SHE AIN'T SMILING AT ME AT ALL.



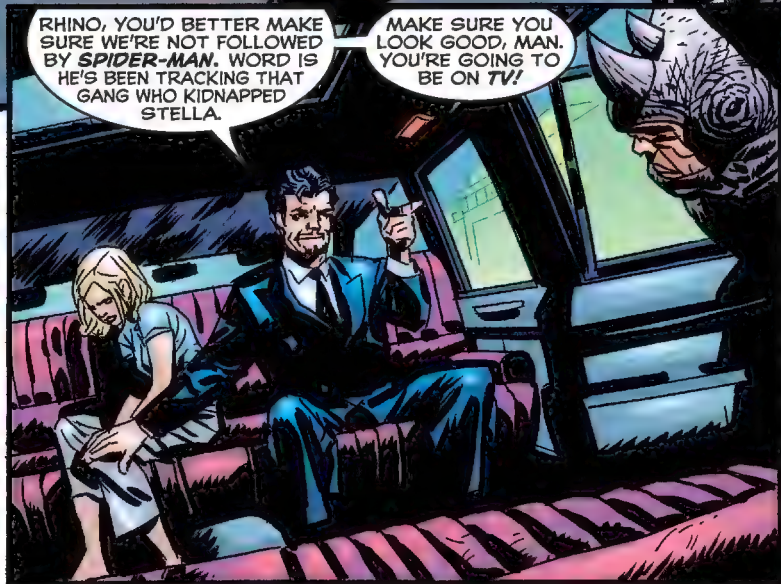
MIGHT'VE GUESSED.

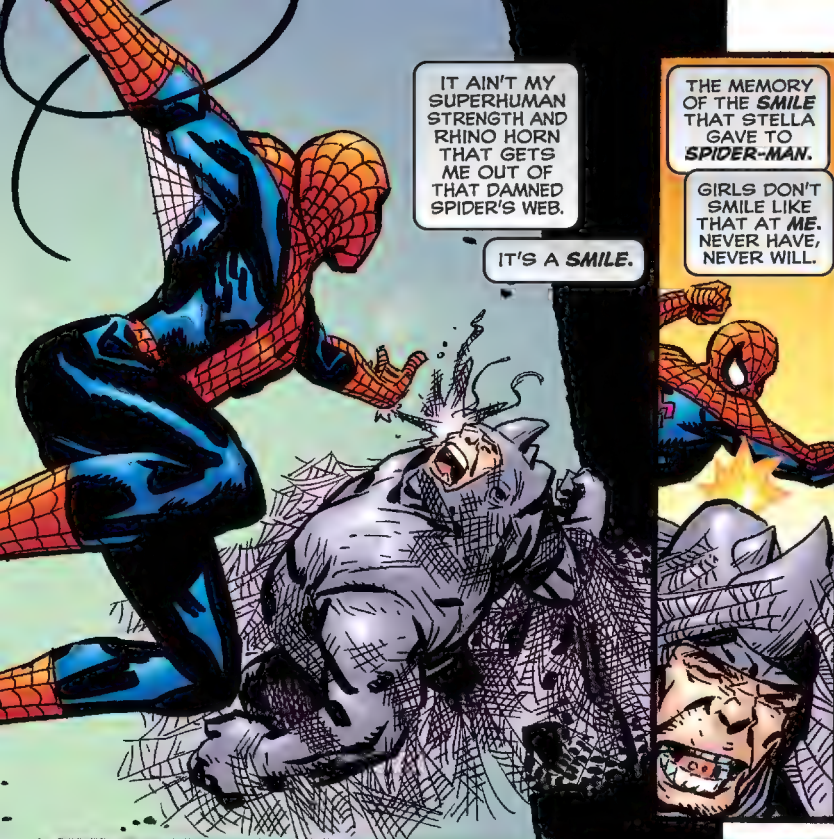
SHE'S PROBABLY WISHING SHE COULD'VE BEEN SAVED BY HIM.

THE GOOD GUY.



STELLA, GET IN. NOW!





IT AIN'T MY
SUPERHUMAN
STRENGTH AND
RHINO HORN
THAT GETS
ME OUT OF
THAT DAMNED
SPIDER'S WEB.

IT'S A *SMILE*.



THE MEMORY
OF THE *SMILE*
THAT STELLA
GAVE TO
SPIDER-MAN.

GIRLS DON'T
SMILE LIKE
THAT AT *ME*.
NEVER HAVE,
NEVER WILL.



THE KIND OF GIRL *I*
HANG WITH DON'T TEND
TO SMILE MUCH AT ALL.

UNLESS YOU PAY
THEM *EXTRA*.



I'M GOING TO
SQUASH THAT
SPIDER.

FINALLY.

SQUASH HIM
FOR *GOOD*.



SQUASH HIM
WITH A...

SMILE!



WEBBING.

THICK.

STICKY.



I'M STUCK.

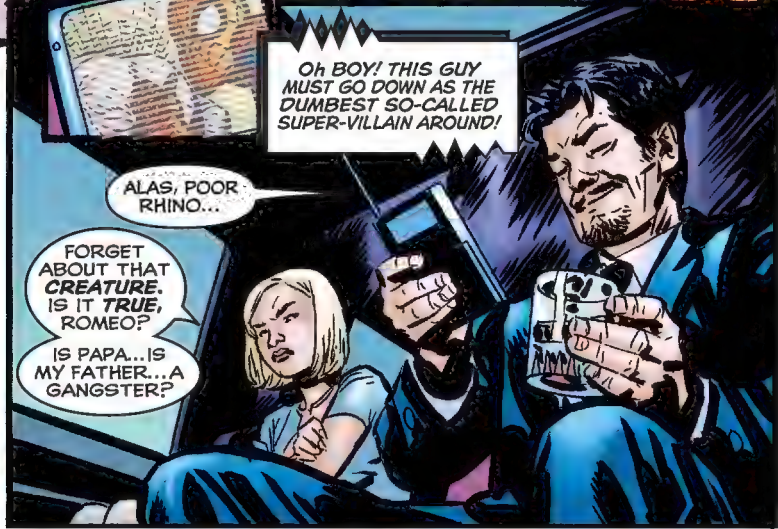
I AM SO STUCK.



YOU'RE ON CANDID CAMERA!

HEY, LARRY. I THINK WE'RE GONNA NEED A WIDE-ANGLE LENS!

HAH! HAH! HAH!



OH BOY! THIS GUY MUST GO DOWN AS THE DUMBEST SO-CALLED SUPER-VILLAIN AROUND!

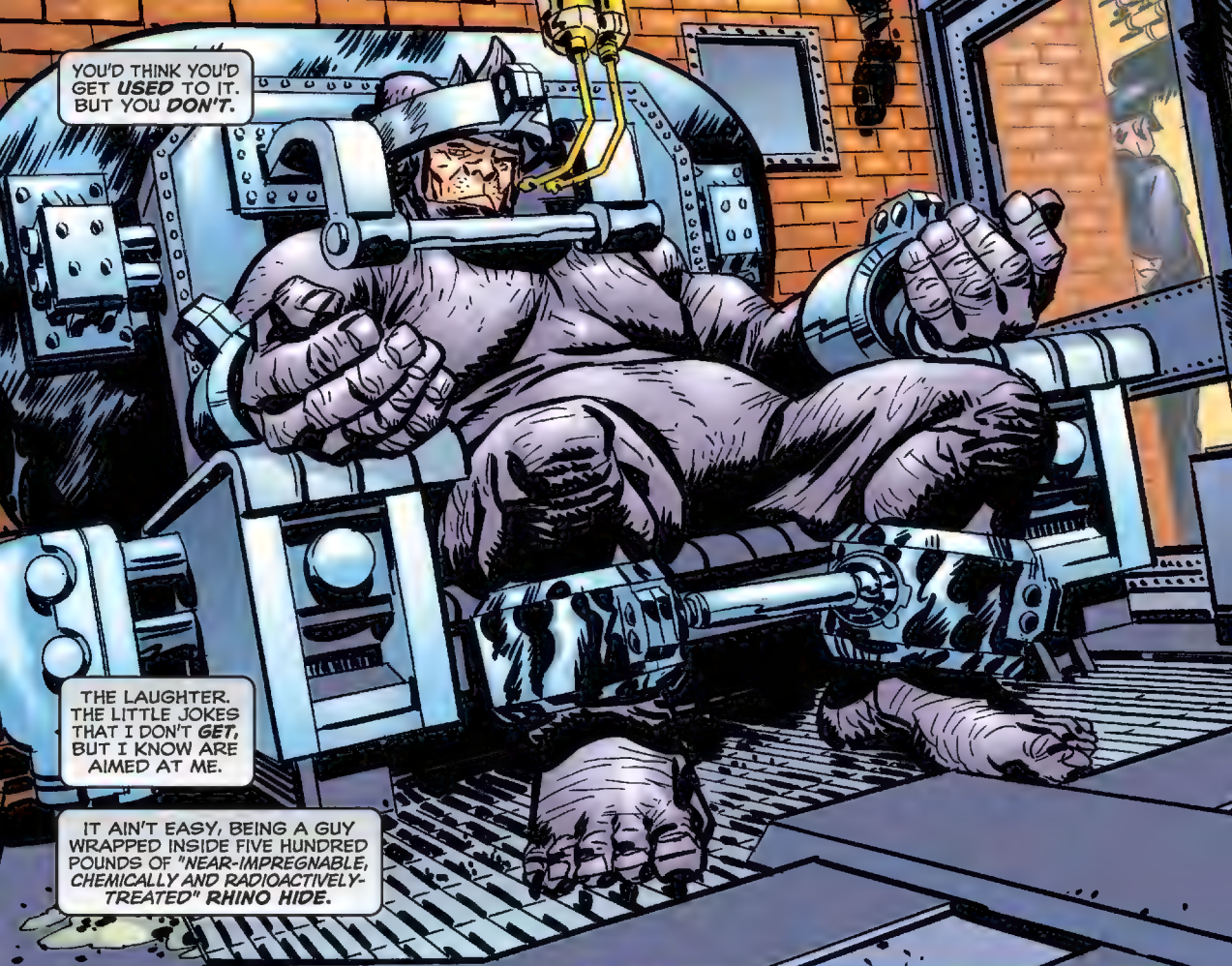
ALAS, POOR RHINO...

FORGET ABOUT THAT CREATURE. IS IT TRUE, ROMEO?

IS PAPA...IS MY FATHER...A GANGSTER?



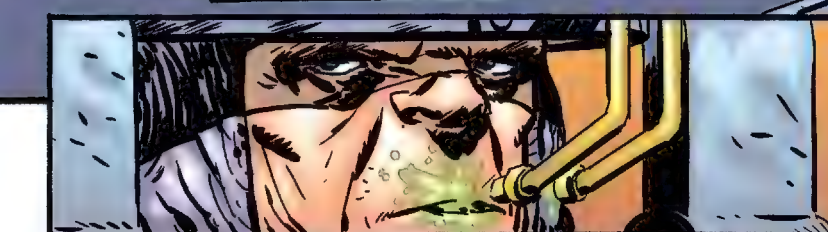
HEY, STELLA, WHAT CAN I SAY?



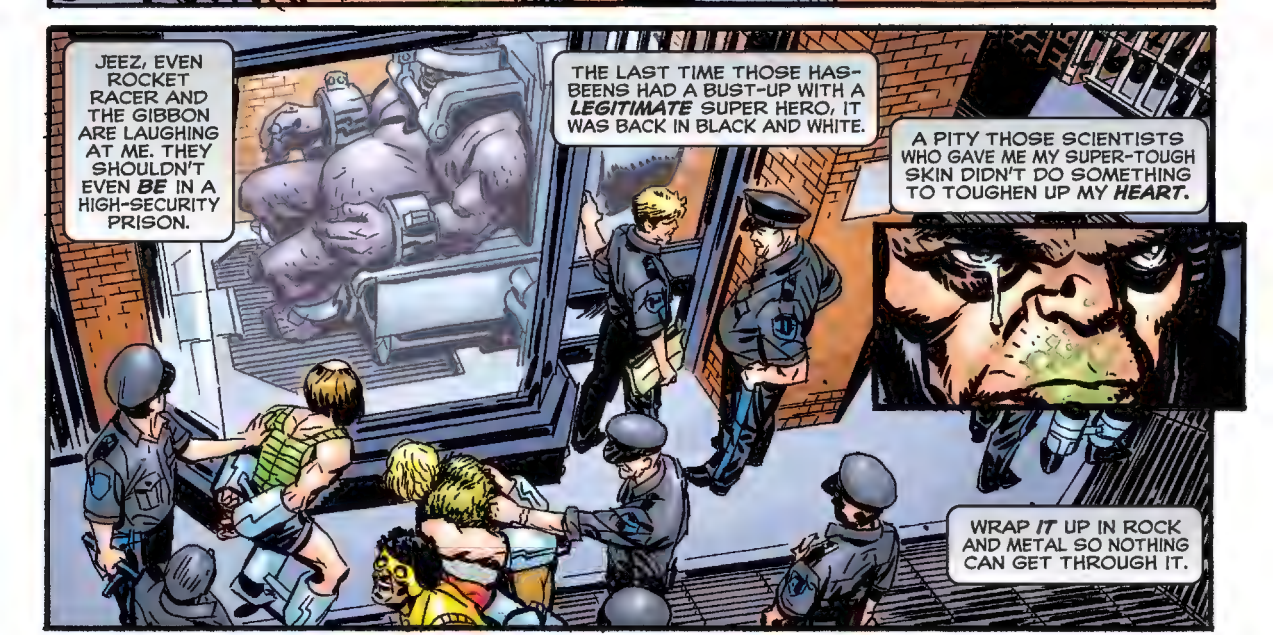
YOU'D THINK YOU'D
GET USED TO IT.
BUT YOU *DON'T*.

THE LAUGHTER.
THE LITTLE JOSES
THAT I DON'T *GET*,
BUT I KNOW ARE
AIMED AT ME.

IT AIN'T EASY, BEING A GUY
WRAPPED INSIDE FIVE HUNDRED
POUNDS OF "NEAR-IMPREGNABLE,
CHEMICALLY AND RADIOACTIVELY-
TREATED" RHINO HIDE.



SURE, BEING LIKE THIS
HAS ITS *REWARDS*,
LIKE BEING ABLE TO KILL
PEOPLE YOU DON'T LIKE
REAL EASY. BUT IT AIN'T
ALL FUN AND GAMES.

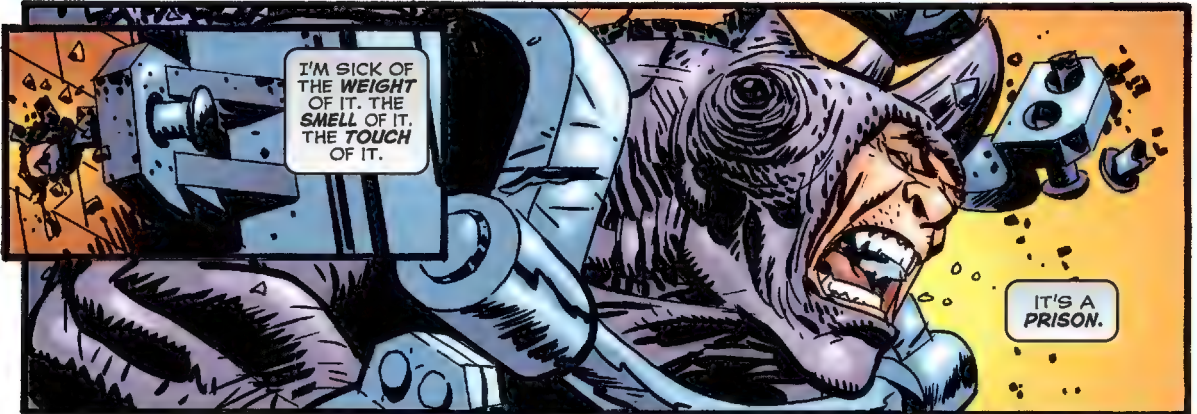
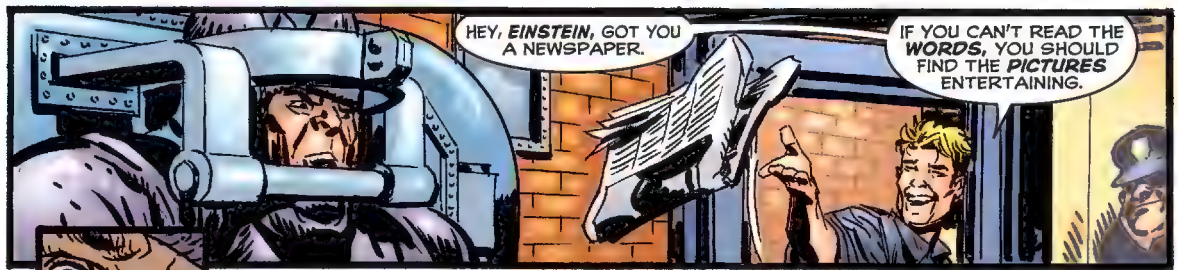


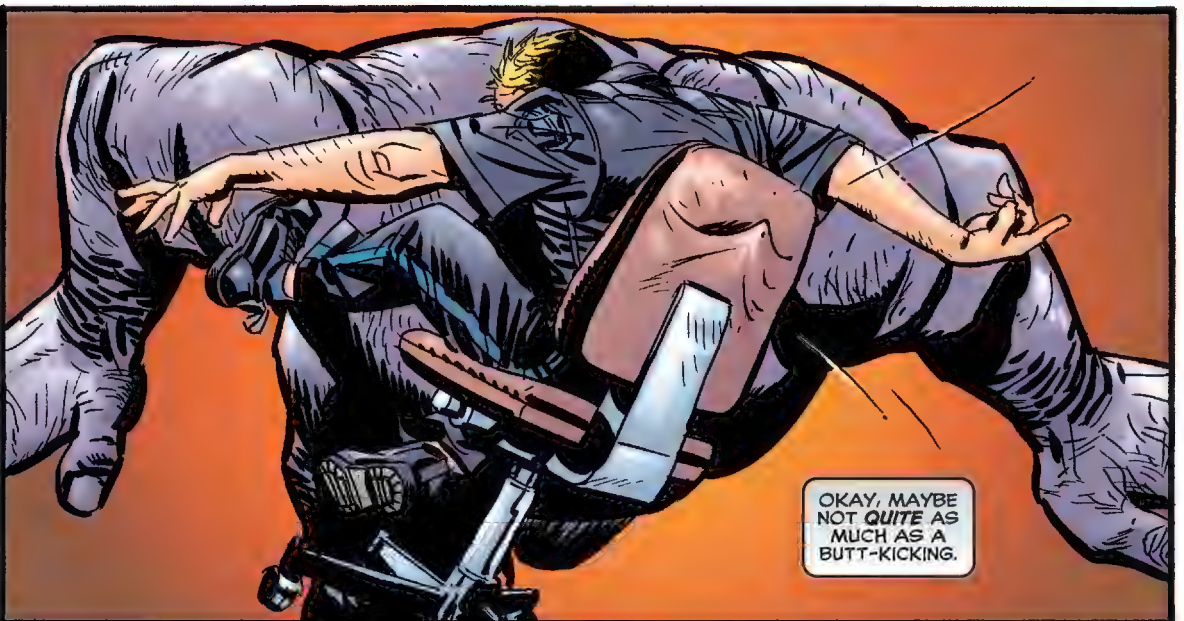
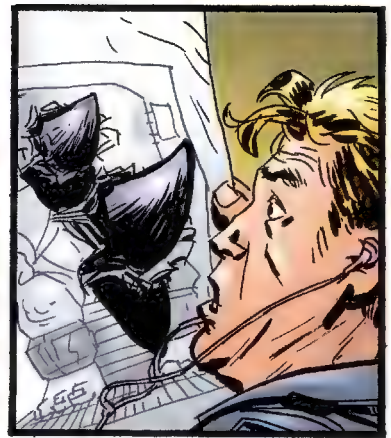
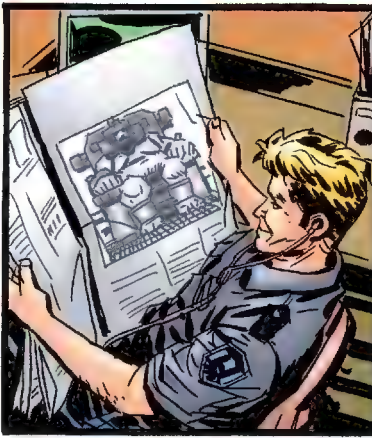
JEEZ, EVEN
ROCKET
RACER AND
THE GIBBON
ARE LAUGHING
AT ME. THEY
SHOULDN'T
EVEN *BE* IN A
HIGH-SECURITY
PRISON.

THE LAST TIME THOSE HAS-
BEENS HAD A BUST-UP WITH A
LEGITIMATE SUPER HERO,
IT WAS BACK IN BLACK AND WHITE.

A PITY THOSE SCIENTISTS
WHO GAVE ME MY SUPER-TOUGH
SKIN DIDN'T DO SOMETHING
TO TOUGHEN UP MY *HEART*.

WRAP *IT* UP IN ROCK
AND METAL SO NOTHING
CAN GET THROUGH IT.







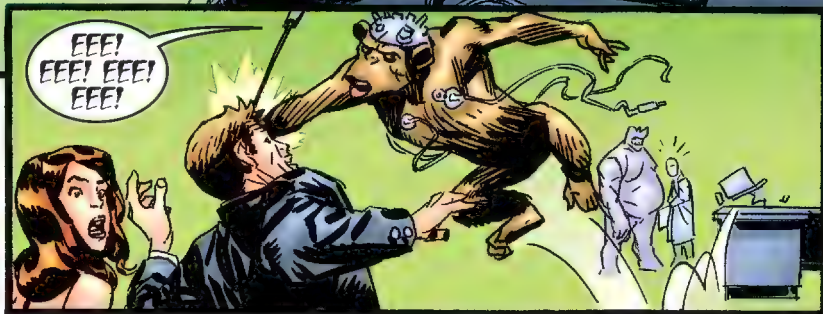
I DON'T
GET OFF ON
THAT **FANCY**
KIND OF MUSIC.
I PREFER
POLKAS.

THAT
FANCY KIND
OF MUSIC IS
THE HAUNTING
FINAL ADAGIO OF
TCHAIKOVSKY'S
"PATHETIQUE" IN
B MINOR.

THE
CONDUCTOR IS
A CHIMPANZEE WHOSE
BRAIN WE'VE OPERATED
ON TO **INCREASE**
INTELLIGENCE.



EEE!



EEE!
EEE! EEE!
EEE!

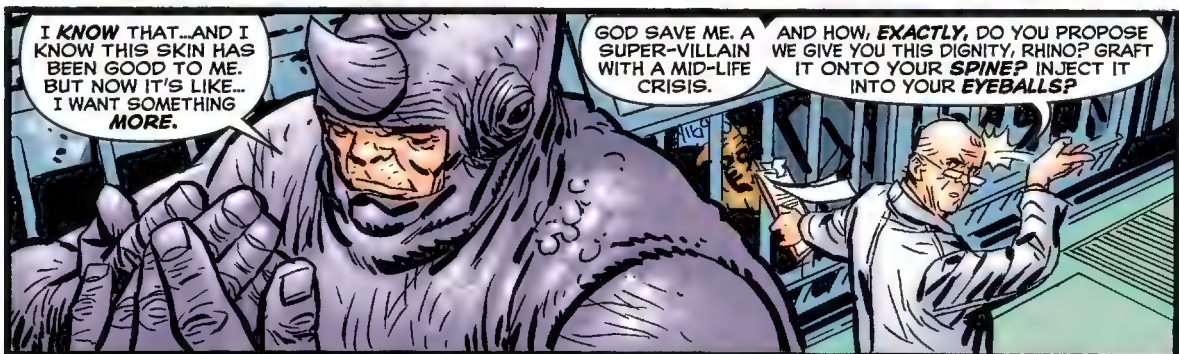
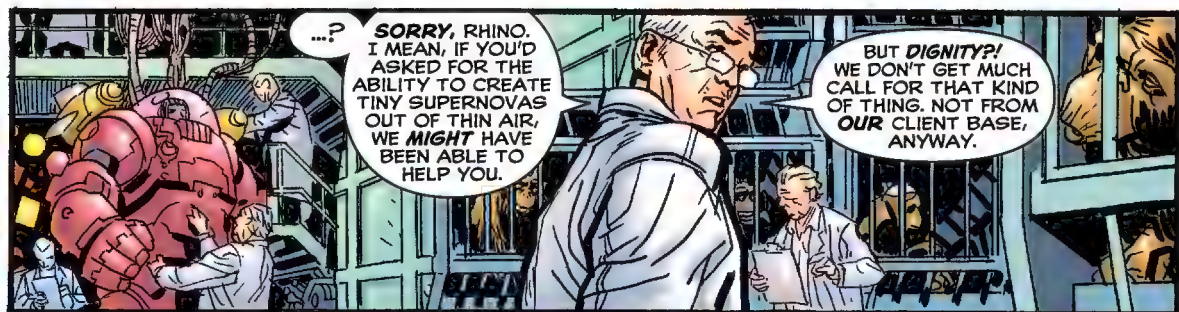


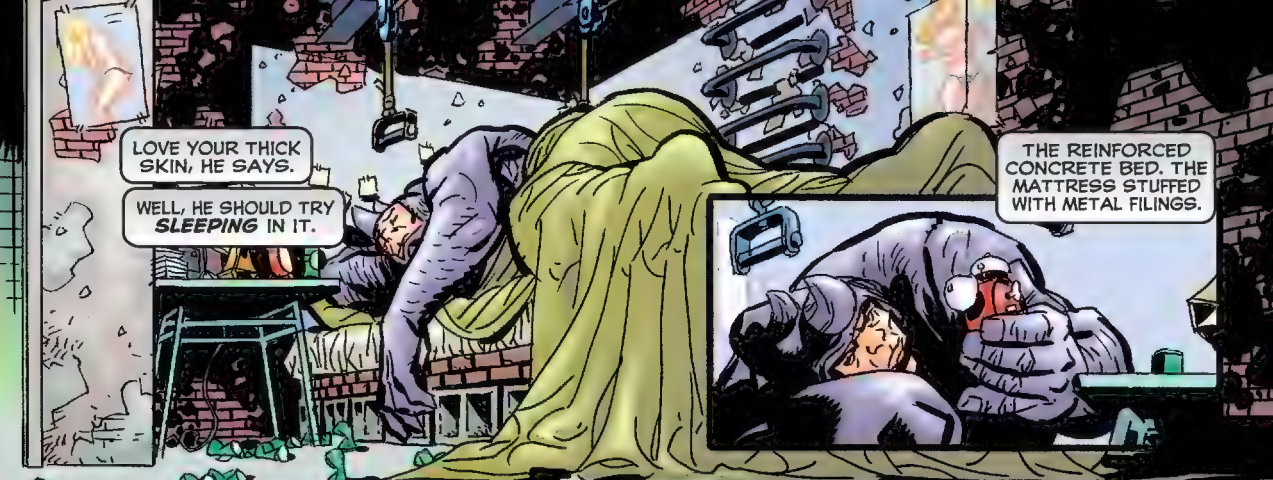
AS YOU CAN SEE,
THE EXPERIMENT IS
IN ITS VERY **EARLY**
STAGES.

NOW, RHINO,
WHAT DO YOU
WANT?



I WANT...
I WANT...
...**DIGNITY.**





LOVE YOUR THICK SKIN, HE SAYS.

WELL, HE SHOULD TRY *SLEEPING* IN IT.

THE REINFORCED CONCRETE BED. THE MATTRESS STUFFED WITH METAL FILINGS.



THE PULLEYS AND TROLLEYS THAT I NEED IN CASE I ROLL OVER ONTO MY BACK AND CAN'T GET UP AGAIN.



THE CELLAR WHERE I HAVE TO LIVE, SO I DON'T FORGET MYSELF AND END UP FALLING THROUGH THE FLOOR TO THE APARTMENT BELOW.

I SUDDENLY NEED TO GET OUT. ALL THIS BROODING AND THINKING AND STUFF, IT DOESN'T DO YOU ANY GOOD.



IT ISN'T NATURAL.

TO CHEER MYSELF UP, I PUT ON A CD BY DAN KOWALSKI AND HIS POLKA PARTNERS.



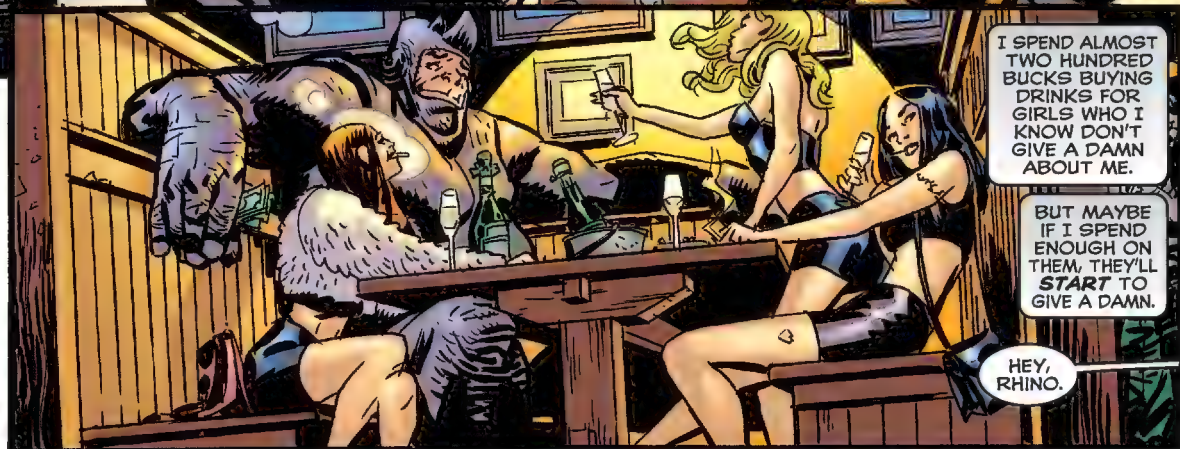
I SHOWER, BRUSH MY TEETH, BURNISH MY HORN, EXFOLIATE MY SKIN WITH A BLOWTORCH, AND DOUSE MYSELF WITH A LITTLE COLOGNE.



AND GUESS WHAT?

TWO HOURS LATER AND I'M MORE MISERABLE THAN EVER.

I KNOW THEY'RE LAUGHING AT ME. BEHIND MY BACK. TO MY FACE. EVERY WHICH WAY.



I SPEND ALMOST TWO HUNDRED BUCKS BUYING DRINKS FOR GIRLS WHO I KNOW DON'T GIVE A DAMN ABOUT ME.

BUT MAYBE IF I SPEND ENOUGH ON THEM, THEY'LL **START** TO GIVE A DAMN.

HEY, RHINO.



WHAT'RE YOU DOING HERE?

LOOKING FOR YOU, BIG GUY. MY BOSS, HE WANTS TO TALK. IT'S ABOUT A VERY IMPORTANT JOB.



I DUNNO, ROMEO. I'M KINDA THINKING OF RETIRING FROM THAT LINE OF WORK FOR A WHILE. IT AIN'T GIVING ME THE JOB SATISFACTION IT USED TO.



THAT'S A REAL SHAME. BECAUSE HE'S REALLY WORRIED ABOUT STELLA. AND HE WANTED YOUR HELP WITH HER.



STELLA.



LET ME SHAKE THE HAND OF THE MAN WHO SAVED MY DAUGHTER!

MY NAME'S FYODOR, FYODOR REBROV.

BUT STELLA'S LAST NAME... IS PAVLOV.



DON'T THINK ABOUT IT, RHINO. IT'S COMPLICATED.

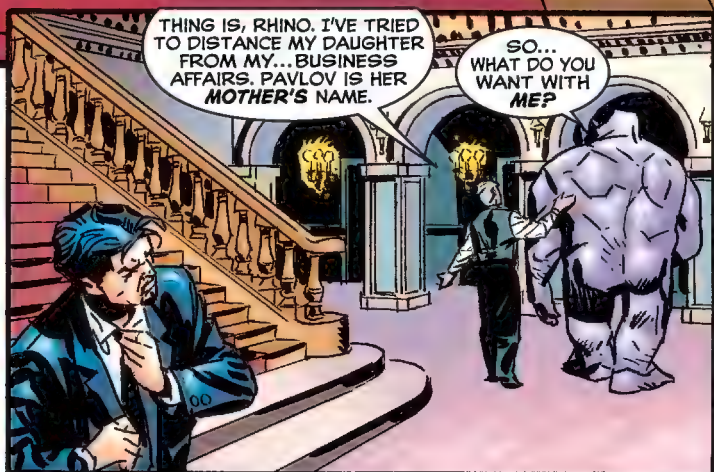
DON'T PAT... PUT... PUTOR...

I THINK THE WORD YOU'RE LOOKING FOR IS "PATRONIZE."

THAT'S THE WORD! DON'T DO THAT WORD TO ME, ROMEO. I'M SICK OF IT!



HEY. HEY, GUYS. WE'RE ALL ON THE SAME SIDE HERE.



THING IS, RHINO, I'VE TRIED TO DISTANCE MY DAUGHTER FROM MY... BUSINESS AFFAIRS. PAVLOV IS HER MOTHER'S NAME.

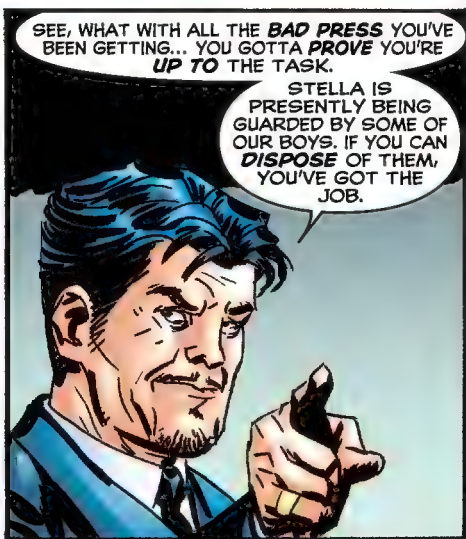
SO... WHAT DO YOU WANT WITH ME?



QUITE SIMPLE: MY ENEMIES NOW KNOW WHO STELLA IS. THAT MAKES ME -- AND MORE IMPORTANTLY HER -- VULNERABLE. I WANT YOU TO WATCH OVER HER... UNTIL THIS PRESENT NASTINESS IS OVER.

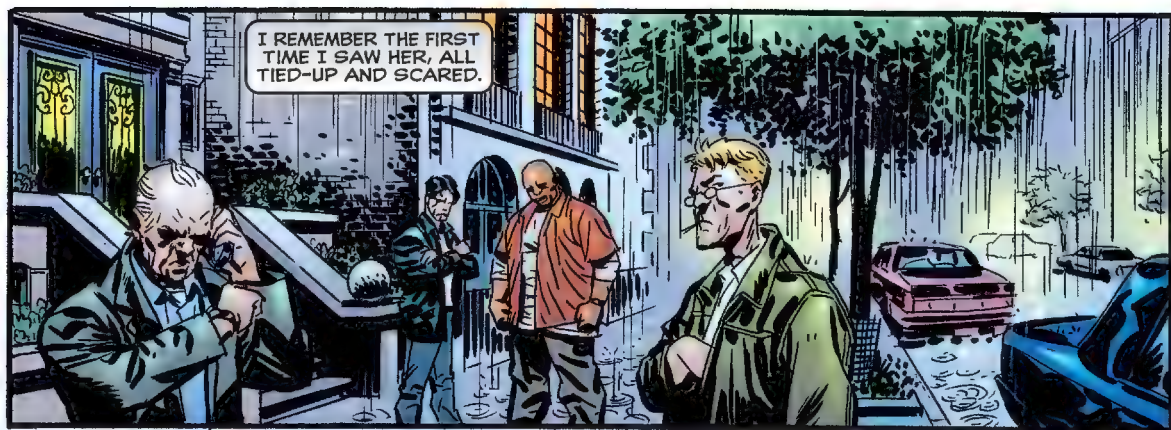
SURE...

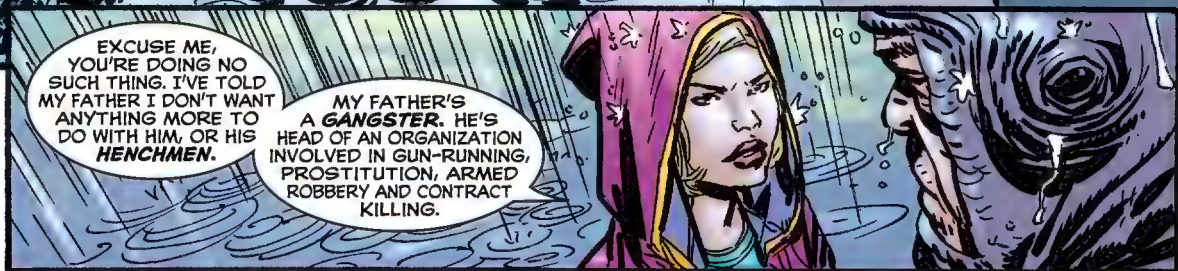
ON ONE CONDITION:



SEE, WHAT WITH ALL THE **BAD PRESS** YOU'VE BEEN GETTING... YOU GOTTA **PROVE** YOU'RE **UP TO** THE TASK.

STELLA IS PRESENTLY BEING GUARDED BY SOME OF OUR BOYS. IF YOU CAN **DISPOSE** OF THEM, YOU'VE GOT THE JOB.







MY FATHER IS **PARANOID**. HE'S SEEING PLOTS AGAINST HIM EVERYWHERE/ BUT YOU'RE SO DUMB AND PREDICTABLE, HE KNOWS YOU WOULDN'T EVEN **THINK** OF DOUBLE-CROSSING HIM!

AND IF YOU **DID** THINK IT, YOU'D BE TOO STUPID TO **DO** ANYTHING ABOUT IT.



AND **ROMEO** -- WHO IS A VERY JEALOUS MAN, AND VERY MUCH IN LOVE WITH ME -- HE WANTED YOU TO DO THIS JOB BECAUSE HE KNOWS YOU'D BE SO INCREDIBLY **UNATTRACTIVE** TO ME THAT HE'D HAVE NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT.



WELL? AREN'T YOU GOING TO **SAY** ANYTHING? I'VE JUST **INSULTED** YOU! SHOULDN'T YOU **HIT** ME? OR **GOUGE** ME WITH YOUR HORN? ISN'T THAT THE WAY YOU PEOPLE REACT TO SOMETHING YOU DON'T LIKE?



I DON'T WANT TO HIT YOU.



HEY, LOOK, I DIDN'T MEAN TO BE SO NASTY. IT'S JUST THAT I'M UPSET ABOUT FINDING ALL THIS OUT ABOUT MY FATHER.



NO NEED TO SAY YOU'RE SORRY. YOU'RE RIGHT. I AM MORE STUPID THAN I LOOK.
WAY MORE STUPID.



NO.



NOPE.



UH-UH.

NOTHING.

NOT A
THING.



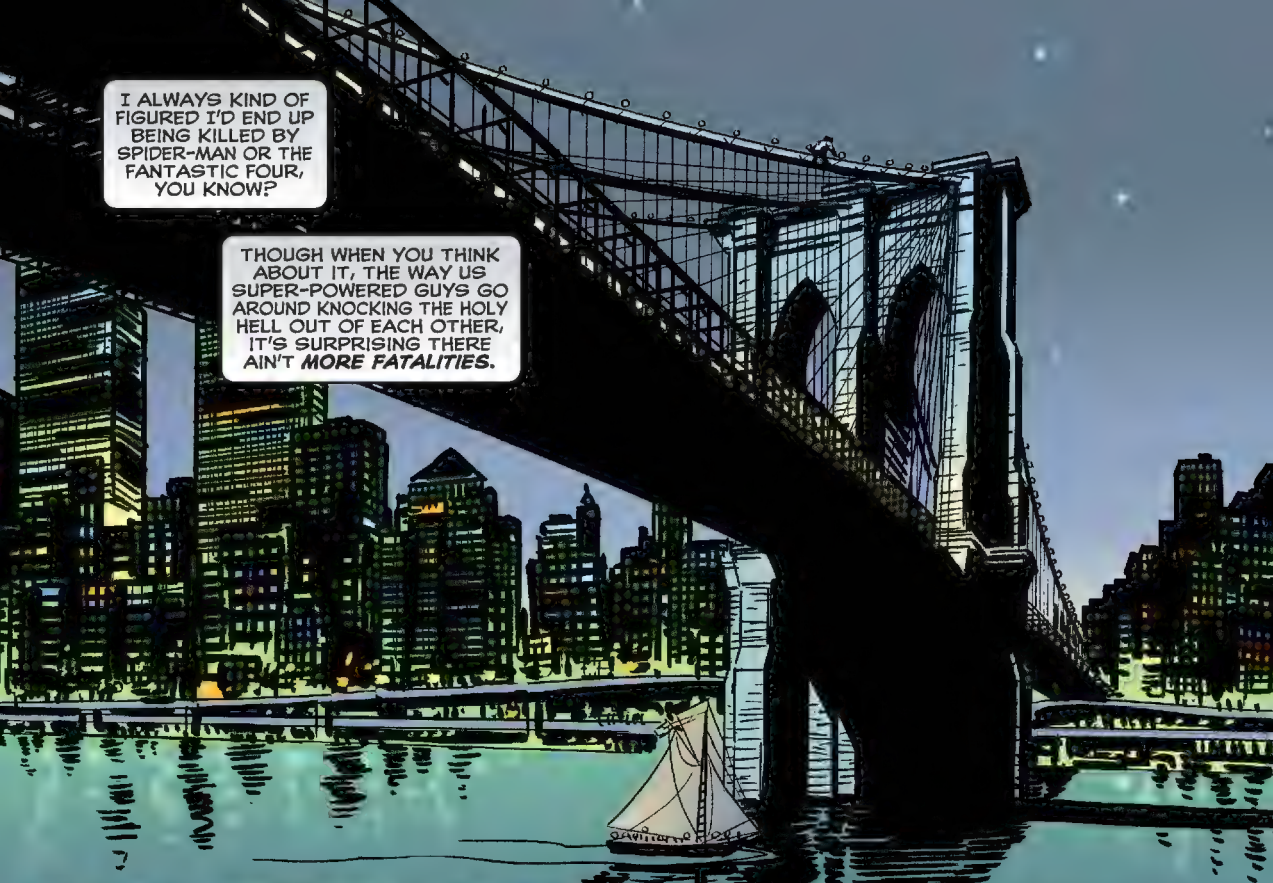
FACE IT,
RHINO.

EVEN *RUNNING*
THROUGH WALLS
DON'T DO IT FOR
YOU NO MORE.

I GUESS IT WAS
ONLY A MATTER
OF TIME BEFORE THE
RHINO BECAME...
EXTANT.

...STINCT?

!



I ALWAYS KIND OF
FIGURED I'D END UP
BEING KILLED BY
SPIDER-MAN OR THE
FANTASTIC FOUR,
YOU KNOW?

THOUGH WHEN YOU THINK
ABOUT IT, THE WAY US
SUPER-POWERED GUYS GO
AROUND KNOCKING THE HOLY
HELL OUT OF EACH OTHER,
IT'S SURPRISING THERE
AIN'T MORE FATALITIES.



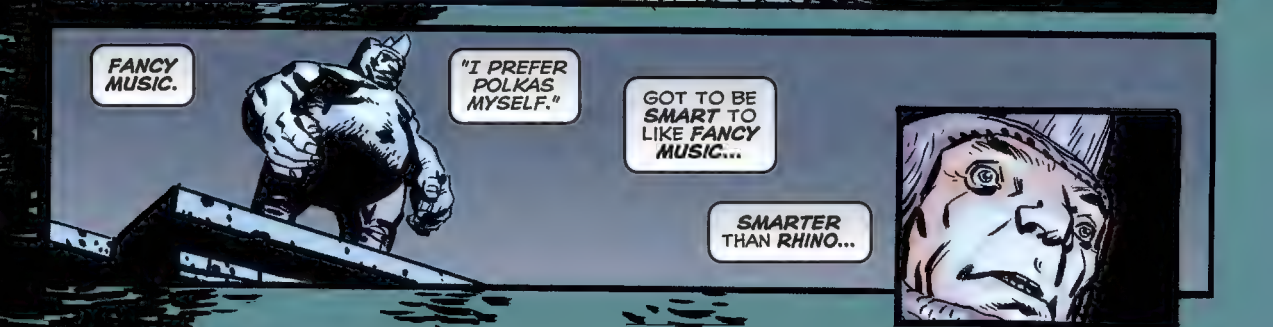
I AIN'T SCARED.
NEVER WAS
SCARED OF DYING.

PROBABLY
TOO STUPID.



MAYBE I SHOULD TRY
TO HIT THE BARGE. TAKE
SOME OF THOSE LUCKY
SNAKES WITH ME.

LOOK AT THEM. WITH THEIR LAUGHTER,
THEIR WINE GLASSES, THEIR FANCY
CLOTHES, THEIR *FANCY MUSIC*...

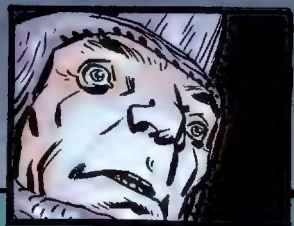


FANCY
MUSIC.

"I PREFER
POLKAS
MYSELF."

GOT TO BE
SMART TO
LIKE *FANCY*
MUSIC...

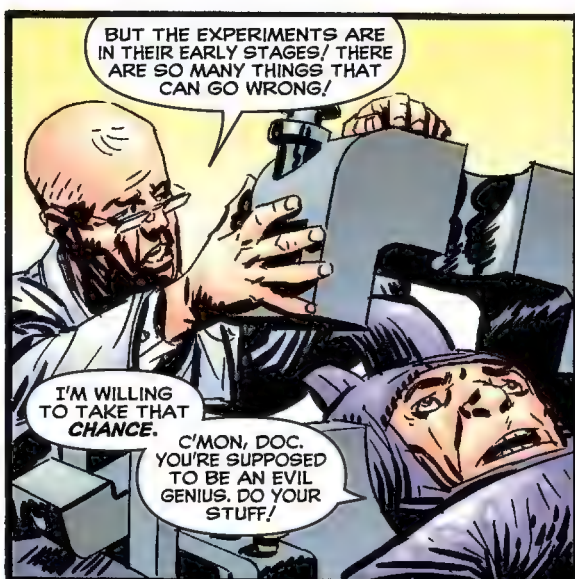
SMARTER
THAN RHINO...





RHINO, THIS IS JUST STUPID!

IT'S *BECAUSE* I'M STUPID THAT I WANT THE *OPERATION*, DOC. DO TO ME WHAT YOU DID TO THAT CHIMP.



BUT THE EXPERIMENTS ARE IN THEIR EARLY STAGES! THERE ARE SO MANY THINGS THAT CAN GO WRONG!

I'M WILLING TO TAKE THAT *CHANCE*.

C'MON, DOC. YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO BE AN EVIL GENIUS. DO YOUR STUFF!



AT LEAST LET ME GIVE YOU A *GENERAL ANESTHETIC*!

NO WAY. I WANNA MAKE SURE YOU DON'T MESS ME AROUND. I'M GOING TO BE WATCHING YOU RIGHT THROUGH THE WHOLE OPERATION.

ANYWAY, I SEEN "*HANNIBAL*" --- I KNOW THE BRAIN AIN'T GOT NO FEELING.



BUT YOUR *SKULL* DOES! AND IT WON'T BE EASY, GETTING THROUGH A SKULL LIKE *YOURS*.

I DON'T CARE. JUST *DO IT*! NOW! BEFORE I OPEN UP *YOUR SKULL* WITH MY BARE HANDS!



ALL RIGHT, IF IT'S *REALLY* WHAT YOU WANT.

THIS MIGHT HURT.





OKAY!

START
HER UP!



PART 6



FEGLEN



flowers
for rhino
part two:
CORNUCOPIA



PETER MILLIGAN WRITER

DUNCAN FERGUSON ARTIST

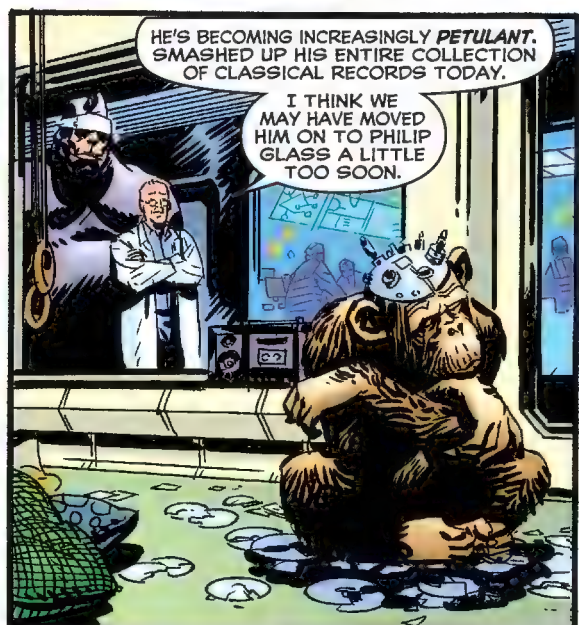
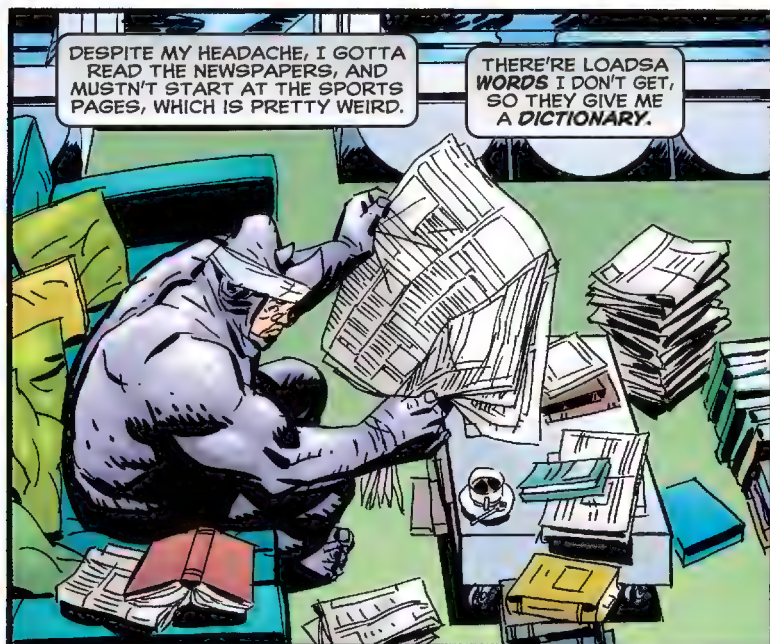
STEVE SUCCOLATO
COLORS

AS/COMICART'S
JIMMY
LETTERS

JOHN MIESGAAS
ASSISTANT EDITOR
AXEL ALONSO
EDITOR
JOE QUERRA
CHIEF
GILL JEMAS
PRESIDENT

HEY, DOC!
MAYBE I AM
GETTING SMARTER
AFTER ALL!











LISTEN.
YOU WANNA HELP
PROTECT STELLA,
RIGHT?

YEAH...
AND IF I'M HER
BODYGUARD...

THERE'S
A BETTER
WAY.



WE GOT A TIP THAT SOME OF THE
ORGANIZATION WHO'RE AFTER HER
ARE HAVING A **MEETING** TODAY
AT A RESTAURANT. JOINT
NAMED **MARLON'S**, IN
BROOKLYN.

WE WERE
GOING TO
HIT THEM... BUT
YOU CAN DO IT
FOR US.



I DON'T
KNOW...

YOU WANNA
PROTECT HER,
DON'T YOU?

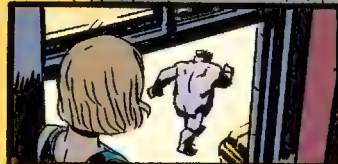
SURE,
BUT...

SO HIT
MARLON'S.
WITH ALL YOU GOT.
THAT'S WHAT YOU'RE
MADE FOR,
AIN'T IT?



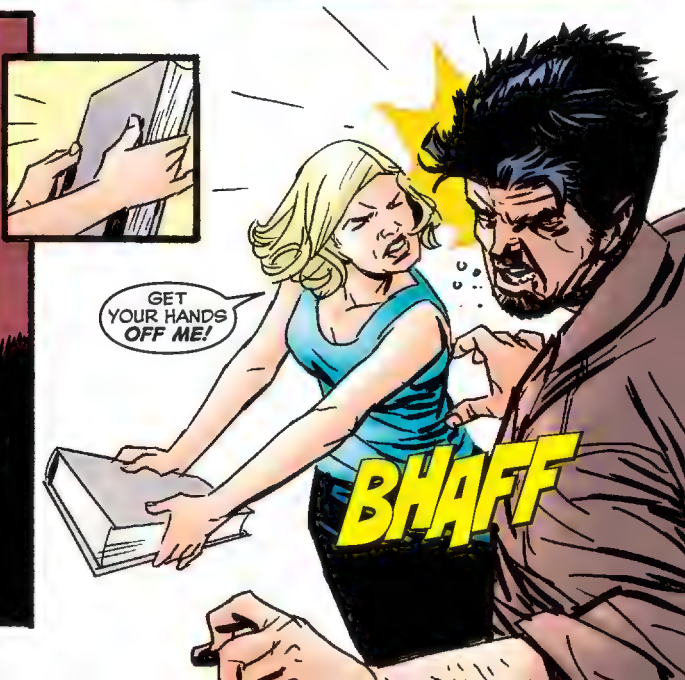
HE'S RIGHT, WHAT
I'M MADE FOR, ALL
I'M GOOD FOR.

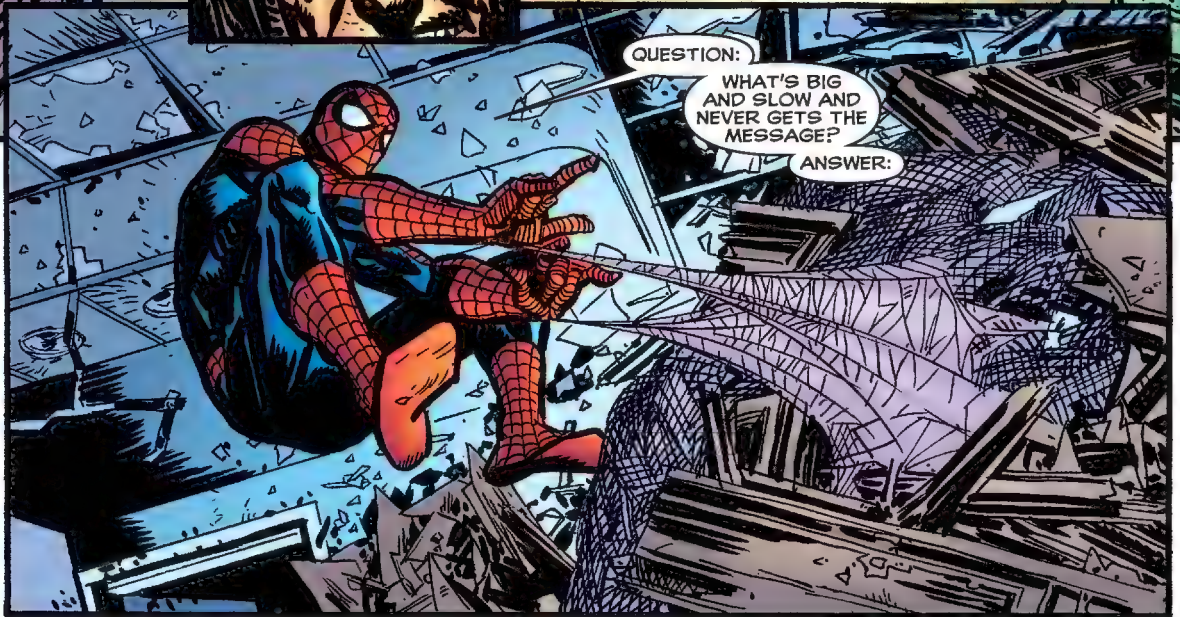
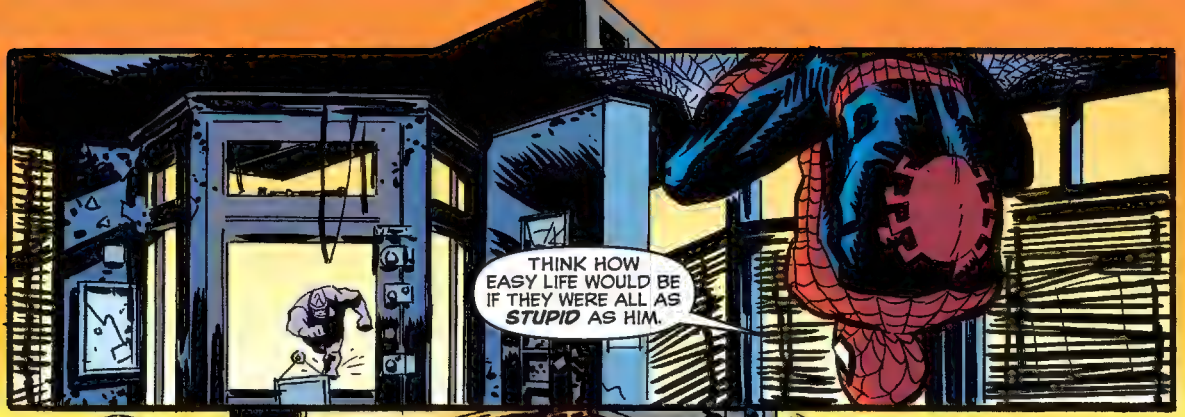
I'LL DO THIS ONE JOB AND
THEN MOVE AWAY. STOP
THINKING ABOUT **STELLA**.

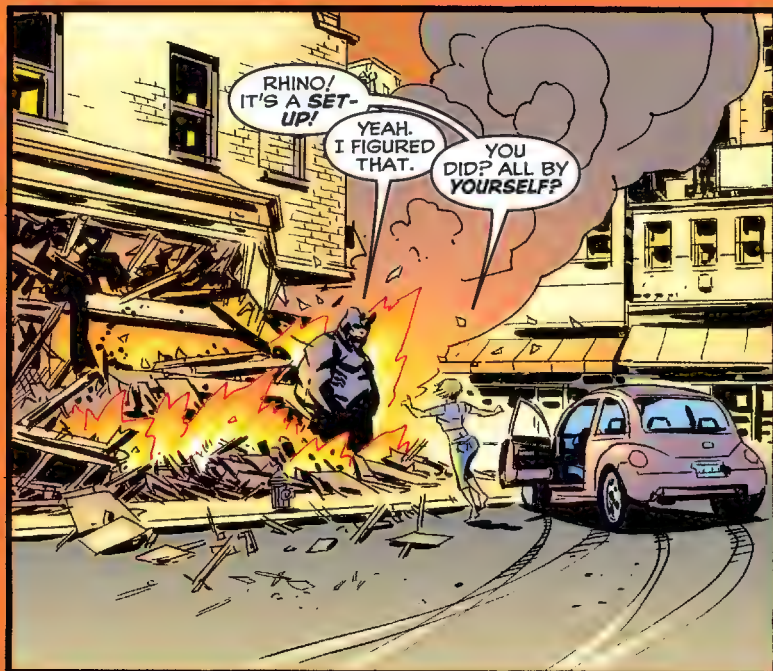


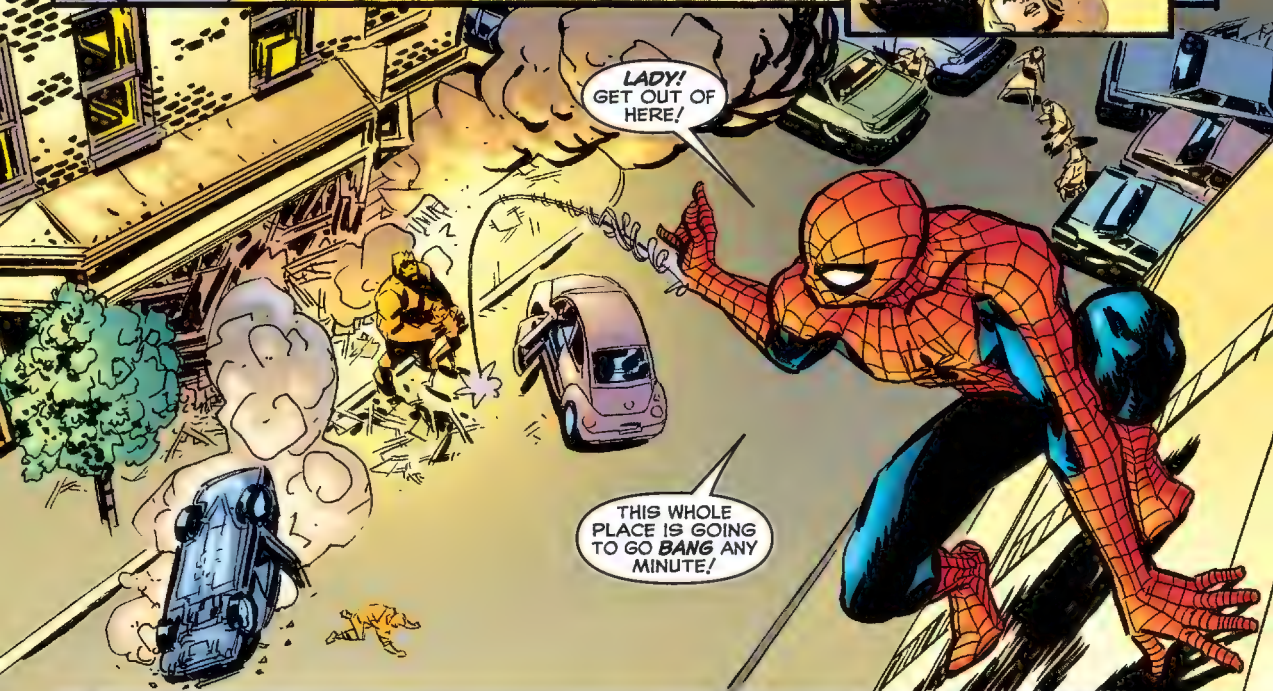
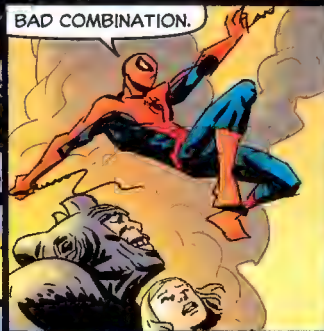
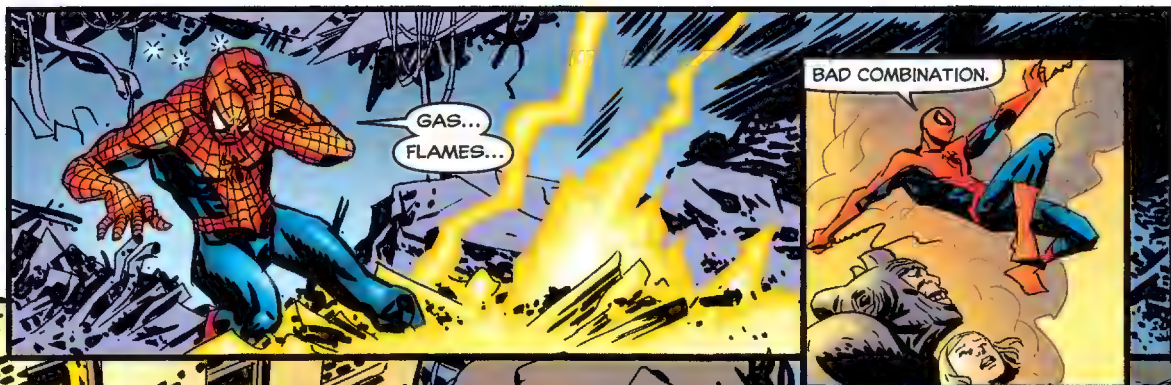
STOP **KIDDING** MYSELF
THAT JUST BECAUSE
I SOMEHOW KNOW THE
DIFFERENCE BETWEEN **IMPLY**
AND **INFER** SHE COULD
EVER SEE ANYTHING IN A
FIVE-HUNDRED-POUND
HORN-HEAD LIKE ME.





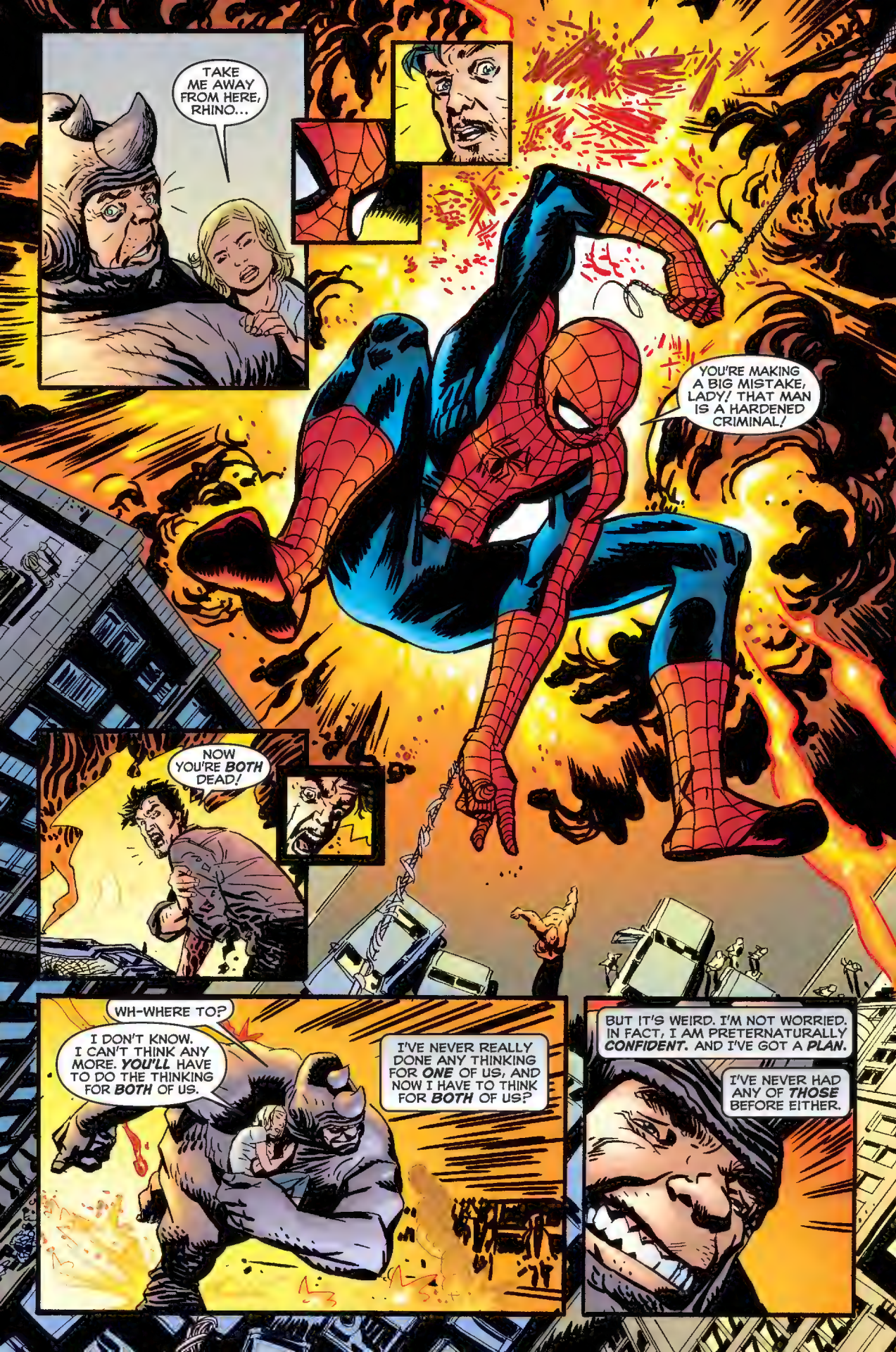








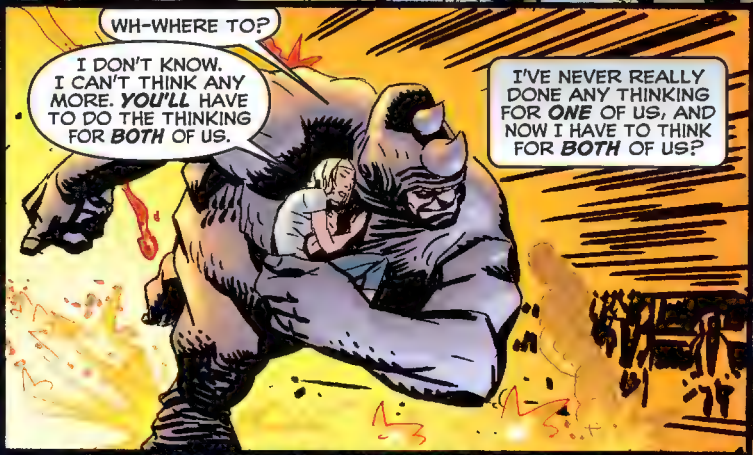
TAKE
ME AWAY
FROM HERE,
RHINO...



YOU'RE MAKING
A BIG MISTAKE,
LADY! THAT MAN
IS A HARDENED
CRIMINAL!



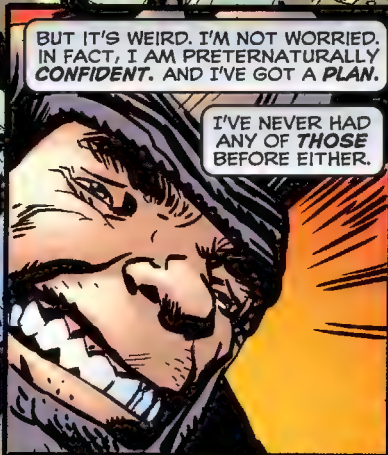
NOW
YOU'RE BOTH
DEAD!



WH-WHERE TO?

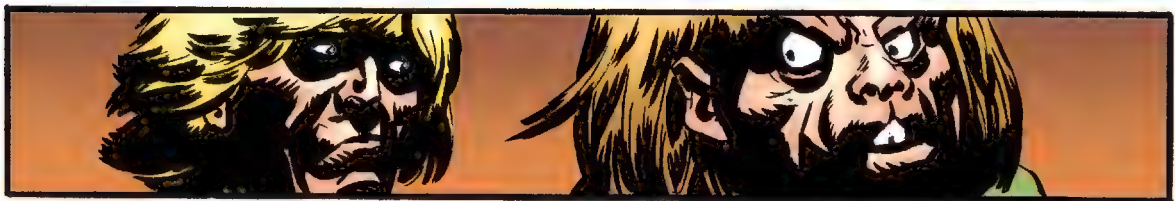
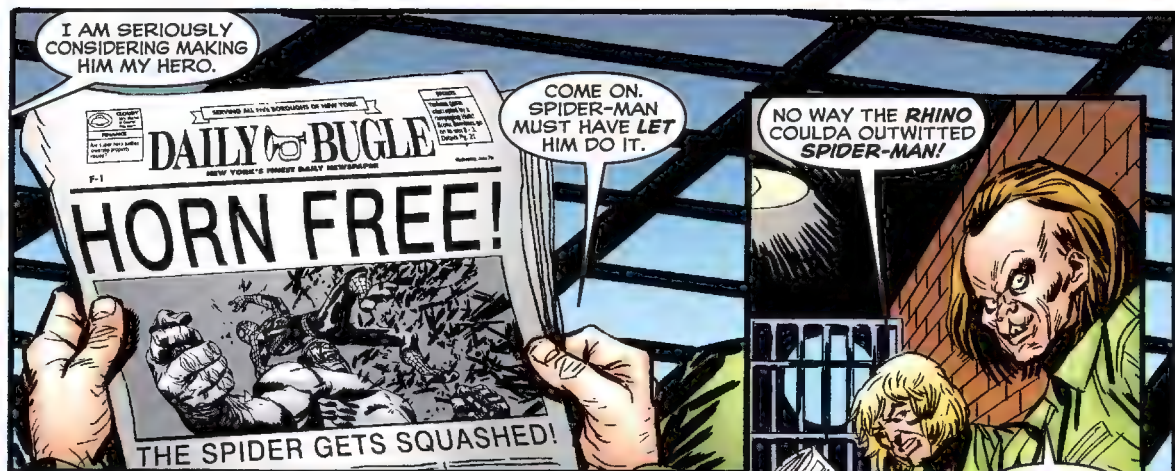
I DON'T KNOW.
I CAN'T THINK ANY
MORE. YOU'LL HAVE
TO DO THE THINKING
FOR BOTH OF US.

I'VE NEVER REALLY
DONE ANY THINKING
FOR *ONE* OF US; AND
NOW I HAVE TO THINK
FOR *BOTH* OF US?



BUT IT'S WEIRD. I'M NOT WORRIED.
IN FACT, I AM PRETERNATURALLY
CONFIDENT. AND I'VE GOT A PLAN.

I'VE NEVER HAD
ANY OF *THOSE*
BEFORE EITHER.



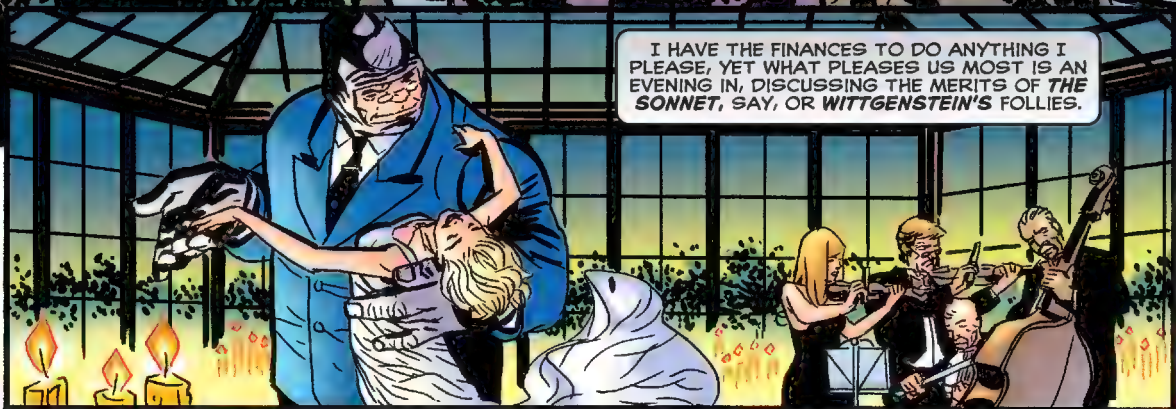
A MONTH AFTER MY OPERATION TO IMPROVE THE SYNAPTIC EFFICACY OF MY BRAIN AND THINGS COULD NOT BE BETTER.

I'M IN LOVE. I'VE WRITTEN MY FIRST NOVEL. AND I'M THE KINGPIN OF A CITYWIDE CRIME SYNDICATE.

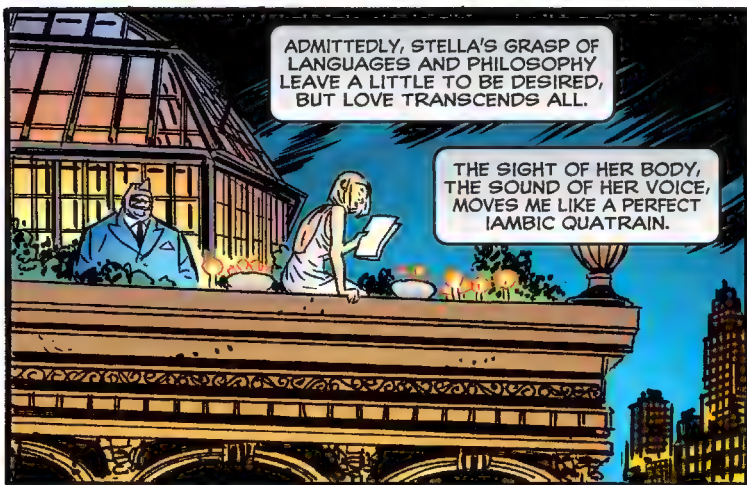
NINETY-FIVE PERCENT OF ALL TAKINGS GO TO EASE THIRD-WORLD POVERTY, GIVE RELIEF TO OUR TROUBLED INNER CITIES, AND SUPPORT THE ARTS.



BUT **EVERYTHING** IS SECONDARY TO **STELLA**.



I HAVE THE FINANCES TO DO ANYTHING I PLEASE, YET WHAT PLEASES US MOST IS AN EVENING IN, DISCUSSING THE MERITS OF *THE SONNET*, SAY, OR *WITTGENSTEIN'S FOLLIES*.

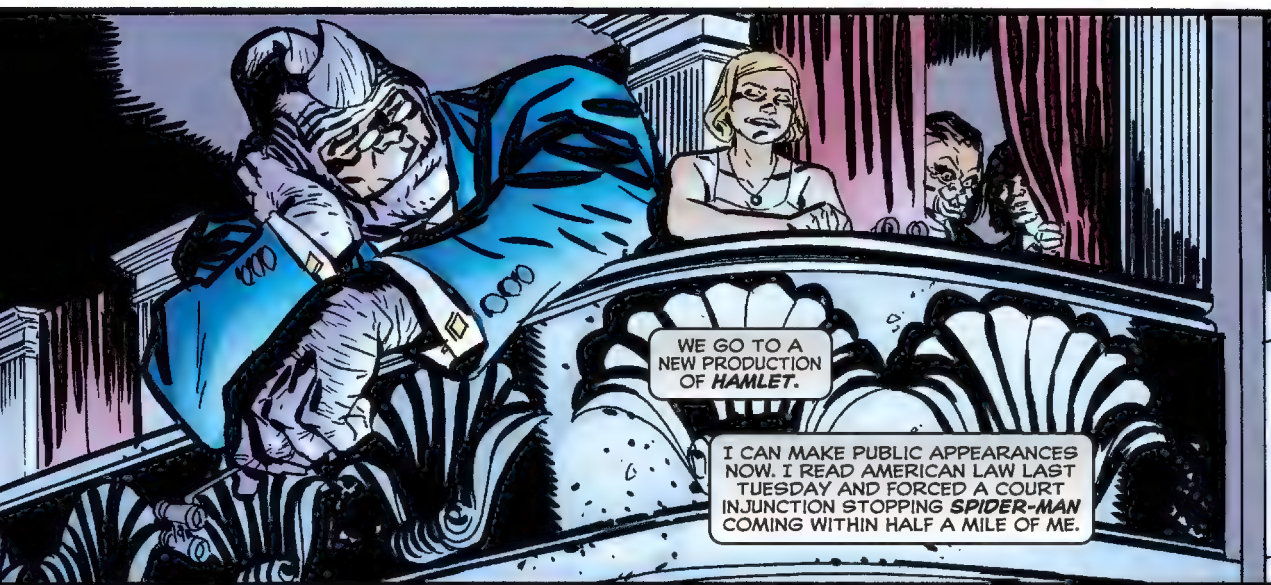
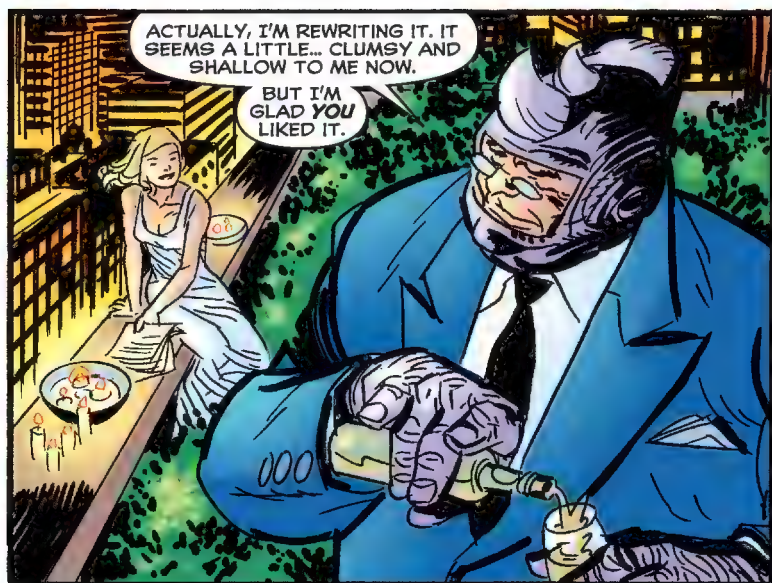


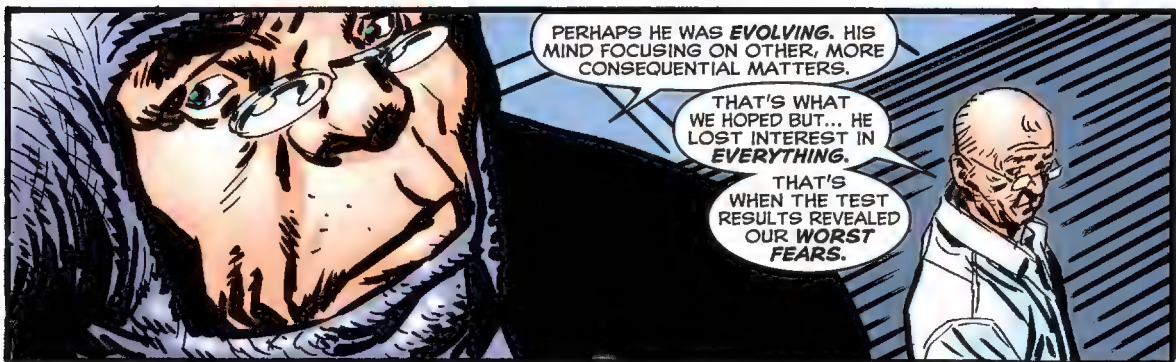
ADMITTEDLY, STELLA'S GRASP OF LANGUAGES AND PHILOSOPHY LEAVE A LITTLE TO BE DESIRED, BUT LOVE TRANSCENDS ALL.

THE SIGHT OF HER BODY, THE SOUND OF HER VOICE, MOVES ME LIKE A PERFECT IAMBIC QUATRAIN.

THE CHAPTER YOU WROTE LAST NIGHT... IT'S BREATHTAKING... THE PHYSICALITY OF A YOUNG HEMINGWAY... WITH THE LINGUISTIC BRAVURA OF A MODERN-DAY EMILY DICKINSON.









WHAT
KIND OF INANE
EXCUSE FOR
A QUESTION
IS *THAT*?

A SIMPLE
ONE! DO YOU... DO
YOU STILL HAVE THOSE
KIND OF FEELINGS
FOR ME?



WHAT DID I SEE IN
HER? HER SLUGGISH
BRAIN, HER TEDIOUS
PREOCCUPATION
WITH *FEELINGS*.

YOU MEAN THAT
GENETIC TWITCH, SOCIO-
PATERNALISTIC HICCUP, PHEROMONE
PALSY INTERPRETED BY PRIMATES AND
BANAL SONGWRITERS AS, *AHEM, LOVE?*



I'M GOING
BACK TO *ROMEO*! HE
MIGHT BE A SEMI-LITERATE
PSYCHOPATH, BUT HE KNOWS
HOW TO *TREAT* A WOMAN!



AND YOU'LL SPEND THE REST OF
YOUR LIVES CHEWING BERRIES
AND THROWING PEANUTS
AT EACH OTHER I
SUPPOSE?



YOU USED TO BE...
SENSITIVE... CLEVER...
NOW YOU'RE A *MONSTER*.
AND I HATE YOU! I
HATE YOU!



WHAT... HAVE I DONE?
MY ONE ROUTE TO
HAPPINESS, TORN
UP. SHE'S RIGHT. I
AM A *MONSTER*.

MONSTER. FROM THE
LATIN "*MONSTRUM*."
A DIVINE PORTENT.
A WARNING. A...



SHUT UP!
SHUT UP!
SHUT UP!



RHINO?
IT'S ME.

THIS HAD
BETTER NOT BE
SOME FIENDISHLY
CLEVER TRAP!

RELAX, **SPIDER-MAN**. I CALLED
YOU HERE TO GIVE YOU THESE
COMPUTER DISCS.

IS THIS ANOTHER
LEGAL LOOPHOLE YOU'RE
EXPLOITING? WILL I BE DENYING
YOU YOUR HUMAN RIGHTS
IF I TAKE THEM?

NO, PETER.
NOTHING LIKE THAT. THEY
CONTAIN DETAILS OF MY
CRIMINAL EMPIRE. DO WHAT
YOU LIKE WITH THEM.
I DON'T CARE.



WHAT
DID YOU
JUST CALL
ME?

PETER, YOU'RE
PETER PARKER. I
CREATED AN **ALGEBRAIC
EQUATION** THAT CAN DEDUCE
THE SECRET NAMES OF ALL
YOU SUPER HEROES.

BUT DON'T
WORRY. WHERE *I'M*
GOING, IT WON'T BE ANY USE TO
ANYONE -- **EVEN TO MYSELF**.



RHINO, ARE YOU...
ARE YOU ALL
RIGHT?

WHY DO WE
BOTHER, PETER? ALL THIS
RUNNING AROUND IN SILLY
COSTUMES. CRIME. GOOD
VERSUS EVIL. LOVE. LIFE.

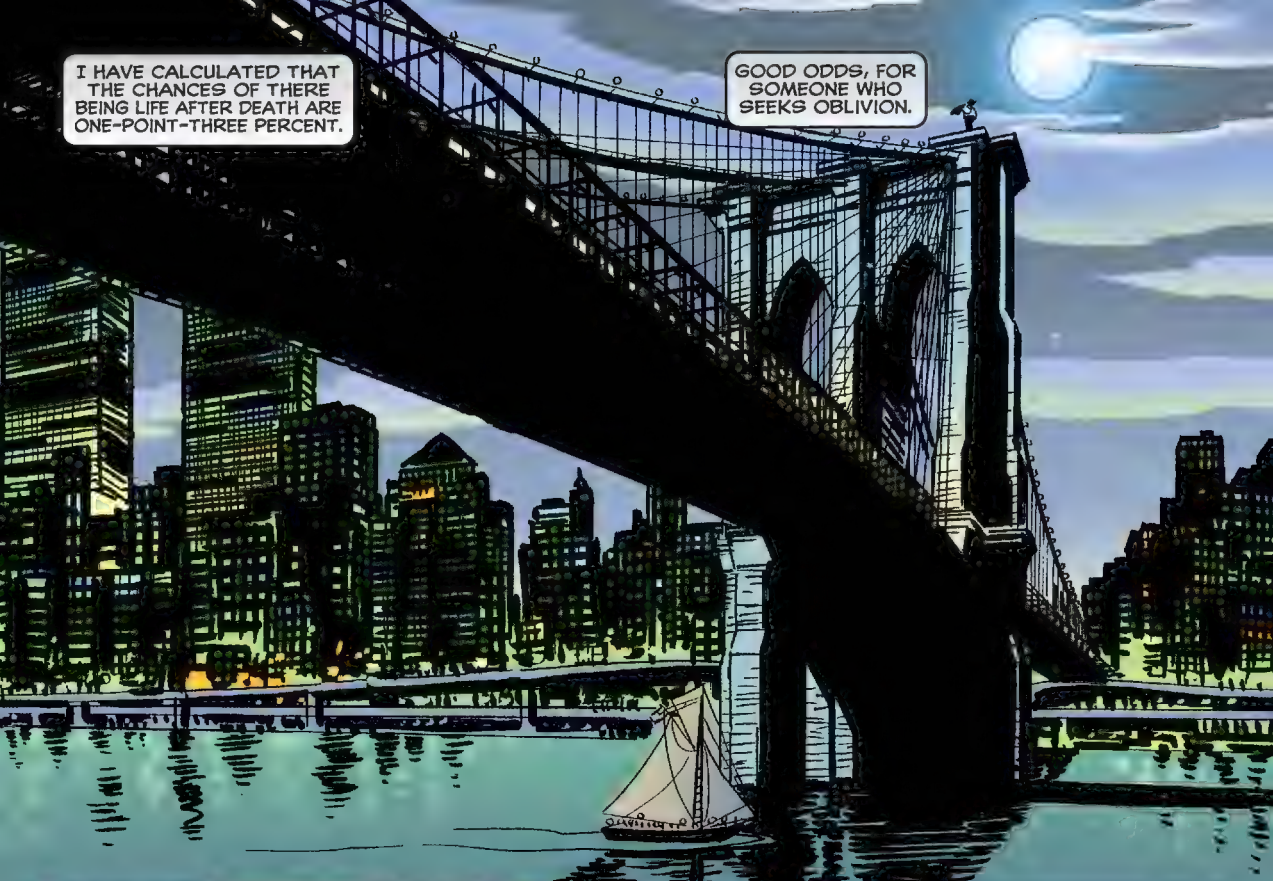
IT'S
ALL SO
UTTERLY
FUTILE.



SO UTTERLY,
UTTERLY
FUTILE.

I HAVE CALCULATED THAT THE CHANCES OF THERE BEING LIFE AFTER DEATH ARE ONE-POINT-THREE PERCENT.

GOOD ODDS, FOR SOMEONE WHO SEEKS OBLIVION.

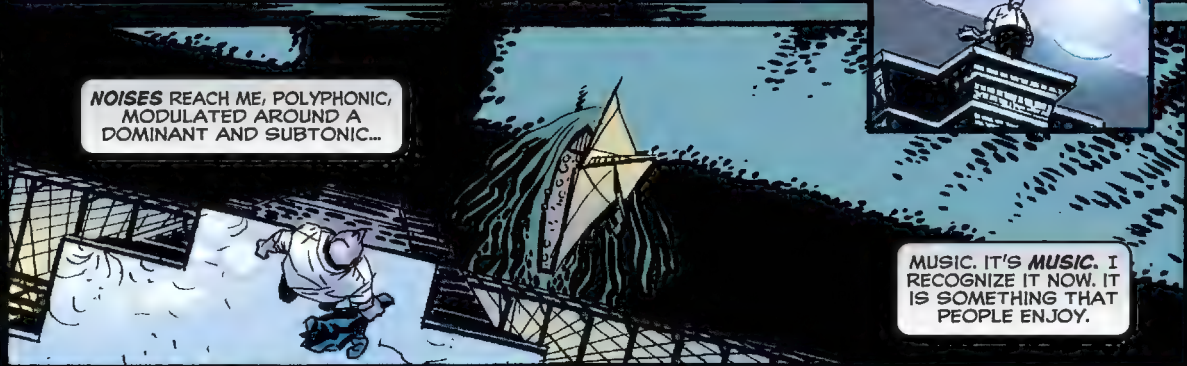


I WANT TO ESCAPE FROM THE GEHENNA OF LINKS, MAZES AND MICRO-STRUCTURES THAT ARE MY THOUGHTS.

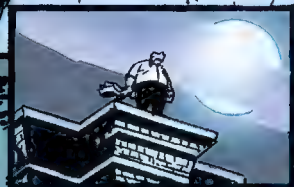
I HAVE LOST THE WORLD.
I NO LONGER SEE
PEOPLE AND THINGS. I SEE
WAVES, CAUSALITIES...



NOISES REACH ME, POLYPHONIC,
MODULATED AROUND A
DOMINANT AND SUBTOMIC...



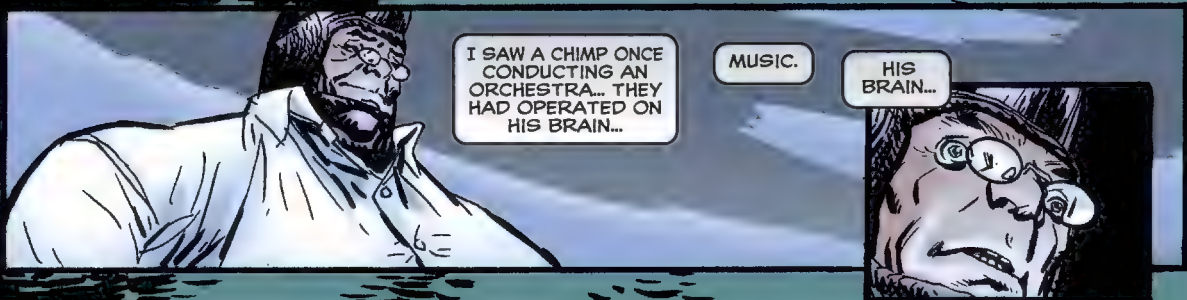
MUSIC. IT'S MUSIC. I
RECOGNIZE IT NOW. IT
IS SOMETHING THAT
PEOPLE ENJOY.



I SAW A CHIMP ONCE
CONDUCTING AN
ORCHESTRA... THEY
HAD OPERATED ON
HIS BRAIN...

MUSIC.

HIS
BRAIN...



ARE YOU **SURE** THAT THIS IS WHAT YOU WANT, RHINO?

I'M SURE. LET'S GET ON WITH IT.

BUT I'VE NEVER TRIED TO REVERSE THE INTELLIGENCE OPERATION BEFORE... TO MAKE A PATIENT AS STUPID AS THEY ONCE WERE.

JUST FOLLOW MY DETAILED NOTES AND YOU'LL BE FINE. I'VE ALSO INCLUDED SOME IMPROVEMENTS ON YOUR ORIGINAL OPERATION. **TRY** NOT TO TOUCH THE CORPUS CALLOSUM.

OKAY. IT'S **YOUR** BRAIN...

START HER UP, FELLAS...

WAIT...
WAIT!

YEAH, I THOUGHT THIS WOULD HAPPEN. YOU'VE CHANGED YOUR MIND, HUH?

NO. BUT I WANT YOU TO **DO** SOMETHING FOR ME.

MAKE ME A LITTLE **MORE** STUPID THAN I WAS BEFORE, DOCTOR.

JUST TO BE ON THE **SAFE** SIDE...



NOW THAT ME AND STELLA ARE MARRIED I'M TAKING OVER THE DAY-TO-DAY RUNNING OF THE ORGANIZATION. FIRST THING ON THE AGENDA: **SECURITY.**

YEAH... I HEARD A WHISPER THAT THE RHINO HAS GONE OVER TO THE COMPETITION.



AH. THAT BIG SCHMO IS ALL WASHED UP.

DOES ANYONE HEAR THAT?



DON'T THINK I'LL EVER GET TIRED OF RUNNING THROUGH WALLS.

I'M ABOUT TO ATTACK 'EM WHEN SOMETHING CATCHES MY EYE. A BIG BOOK. WRITTEN BY **WILLIAM SHAKE-SOMETHING...** DUMB NAME...

BUT IT KINDA **REMINDS** ME OF SOMETHING... SOME OTHER TIME. OTHER ME. OTHER LIFE.

THEN I GET A **GRIP.** REMEMBER WHO I AM.



I'M
RHINO.

I KNOCK
THINGS DOWN.

THAT'S WHAT
I DO.

THAT'S WHO
I AM.

THE
END

1000001
+10000



DUNCAN FEGREDO



GLENN FABRY



JOHN MCCREA



... I TAKE IT SHE'S NOT SUPPOSED TO BE
ANY TYPE OF SEX-BOMB, THOUGH I COULD
ALWAYS DO HER LIKE THAT.
I'VE ALSO HAD HER RIPPING OUT OF HER
CLOTHES BRUCE BANNER STYLE IN ALL OF
THESE IDEAS... - REST ASSURED THERE WON'T
EVEN BE A SCENT OF HER UNDER-ARM DEODORANT
TO RANKLE THE CENSOR.
ON PICTURES (B) + (C) I'VE OPTED FOR A
BACKGROUND OF "DARK ALLEYWAY" SO POPULAR
AND PROMINENT IN GRAPHIC SEQUENTIAL FICTION.
IF YOU WANT ANOTHER SETTING (TURKISH HAREM,
ELEPHANT'S GRAVEYARD) LET US KNOW.
Cheers! (AND GARTH - SEE YOU TOMMORROW).

THIS AIN'T YOUR FRIENDLY NEIGHBORHOOD.

WELCOME TO **SPIDER-MAN's TANGLED WEB**, WHERE THE HOTTEST ARTISTS AND WRITERS EXPLORE THE FORMIDABLE SHADOW THAT **SPIDER-MAN** CASTS OVER HIS CITY AND ON ITS RESIDENTS.



🔥 A secret admirer has figured out just how Spider-Man got his super-powers, and that someone has attempted to re-create the freak experiment — with ghastly results...in **"THE THOUSAND,"** by Garth Ennis, John McCrea and James Hodgkins.

🔥 A Mob lieutenant's worst nightmare comes true when his latest job goes south — courtesy of Spider-Man — and he's summoned for a midnight meeting with the Big Boss himself — the Kingpin of Crime...in **"SEVERANCE PACKAGE,"** by Greg Rucka and Eduardo Risso.

🔥 A super-powered strongman in an impenetrable and irremovable suit discovers that the key to conquering his arch nemesis just might be in conquering himself first...in **"FLOWERS FOR RHINO,"** by Peter Milligan and Duncan Fegredo.

